Songs of Zion

Songs of Zion

Special Selections

for

Evangelistic Services

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PREFACE

"SONGS OF ZION" makes its appearance in response to a popular call for a new evangelistic songbook which shall breathe forth the spirit of the pure doctrine of the Bible, and of Christ's power to save men from their sins. The best of songs, new and old,—songs which are not only soul-stirring, but soul-winning,—are brought together in it. It is not designed for church and Sabbath-school services, but for evangelistic meetings. That it may be a means of pointing men to "the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world," and teaching them to love Him, is the wish of the compilers and publishers.

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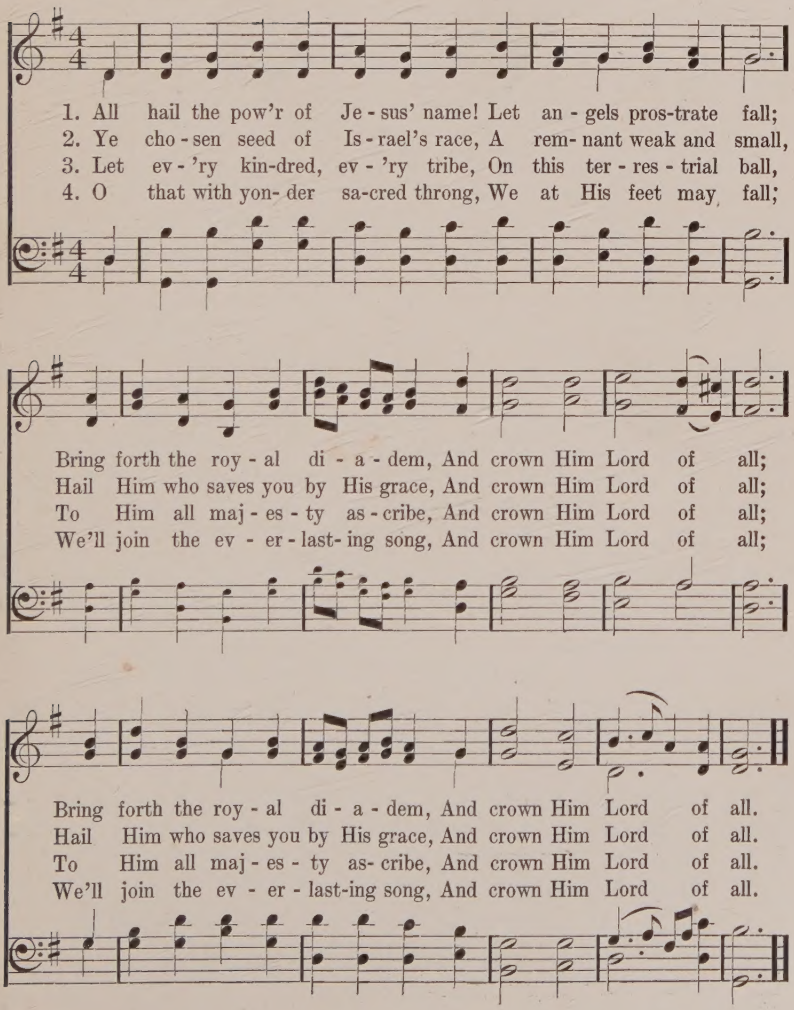
SONGS OF ZION

No. 1 Crown Him Lord of All

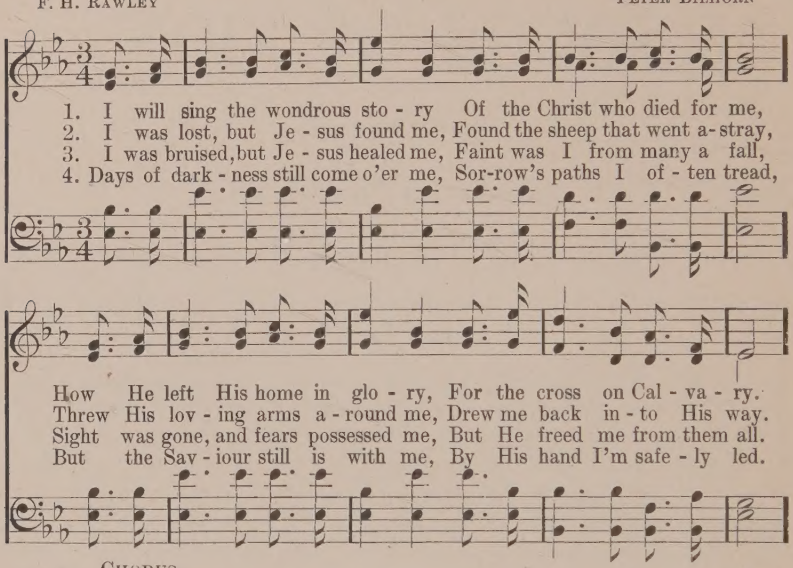
(CORONATION. C. M.)

EDWARD PERRONET — OLIVER HOLDEN

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros-trate fall;
2. Ye cho - sen seed of Is - rael's race, A rem- nant weak and small,
3. Let ev - 'ry kin-dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res - trial ball,
4. O that with yon- der sa-cred throng, We at His feet may fall;
Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all;
Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all;
To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, And crown Him Lord of all;
We'll join the ev - er - last- ing song, And crown Him Lord of all;
Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.
Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all.
To Him all maj - es - ty as- cribe, And crown Him Lord of all.
We'll join the ev - er - last-ing song, And crown Him Lord of all.

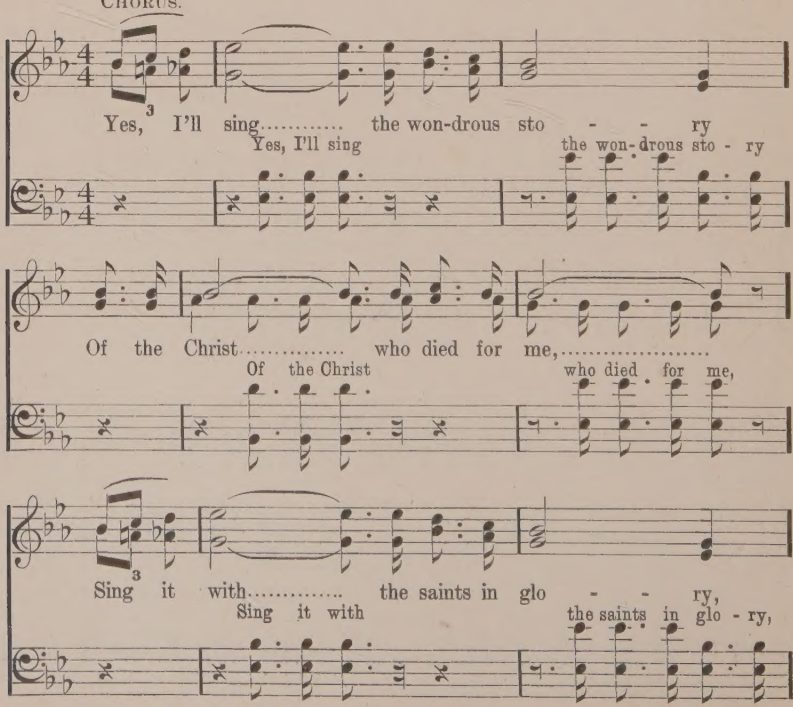
No. 2 I Will Sing the Wondrous Story

"I will sing of the mercies of the Lord forever."—Ps. 89 : 1

F. H. RAWLEY PETER BILHORN


1. I will sing the wondrous sto - ry Of the Christ who died for me,
2. I was lost, but Je - sus found me, Found the sheep that went a - stray,
3. I was bruised, but Je - sus healed me, Faint was I from many a fall,
4. Days of dark - ness still come o'er me, Sor - row's paths I of - ten tread,
How He left His home in glo - ry, For the cross on Cal - va - ry.
Threw His lov - ing arms a - round me, Drew me back in - to His way.
Sight was gone, and fears possessed me, But He freed me from them all.
But the Sav - iour still is with me, By His hand I'm safe - ly led.

CHORUS.


Yes, I'll sing..... the won-drous sto - - - ry
Yes, I'll sing the won-drous sto - ry
Of the Christ..... who died for me,.....
Of the Christ who died for me,
Sing it with..... the saints in glo - - - ry,
Sing it with the saints in glo - ry,

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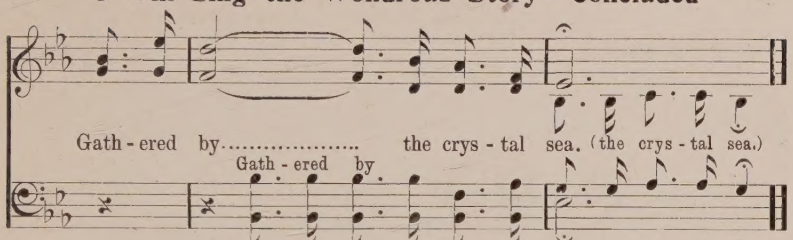
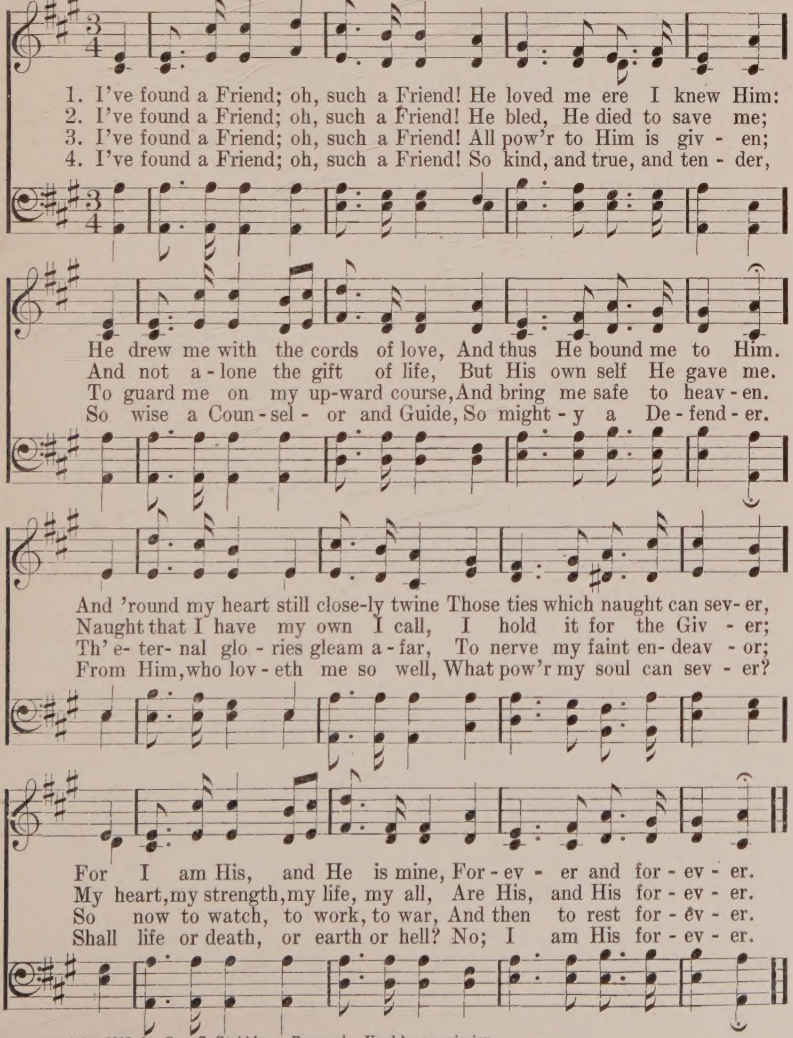


No. 3 I've Found a Friend

J. G. SMALL (FRIEND, 8s 7s. D.) GEO. C. STEBBINS


1. I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend! He loved me ere I knew Him:
2. I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend! He bled, He died to save me;
3. I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend! All pow'r to Him is giv - en;
4. I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend! So kind, and true, and ten - der,
He drew me with the cords of love, And thus He bound me to Him.
And not a - lone the gift of life, But His own self He gave me.
To guard me on my up-ward course, And bring me safe to heav - en.
So wise a Coun - sel - or and Guide, So might - y a De - fend - er.
And 'round my heart still close-ly twine Those ties which naught can sev- er,
Naught that I have my own I call, I hold it for the Giv - er;
Th' e- ter- nal glo - ries gleam a - far, To nerve my faint en- deav - or;
From Him, who lov - eth me so well, What pow'r my soul can sev - er?
For I am His, and He is mine, For - ev - er and for - ev - er.
My heart, my strength, my life, my all, Are His, and His for - ev - er.
So now to watch, to work, to war, And then to rest for - ev - er.
Shall life or death, or earth or hell? No; I am His for - ev - er.

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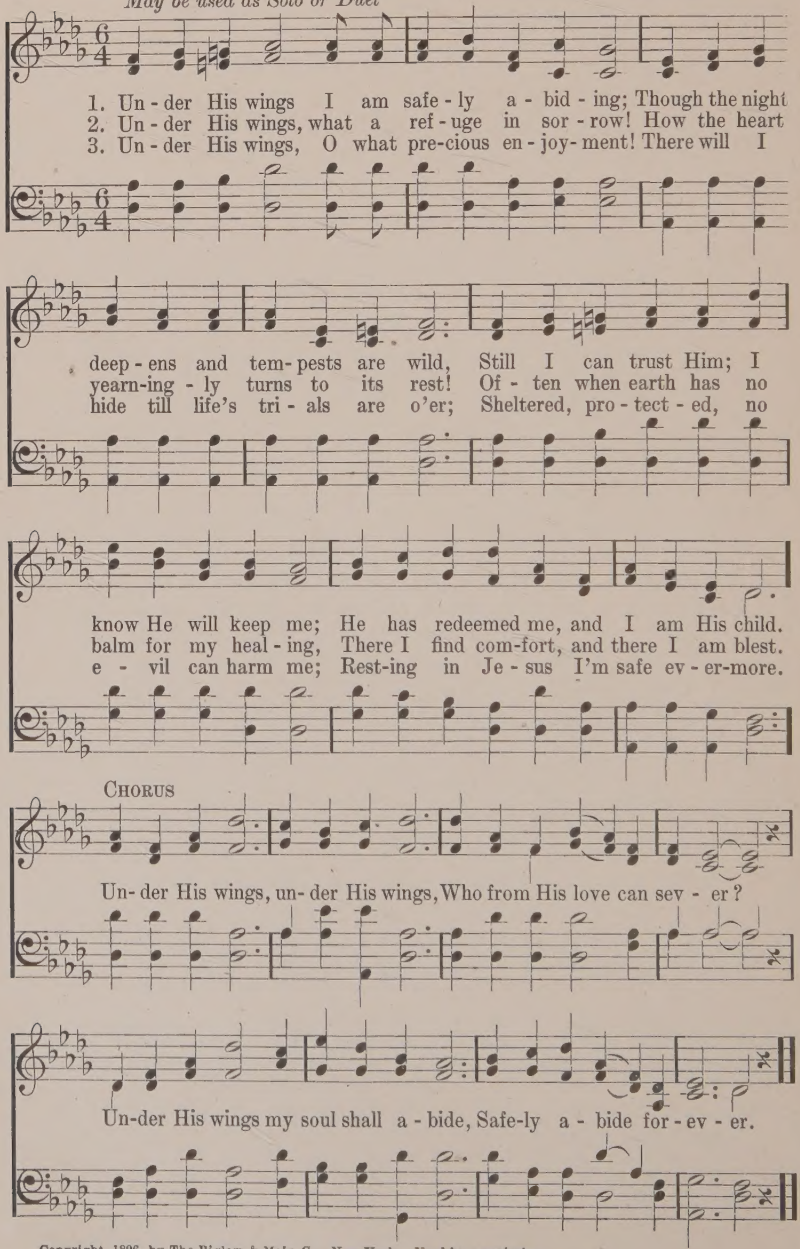
No. 4 Under His Wings

"Hide me under the shadow of Thy wings."—Ps. 17 : 8

REV. W. O. CUSHING IRA D. SANKEY

May be used as Solo or Duet

1. Un - der His wings I am safe - ly a - bid - ing; Though the night deep - ens and tem - pests are wild, Still I can trust Him; I know He will keep me; He has redeemed me, and I am His child.
2. Un - der His wings, what a ref - uge in sor - row! How the heart yearn-ing - ly turns to its rest! Of - ten when earth has no balm for my heal - ing, There I find com-fort, and there I am blest.
3. Un - der His wings, O what pre-cious en - joy - ment! There will I hide till life's tri - als are o'er; Sheltered, pro - tect - ed, no e - vil can harm me; Rest-ing in Je - sus I'm safe ev - er-more.
CHORUS
Un - der His wings, un - der His wings, Who from His love can sev - er?
Un-der His wings my soul shall a - bide, Safe-ly a - bide for - ev - er.

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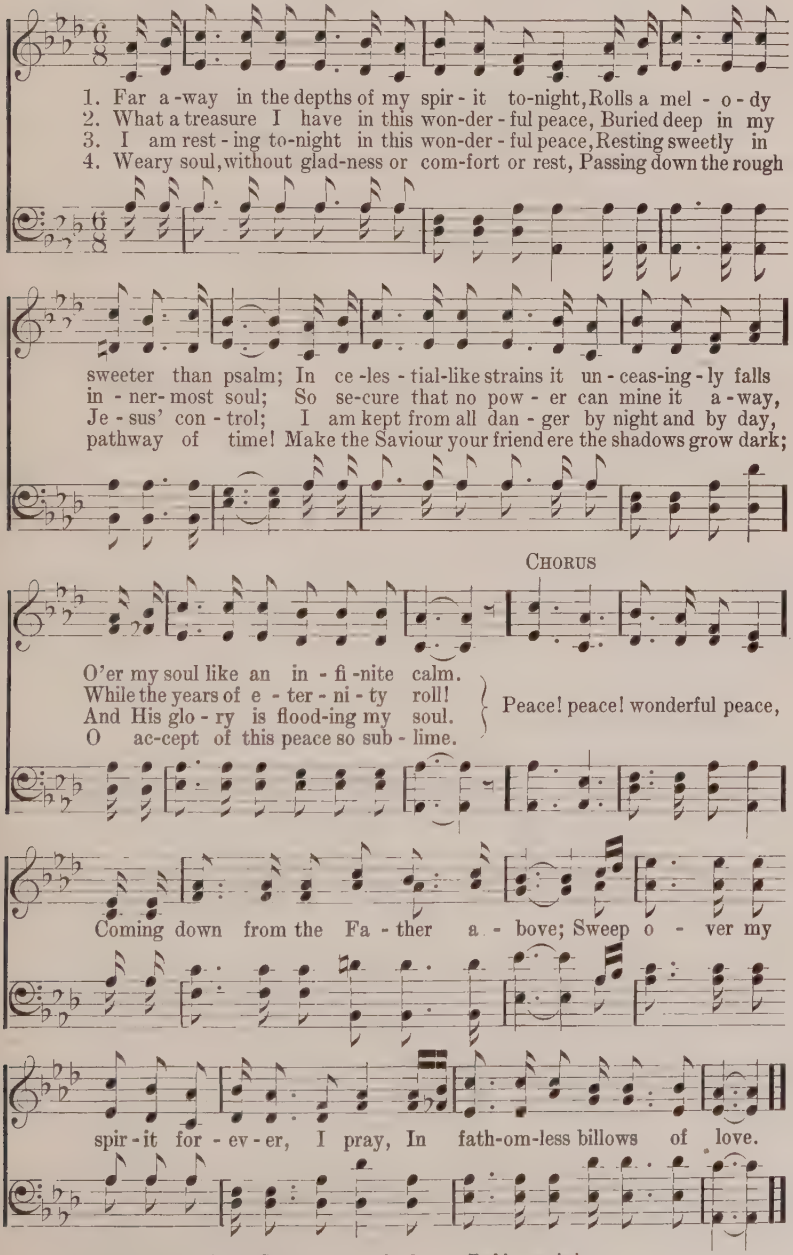
No. 5 Wonderful Peace

"My peace I give unto you."—John 14 : 27

REV. W. D. CORNELL. Alt. REV. W. G. COOPER


1. Far a-way in the depths of my spir-it to-night, Rolls a mel-o-dy
2. What a treasure I have in this won-der-ful peace, Buried deep in my
3. I am rest-ing to-night in this won-der-ful peace, Resting sweetly in
4. Weary soul, without glad-ness or com-fort or rest, Passing down the rough
sweeter than psalm; In ce-les-tial-like strains it un-ceas-ing-ly falls
in-ner-most soul; So se-cure that no pow-er can mine it a-way,
Je-sus' con-trol; I am kept from all dan-ger by night and by day,
pathway of time! Make the Saviour your friend ere the shadows grow dark;
CHORUS
O'er my soul like an in-fi-nite calm.
While the years of e-ter-ni-ty roll!
And His glo-ry is flood-ing my soul.
O ac-cept of this peace so sub-lime.
Peace! peace! wonderful peace,
Coming down from the Fa-ther a-bove; Sweep o-ver my
spir-it for-ev-er, I pray, In fath-om-less billows of love.

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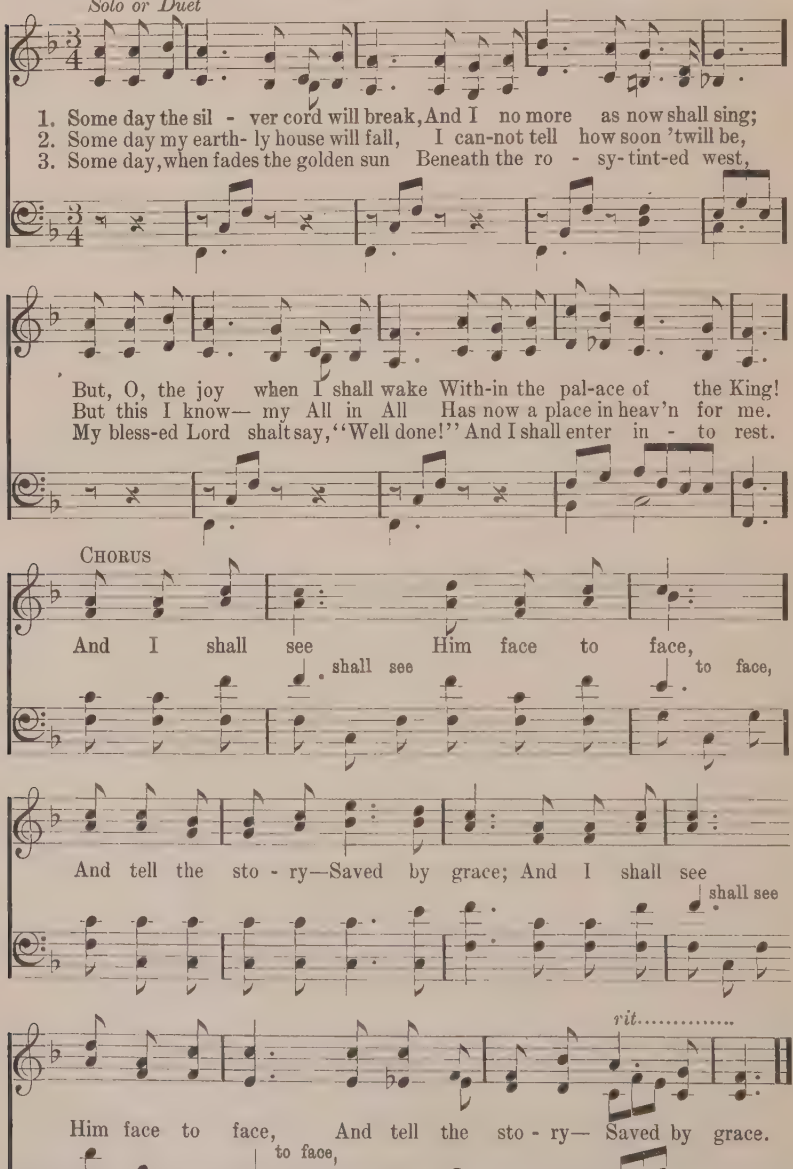
No. 6 Saved by Grace

"By grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God."—Eph. 2. 8

FANNY J. CROSBY GEO. C. STEBBINS

Solo or Duet


1. Some day the sil - ver cord will break, And I no more as now shall sing;
2. Some day my earth- ly house will fall, I can-not tell how soon 'twill be,
3. Some day, when fades the golden sun Beneath the ro - sy- tint-ed west,
But, O, the joy when I shall wake With-in the pal-ace of the King!
But this I know— my All in All Has now a place in heav'n for me.
My bless-ed Lord shall say, "Well done!" And I shall enter in - to rest.
CHORUS
And I shall see Him face to face,
shall see
to face,
And tell the sto - ry—Saved by grace; And I shall see
shall see
rit.....
Him face to face, And tell the sto - ry— Saved by grace.
to face,

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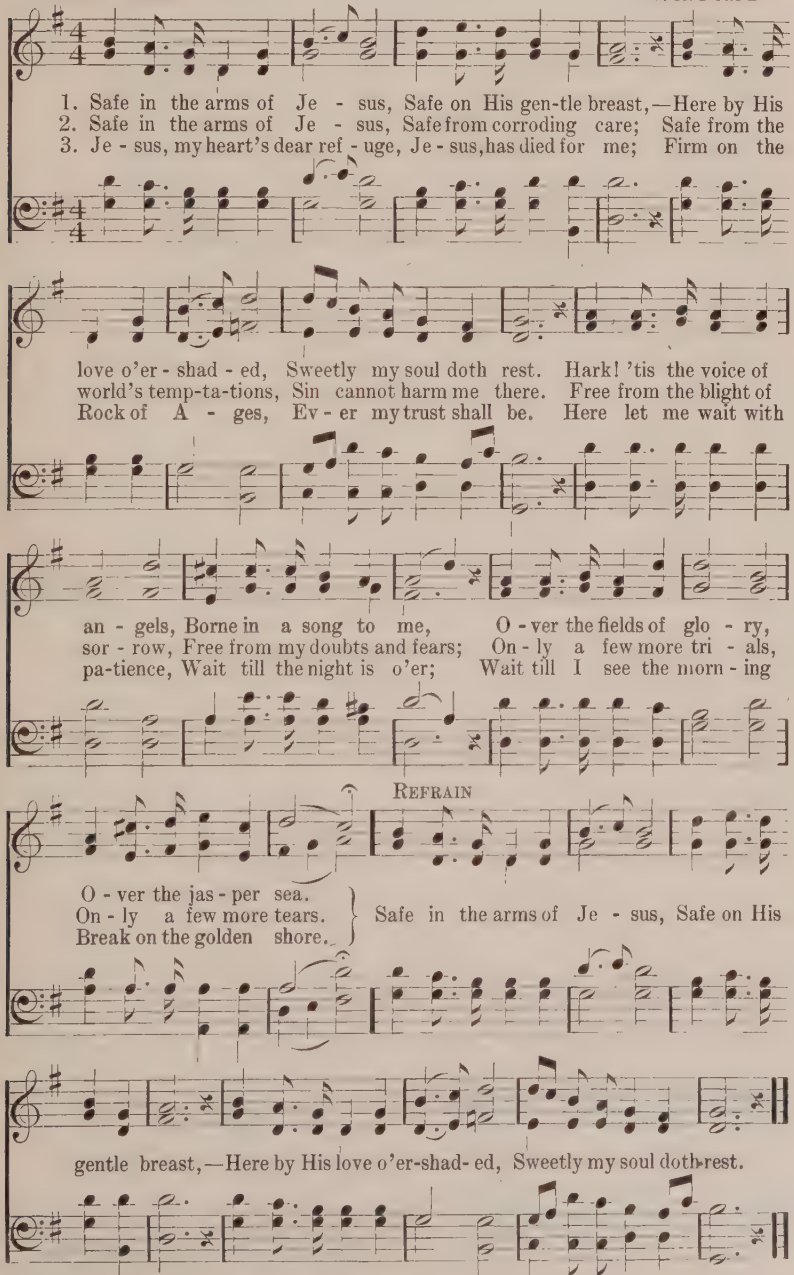
No. 7 Safe in the Arms of Jesus

"Underneath are the everlasting arms."—Deut. 33 : 27

FANNY J. CROSBY W. H. DOANE


1. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on His gen-tle breast,—Here by His
2. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe from corroding care; Safe from the
3. Je - sus, my heart's dear ref - uge, Je - sus, has died for me; Firm on the
love o'er - shad - ed, Sweetly my soul doth rest. Hark! 'tis the voice of
world's temp-ta-tions, Sin cannot harm me there. Free from the blight of
Rock of A - ges, Ev - er my trust shall be. Here let me wait with
an - gels, Borne in a song to me, O - ver the fields of glo - ry,
sor - row, Free from my doubts and fears; On - ly a few more tri - als,
pa-tience, Wait till the night is o'er; Wait till I see the morn - ing
REFRAIN
O - ver the jas - per sea.
On - ly a few more tears.
Break on the golden shore.
Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on His
gentle breast,—Here by His love o'er-shad- ed, Sweetly my soul doth rest.

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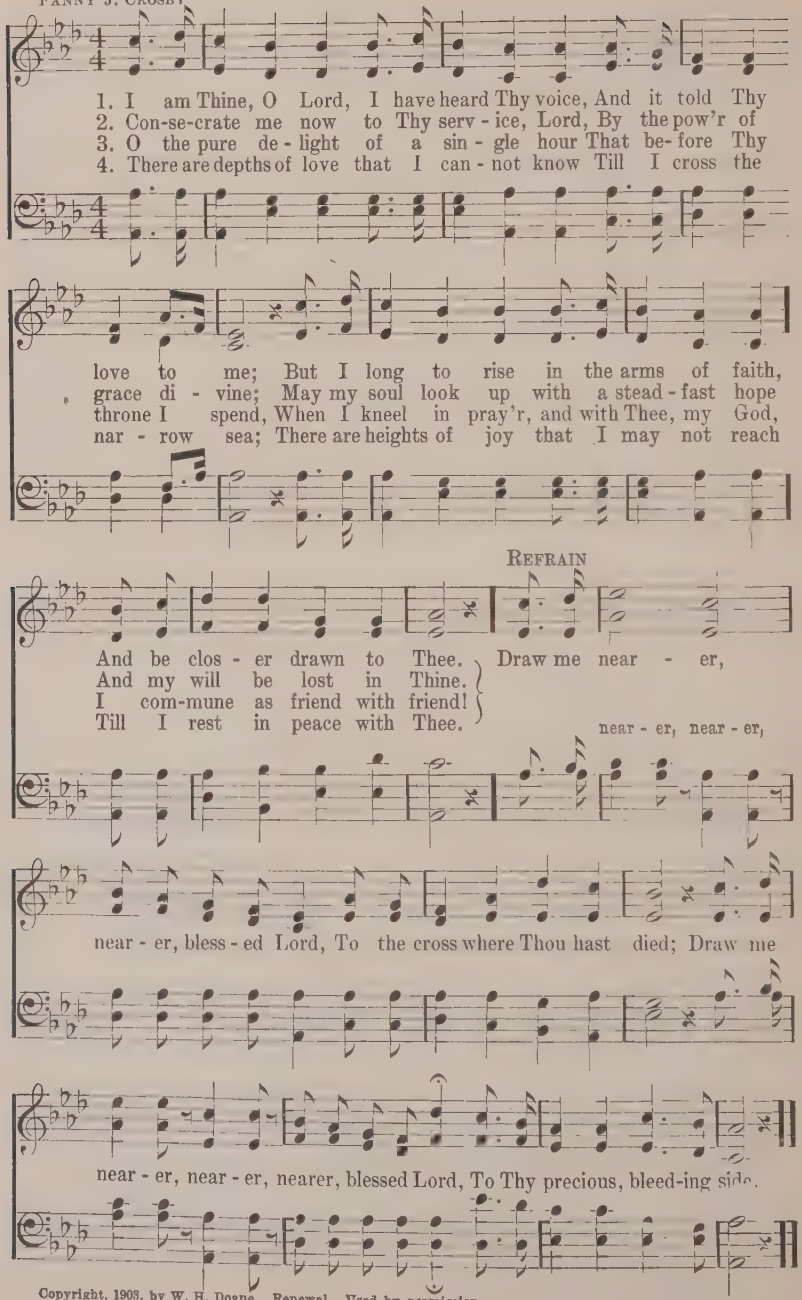
No. 8 Draw Me Nearer

FANNY J. CROSBY W. H. DOANE

1. I am Thine, O Lord, I have heard Thy voice, And it told Thy
2. Con-se-crate me now to Thy serv - ice, Lord, By the pow'r of
3. O the pure de - light of a sin - gle hour That be - fore Thy
4. There are depths of love that I can - not know Till I cross the
love to me; But I long to rise in the arms of faith,
grace di - vine; May my soul look up with a stead - fast hope
throne I spend, When I kneel in pray'r, and with Thee, my God,
nar - row sea; There are heights of joy that I may not reach
REFRAIN
And be clos - er drawn to Thee.
And my will be lost in Thine.
I com-mune as friend with friend!
Till I rest in peace with Thee.
Draw me near - er,
near - er, near - er,
near - er, bless - ed Lord, To the cross where Thou hast died; Draw me
near - er, near - er, nearer, blessed Lord, To Thy precious, bleed-ing side.

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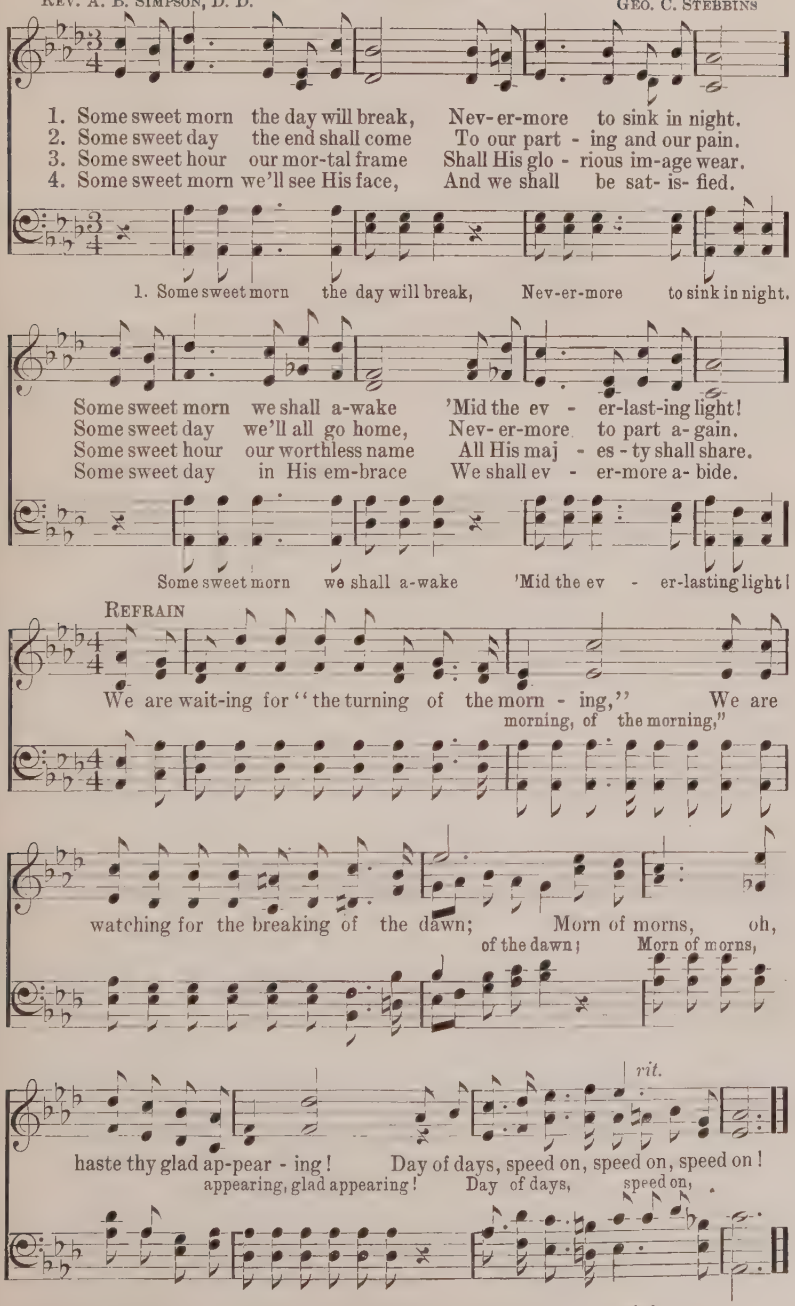
No. 9 Some Sweet Morn

REV. A. B. SIMPSON, D. D. GEO. C. STEBBINS

1. Some sweet morn the day will break, Nev-er-more to sink in night.
2. Some sweet day the end shall come To our part - ing and our pain.
3. Some sweet hour our mor-tal frame Shall His glo - rious im-age wear.
4. Some sweet morn we'll see His face, And we shall be sat- is- fied.
1. Some sweet morn the day will break, Nev-er-more to sink in night.
Some sweet morn we shall a-wake 'Mid the ev - er-last-ing light!
Some sweet day we'll all go home, Nev-er-more to part a-gain.
Some sweet hour our worthless name All His maj - es - ty shall share.
Some sweet day in His em-brace We shall ev - er-more a- bide.
Some sweet morn we shall a-wake 'Mid the ev - er-lasting light!
REFRAIN
We are wait-ing for "the turning of the morn - ing," We are
morning, of the morning,"
watching for the breaking of the dawn; Morn of morns, oh,
of the dawn; Morn of morns,
rit.
haste thy glad ap-pear - ing! Day of days, speed on, speed on, speed on!
appearing, glad appearing! Day of days, speed on,

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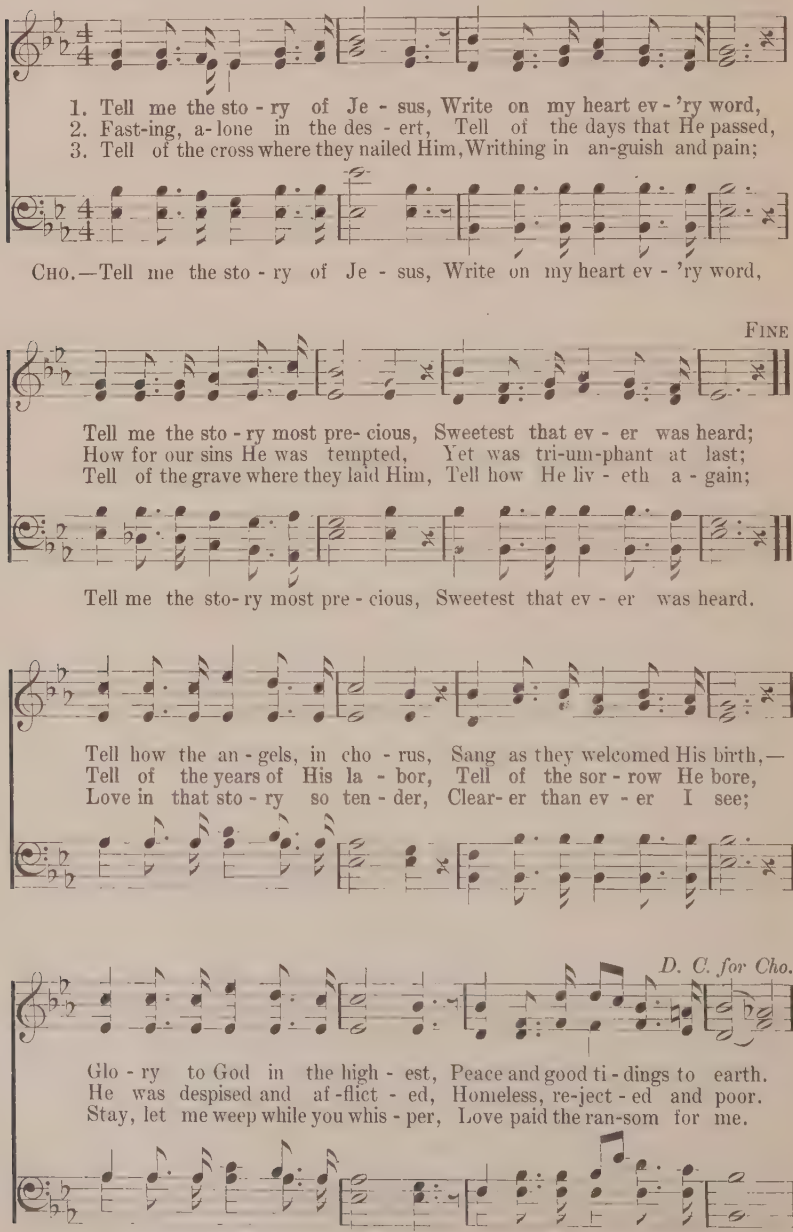
No. 10 Tell Me the Story of Jesus

"While we were yet sinners, Christ died for us."—Rom. 5 : 8

FANNY J. CROSBY JNO. R. SWENEY


1. Tell me the sto - ry of Je - sus, Write on my heart ev - 'ry word,
2. Fast-ing, a-lone in the des - ert, Tell of the days that He passed,
3. Tell of the cross where they nailed Him, Writhing in an-guish and pain;
Cho.—Tell me the sto - ry of Je - sus, Write on my heart ev - 'ry word,
FINE
Tell me the sto - ry most pre- cious, Sweetest that ev - er was heard;
How for our sins He was tempted, Yet was tri-um-phant at last;
Tell of the grave where they laid Him, Tell how He liv - eth a - gain;
Tell me the sto- ry most pre - cious, Sweetest that ev - er was heard.
Tell how the an - gels, in cho - rus, Sang as they welcomed His birth,—
Tell of the years of His la - bor, Tell of the sor - row He bore,
Love in that sto - ry so ten - der, Clear- er than ev - er I see;
D. C. for Cho.
Glo - ry to God in the high - est, Peace and good ti - dings to earth.
He was despised and af -flict - ed, Homeless, re-ject - ed and poor.
Stay, let me weep while you whis - per, Love paid the ran-som for me.

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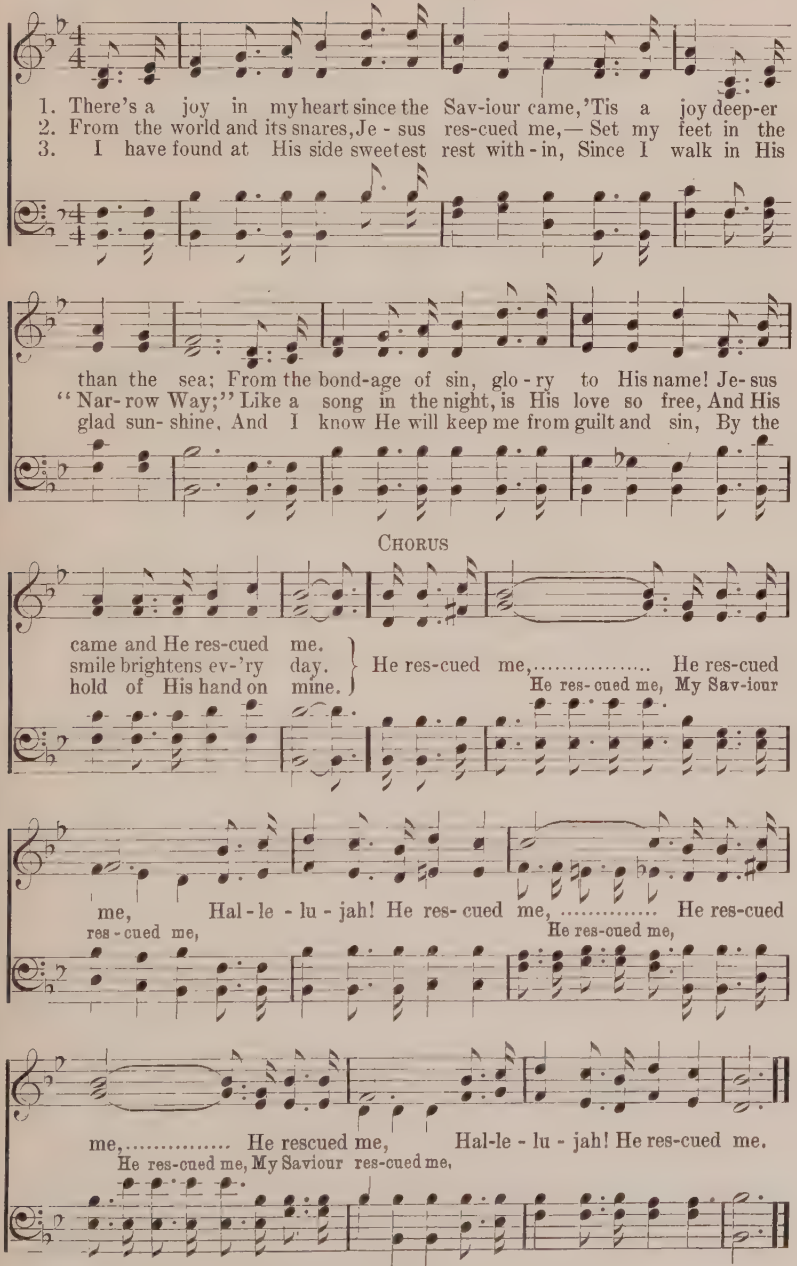
No. 11 He Rescued Me

J. M. B. JAMES M. BLACK

1. There's a joy in my heart since the Sav-iour came, 'Tis a joy deep-er
2. From the world and its snares, Je - sus res-cued me, — Set my feet in the
3. I have found at His side sweetest rest with - in, Since I walk in His
than the sea; From the bond-age of sin, glo - ry to His name! Je-sus
"Nar-row Way;" Like a song in the night, is His love so free, And His
glad sun- shine, And I know He will keep me from guilt and sin, By the
CHORUS
came and He res-cued me.
smile brightens ev-'ry day.
hold of His hand on mine.
He res-cued me, ... He res-cued
He res-cued me, My Sav-iour
me, Hal - le - lu - jah! He res-cued me, ... He res-cued
res-cued me,
He res-cued me,
me, ... He rescued me, Hal-le - lu - jah! He res-cued me.
He res-cued me, My Saviour res-cued me,

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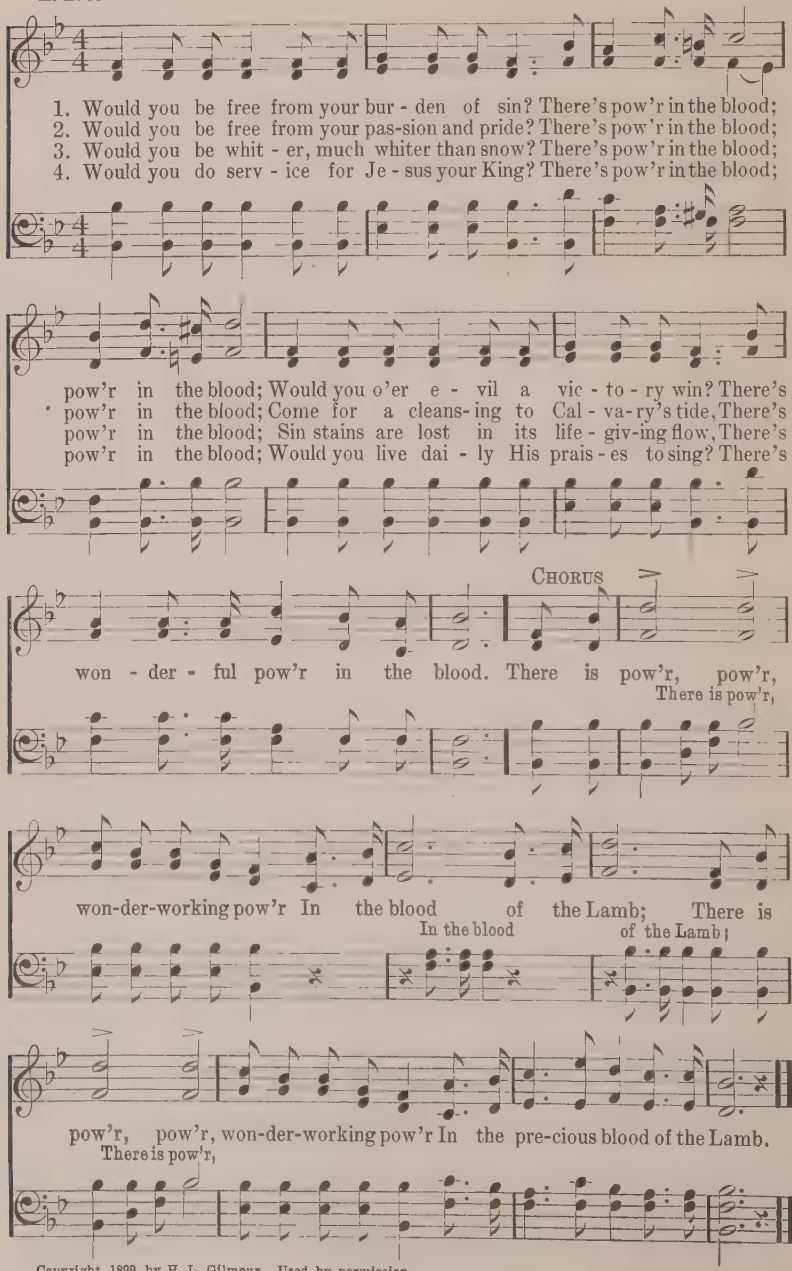
No. 12 There Is Power in the Blood

"As many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God."—John 1 : 12

L. E. J. L. E. JONES

1. Would you be free from your bur - den of sin? There's pow'r in the blood;
2. Would you be free from your pas-sion and pride? There's pow'r in the blood;
3. Would you be whit - er, much whiter than snow? There's pow'r in the blood;
4. Would you do serv - ice for Je - sus your King? There's pow'r in the blood;
pow'r in the blood; Would you o'er e - vil a vic - to - ry win? There's
pow'r in the blood; Come for a cleans-ing to Cal - va-ry's tide, There's
pow'r in the blood; Sin stains are lost in its life - giv-ing flow, There's
pow'r in the blood; Would you live dai - ly His prais - es to sing? There's
CHORUS
won - der - ful pow'r in the blood. There is pow'r, pow'r,
There is pow'r,
won-der-working pow'r In the blood of the Lamb; There is
In the blood of the Lamb;
pow'r, pow'r, won-der-working pow'r In the pre-cious blood of the Lamb.
There is pow'r,

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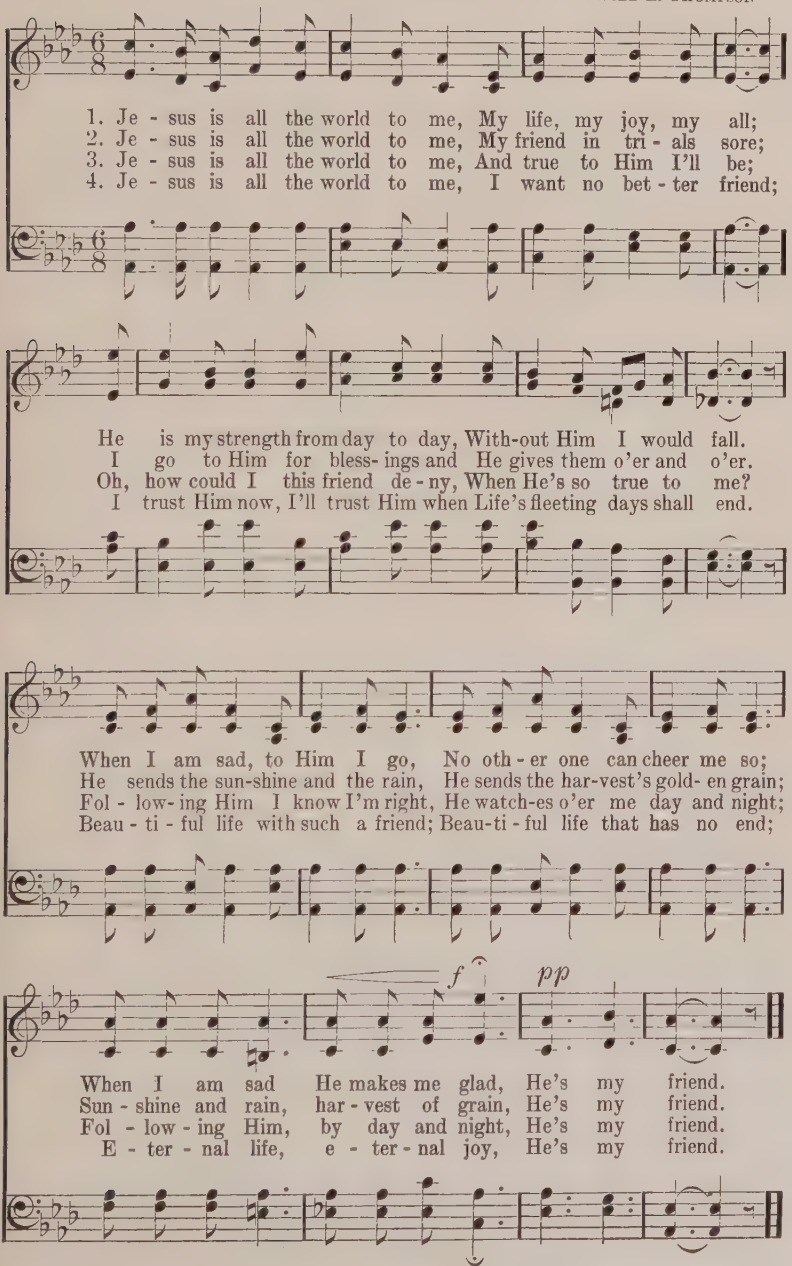
No. 13 Jesus Is All the World to Me

W. L. T. WILL L. THOMPSON

1. Je - sus is all the world to me, My life, my joy, my all;
2. Je - sus is all the world to me, My friend in tri - als sore;
3. Je - sus is all the world to me, And true to Him I'll be;
4. Je - sus is all the world to me, I want no bet - ter friend;
He is my strength from day to day, With-out Him I would fall.
I go to Him for bless- ings and He gives them o'er and o'er.
Oh, how could I this friend de - ny, When He's so true to me?
I trust Him now, I'll trust Him when Life's fleeting days shall end.
When I am sad, to Him I go, No oth - er one can cheer me so;
He sends the sun-shine and the rain, He sends the har-vest's gold- en grain;
Fol - low- ing Him I know I'm right, He watch-es o'er me day and night;
Beau - ti - ful life with such a friend; Beau-ti - ful life that has no end;
f
pp
When I am sad He makes me glad, He's my friend.
Sun - shine and rain, har - vest of grain, He's my friend.
Fol - low - ing Him, by day and night, He's my friend.
E - ter - nal life, e - ter - nal joy, He's my friend.

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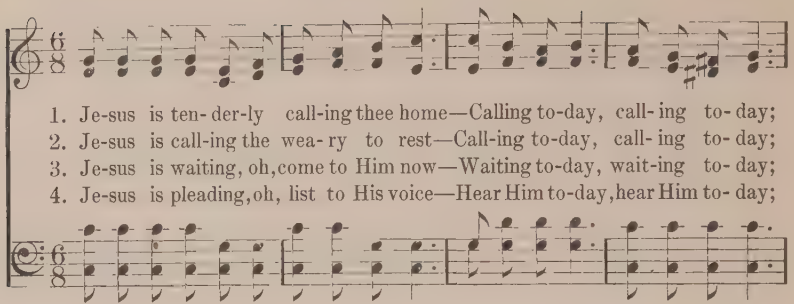
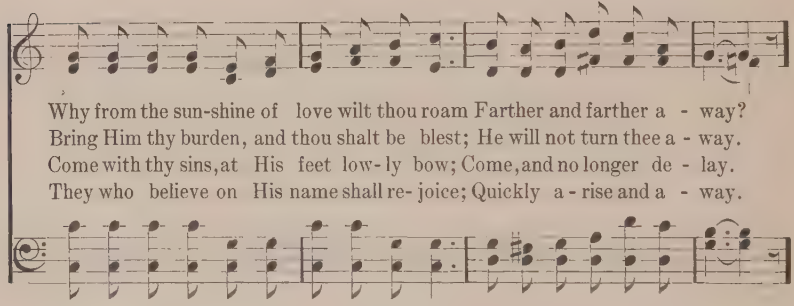
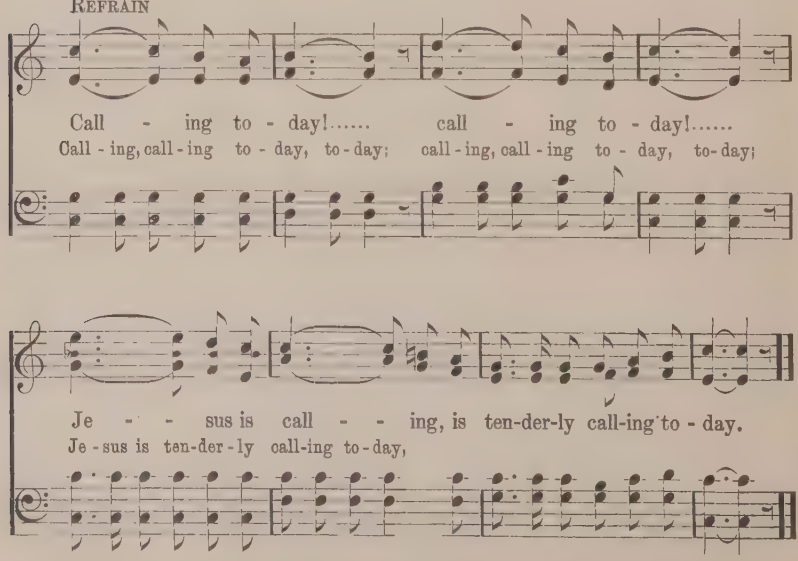
No. 14 Jesus Is Calling

FANNY J. CROSBY GEORGE C. STEBBINS


1. Je-sus is ten-der-ly call-ing thee home—Calling to-day, call-ing to-day;
2. Je-sus is call-ing the wea-ry to rest—Call-ing to-day, call-ing to-day;
3. Je-sus is waiting, oh, come to Him now—Waiting to-day, wait-ing to-day;
4. Je-sus is pleading, oh, list to His voice—Hear Him to-day, hear Him to-day;


Why from the sun-shine of love wilt thou roam Farther and farther a - way?
Bring Him thy burden, and thou shalt be blest; He will not turn thee a - way.
Come with thy sins, at His feet low-ly bow; Come, and no longer de - lay.
They who believe on His name shall re-joice; Quickly a-rise and a - way.

REFRAIN


Call - ing to - day!..... call - ing to - day!.....
Call - ing, call - ing to - day, to - day; call - ing, call - ing to - day, to - day;
Je - - sus is call - - ing, is ten-der-ly call-ing to - day.
Je - sus is ten-der - ly call-ing to - day,

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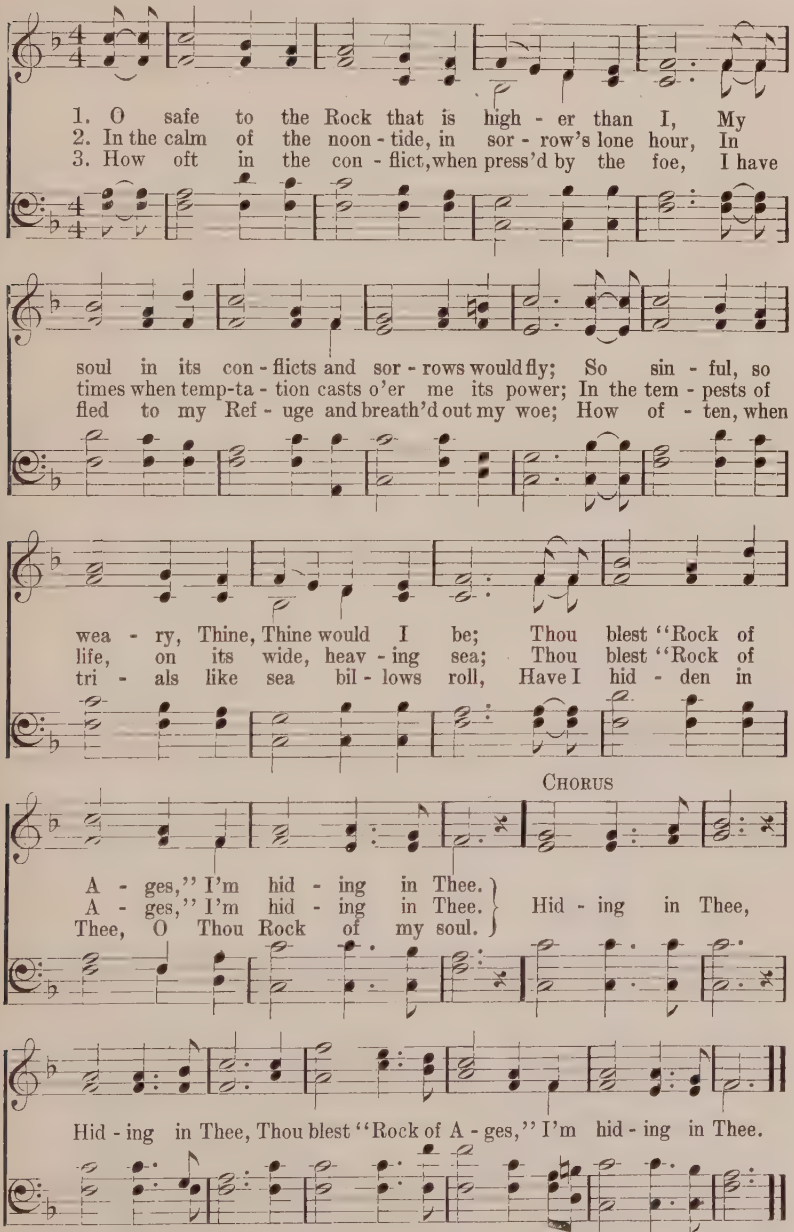
No. 15 Hiding in Thee

"I flee unto Thee to hide me."—Ps. 143 : 9

REV. WILLIAM O. CUSHING IRA D. SANKEY

1. O safe to the Rock that is high - er than I, My
2. In the calm of the noon - tide, in sor - row's lone hour, In
3. How oft in the con - flict, when press'd by the foe, I have
soul in its con - flicts and sor - rows would fly; So sin - ful, so
times when temp-ta - tion casts o'er me its power; In the tem - pests of
fled to my Ref - uge and breath'd out my woe; How of - ten, when
wea - ry, Thine, Thine would I be; Thou blest "Rock of
life, on its wide, heav - ing sea; Thou blest "Rock of
tri - als like sea bil - lows roll, Have I hid - den in
CHORUS
A - ges," I'm hid - ing in Thee.
A - ges," I'm hid - ing in Thee.
Thee, O Thou Rock of my soul.
Hid - ing in Thee,
Hid - ing in Thee, Thou blest "Rock of A - ges," I'm hid - ing in Thee.

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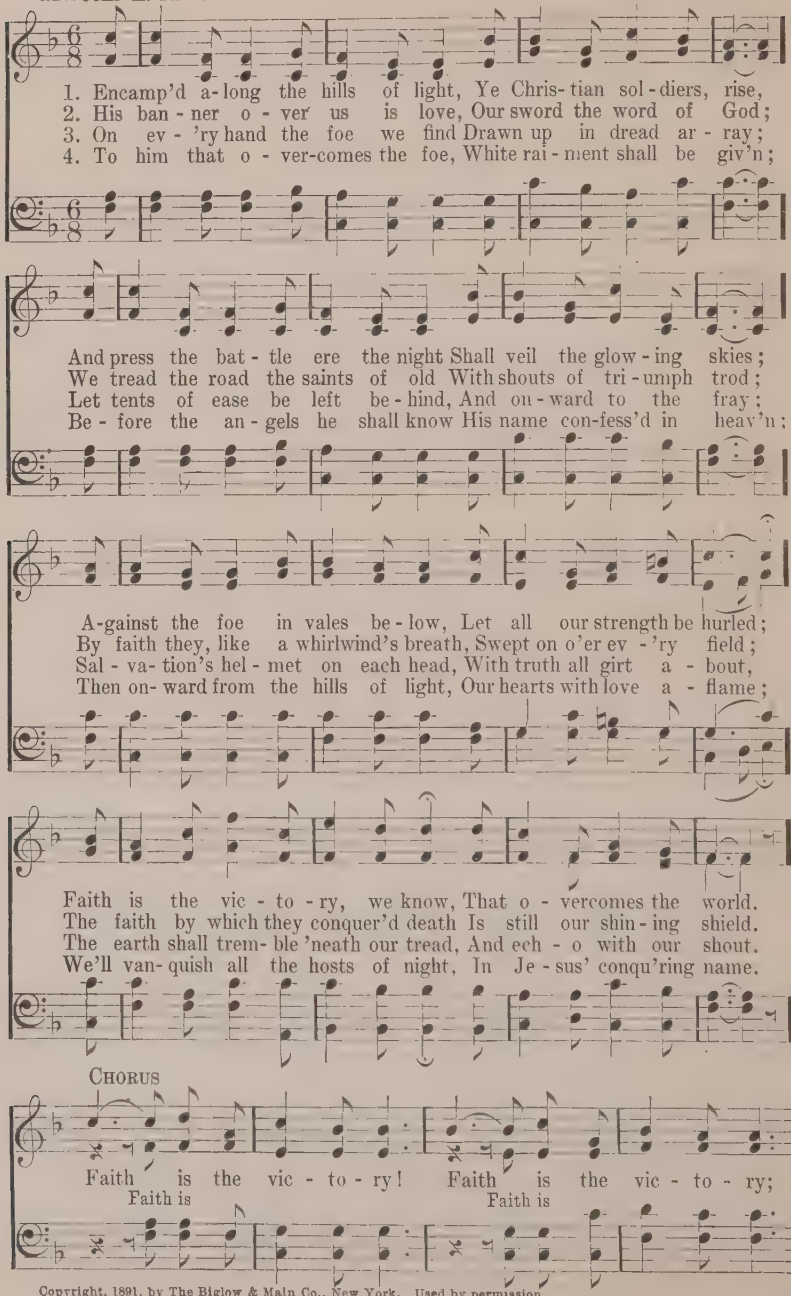
No. 16 Faith Is the Victory

"Faith which worketh by love."—Gal. 5: 6

REV. JOHN H. YATES — IRA D. SANKEY

1. Encamp'd a-long the hills of light, Ye Chris-tian sol-diers, rise,
2. His ban-ner o-ver us is love, Our sword the word of God;
3. On ev-'ry hand the foe we find Drawn up in dread ar-ray;
4. To him that o-ver-comes the foe, White rai-ment shall be giv'n;
And press the bat-tle ere the night Shall veil the glow-ing skies;
We tread the road the saints of old With shouts of tri-umph trod;
Let tents of ease be left be-hind, And on-ward to the fray;
Be-fore the an-gels he shall know His name con-fess'd in heav'n;
A-gainst the foe in vales be-low, Let all our strength be hurled;
By faith they, like a whirlwind's breath, Swept on o'er ev-'ry field;
Sal-va-tion's hel-met on each head, With truth all girt a-bout,
Then on-ward from the hills of light, Our hearts with love a-flame;
Faith is the vic-to-ry, we know, That o-vercomes the world.
The faith by which they conquer'd death Is still our shin-ing shield.
The earth shall trem-ble 'neath our tread, And ech-o with our shout.
We'll van-quish all the hosts of night, In Je-sus' conqu'ring name.
CHORUS
Faith is the vic-to-ry! Faith is the vic-to-ry;
Faith is
Faith is

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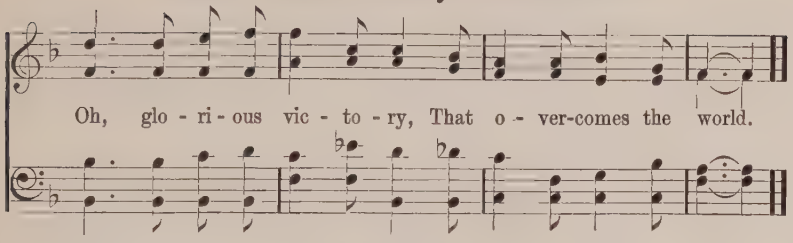
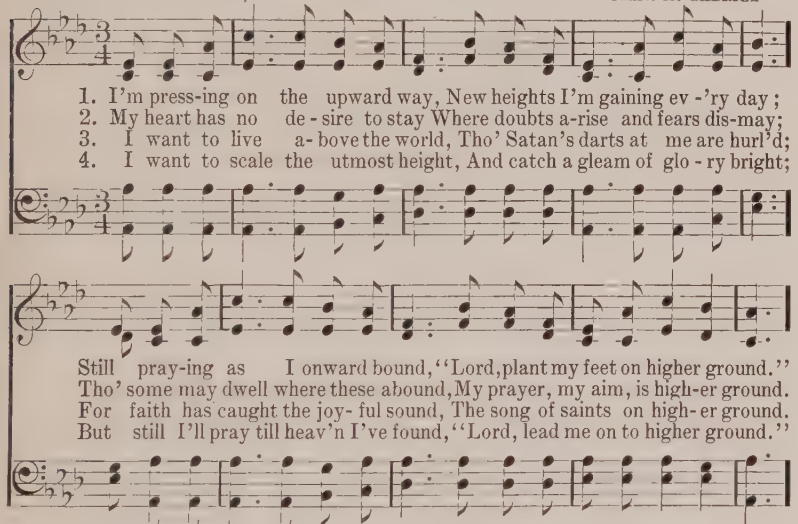
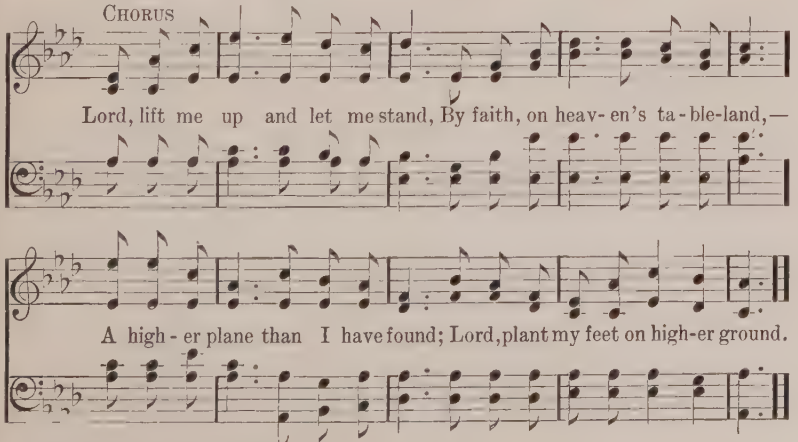


No. 17 Higher Ground

"The high calling of God in Christ Jesus."—Phil. 3: 14

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. CHAS. H. GABRIEL


1. I'm press-ing on the upward way, New heights I'm gaining ev -'ry day;
2. My heart has no de - sire to stay Where doubts a-rise and fears dis-may;
3. I want to live a - bove the world, Tho' Satan's darts at me are hurl'd;
4. I want to scale the utmost height, And catch a gleam of glo - ry bright;
Still pray-ing as I onward bound, "Lord, plant my feet on higher ground."
Tho' some may dwell where these abound, My prayer, my aim, is high-er ground.
For faith has caught the joy- ful sound, The song of saints on high-er ground.
But still I'll pray till heav'n I've found, "Lord, lead me on to higher ground."


CHORUS
Lord, lift me up and let me stand, By faith, on heav- en's ta - ble-land,—
A high - er plane than I have found; Lord, plant my feet on high-er ground.

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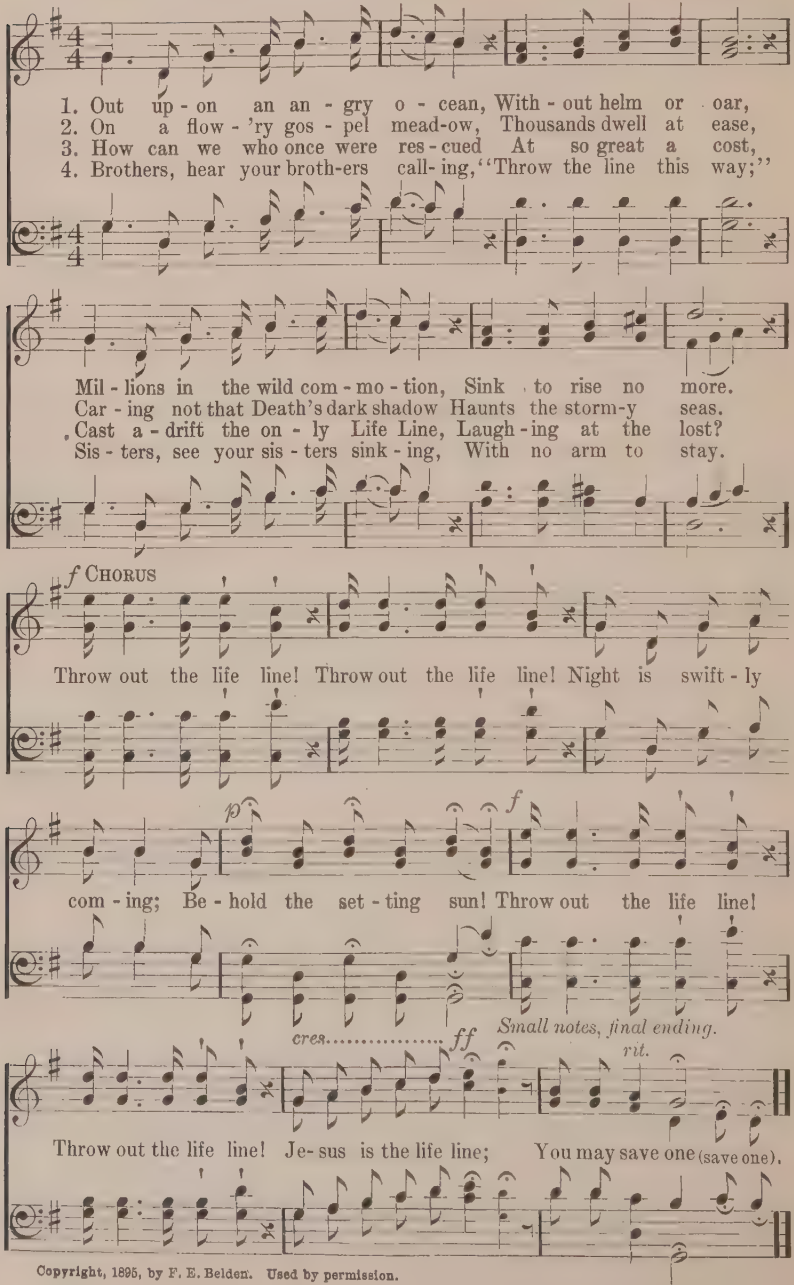
No. 18 Throw Out the Life Line

"Who redeemeth thy life from destruction."—Ps. 103 : 4

F. E. B. F. E. Belden


1. Out up - on an an - gry o - cean, With - out helm or oar,
2. On a flow - 'ry gos - pel mead-ow, Thousands dwell at ease,
3. How can we who once were res - cued At so great a cost,
4. Brothers, hear your broth-ers call- ing, "Throw the line this way;"
Mil - lions in the wild com - mo - tion, Sink to rise no more.
Car - ing not that Death's dark shadow Haunts the storm-y seas.
Cast a - drift the on - ly Life Line, Laugh - ing at the lost?
Sis - ters, see your sis - ters sink - ing, With no arm to stay.
f Chorus
Throw out the life line! Throw out the life line! Night is swift - ly
p f
com - ing; Be - hold the set - ting sun! Throw out the life line!
cres..... ff
Small notes, final ending.
rit.
Throw out the life line! Je- sus is the life line; You may save one (save one).

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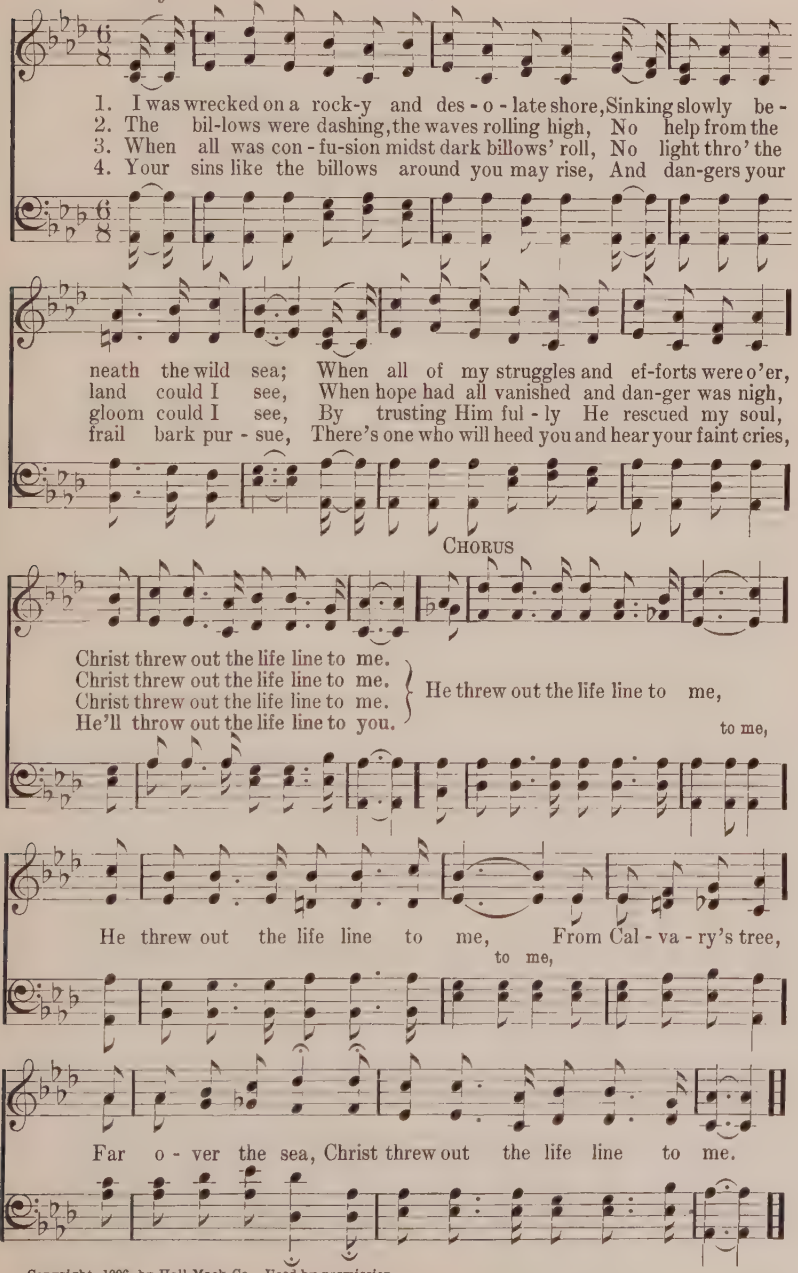
No. 19 He Threw Out the Life Line to Me

J. E. F. J. E. FRENCH

May be used as a Solo and Chorus

1. I was wrecked on a rock-y and des - o - late shore, Sinking slowly be -
2. The bil-lows were dashing, the waves rolling high, No help from the
3. When all was con - fu-sion midst dark billows' roll, No light thro' the
4. Your sins like the billows around you may rise, And dan-gers your
neath the wild sea; When all of my struggles and ef-forts were o'er,
land could I see, When hope had all vanished and dan-ger was nigh,
gloom could I see, By trusting Him ful - ly He rescued my soul,
frail bark pur - sue, There's one who will heed you and hear your faint cries,
CHORUS
Christ threw out the life line to me.
Christ threw out the life line to me.
Christ threw out the life line to me.
He'll throw out the life line to you.
He threw out the life line to me,
to me,
He threw out the life line to me, From Cal - va - ry's tree,
to me,
Far o - ver the sea, Christ threw out the life line to me.

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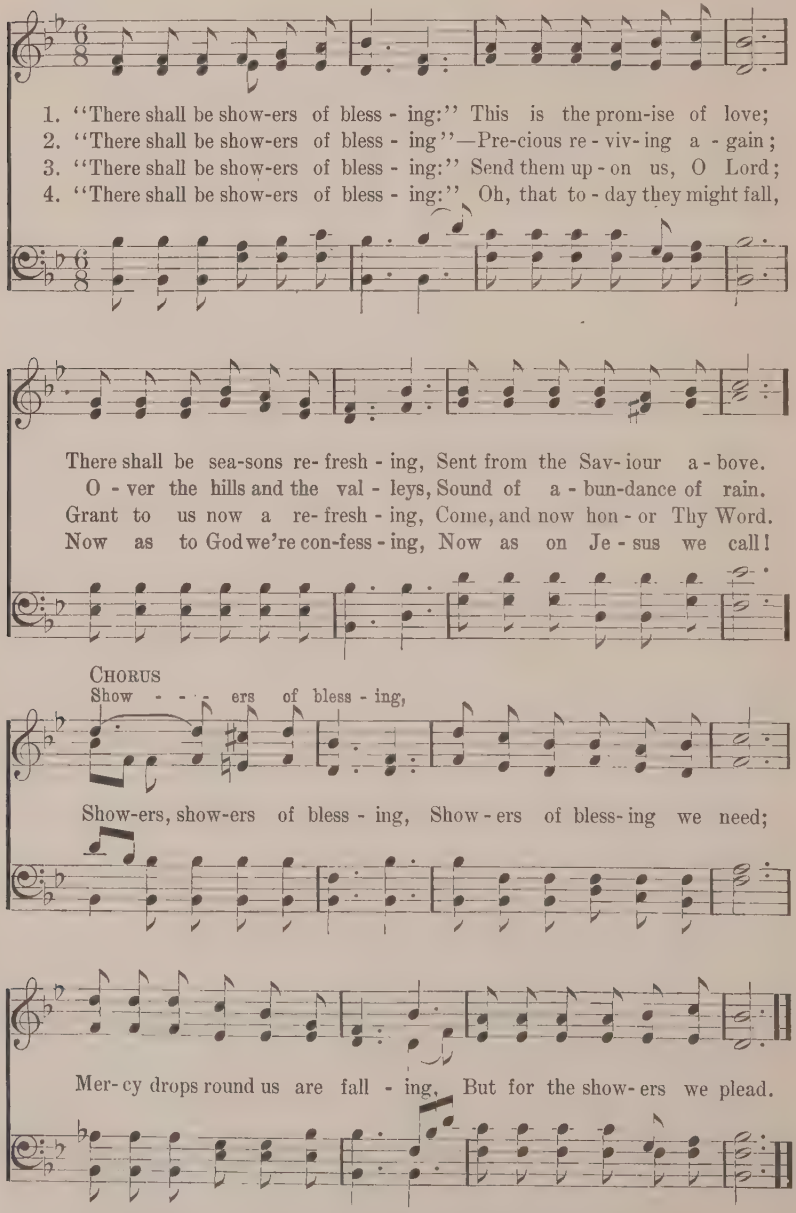
No. 20 There Shall Be Showers of Blessing

"And I will make them and the places round about My hill a blessing;
and I will cause the shower to come down in his season;
there shall be showers of blessing."—Eze. 34 : 26

EL. NATHAN JAMES MCGRANAHAN

1. "There shall be show-ers of bless - ing:" This is the prom-ise of love;
2. "There shall be show-ers of bless - ing"—Pre-cious re - viv- ing a - gain;
3. "There shall be show-ers of bless - ing:" Send them up - on us, O Lord;
4. "There shall be show-ers of bless - ing:" Oh, that to - day they might fall,
There shall be sea-sons re- fresh - ing, Sent from the Sav- iour a - bove.
O - ver the hills and the val - leys, Sound of a - bun-dance of rain.
Grant to us now a re- fresh - ing, Come, and now hon - or Thy Word.
Now as to God we're con-fess - ing, Now as on Je - sus we call!
CHORUS
Show - - - ers of bless - ing,
Show-ers, show-ers of bless - ing, Show - ers of bless- ing we need;
Mer- cy drops round us are fall - ing, But for the show- ers we plead.

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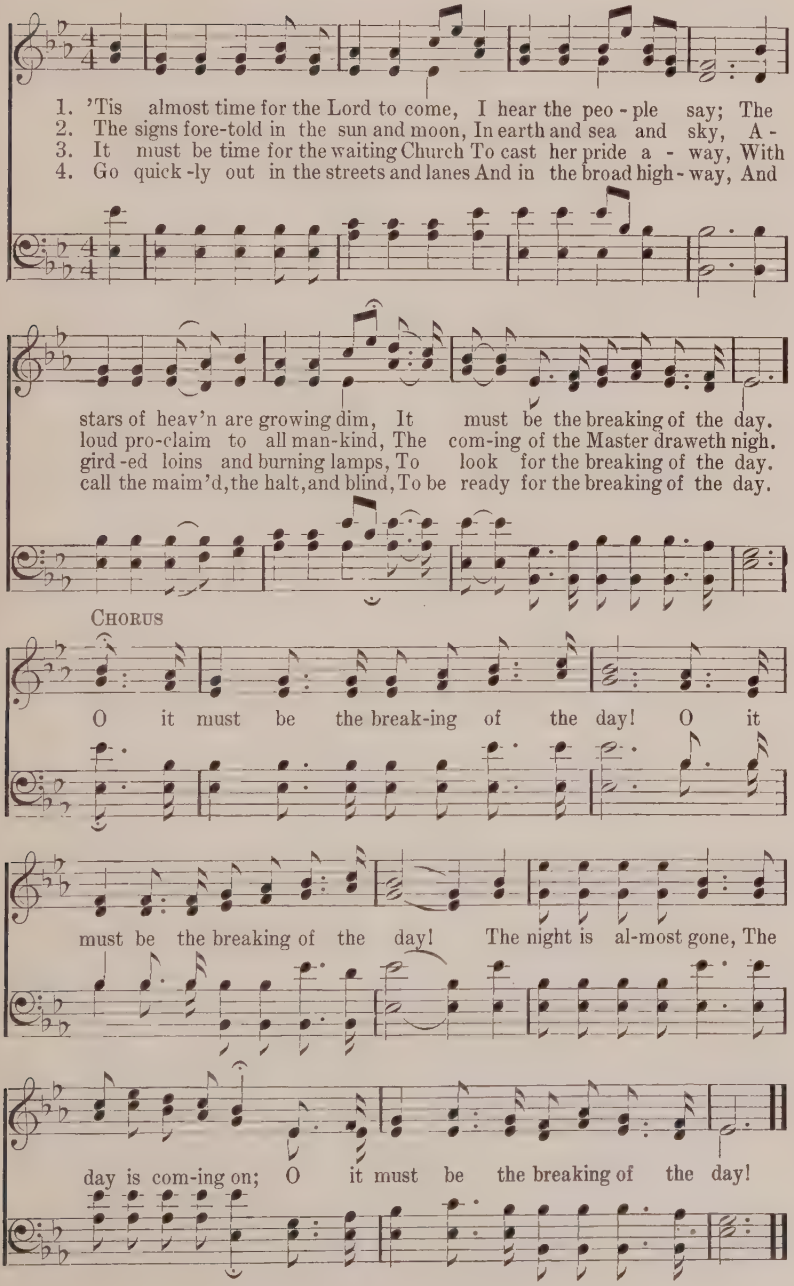
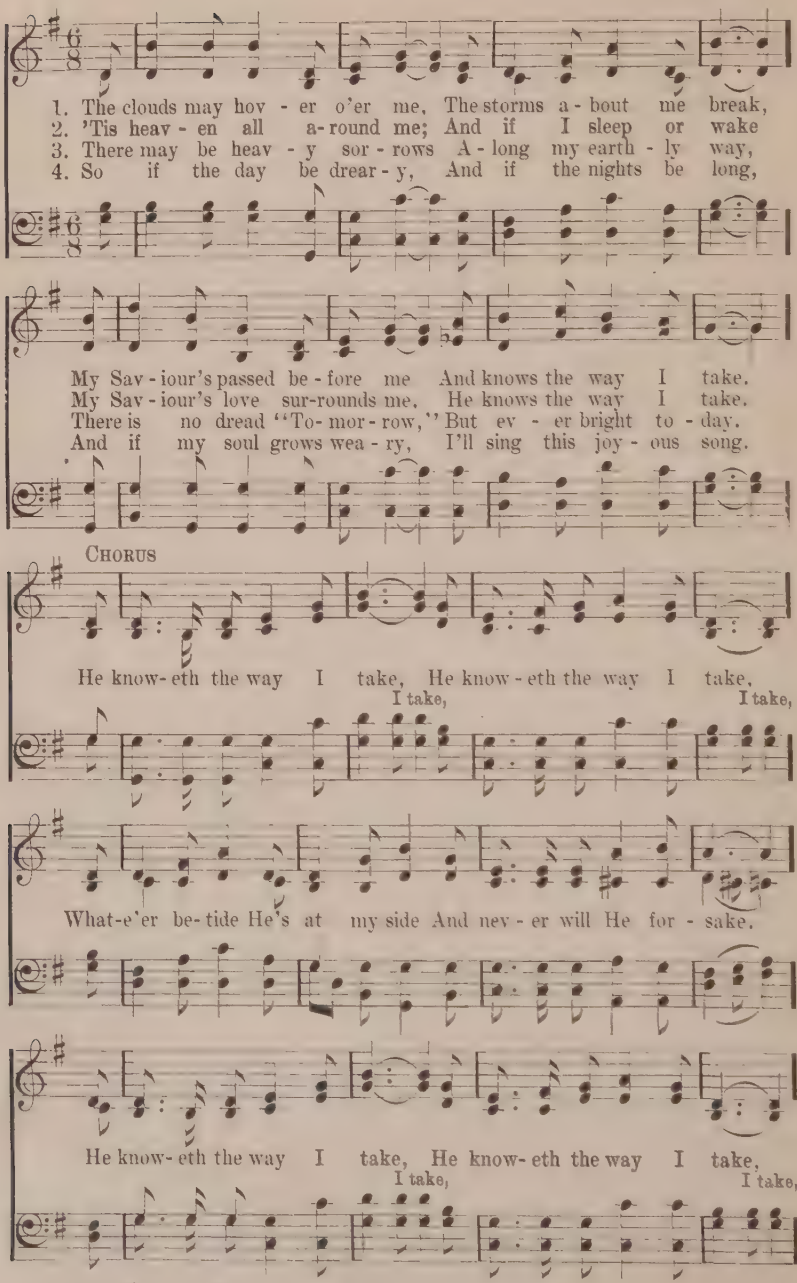
No. 21 The Breaking of the Day

G. W. S. G. W. SEDERQUIST

1. 'Tis almost time for the Lord to come, I hear the peo - ple say; The
2. The signs fore-told in the sun and moon, In earth and sea and sky, A -
3. It must be time for the waiting Church To cast her pride a - way, With
4. Go quick -ly out in the streets and lanes And in the broad high - way, And
stars of heav'n are growing dim, It must be the breaking of the day.
loud pro-claim to all man-kind, The com-ing of the Master draweth nigh.
gird -ed loins and burning lamps, To look for the breaking of the day.
call the maim'd, the halt, and blind, To be ready for the breaking of the day.
CHORUS
O it must be the break-ing of the day! O it
must be the breaking of the day! The night is al-most gone, The
day is com-ing on; O it must be the breaking of the day!

No. 22 He Knoweth the Way I Take

A. A. PAYN C. AUSTIN MILES

1. The clouds may hov - er o'er me, The storms a - bout me break,
2. 'Tis heav - en all a-round me; And if I sleep or wake
3. There may be heav - y sor - rows A - long my earth - ly way,
4. So if the day be drear - y, And if the nights be long,
My Sav - iour's passed be - fore me And knows the way I take.
My Sav - iour's love sur-rounds me. He knows the way I take.
There is no dread "To- mor - row," But ev - er bright to - day.
And if my soul grows wea - ry, I'll sing this joy - ous song.
CHORUS
He know- eth the way I take, He know - eth the way I take,
I take, I take,
What-e'er be-tide He's at my side And nev - er will He for - sake.
He know- eth the way I take, He know- eth the way I take,
I take, I take,

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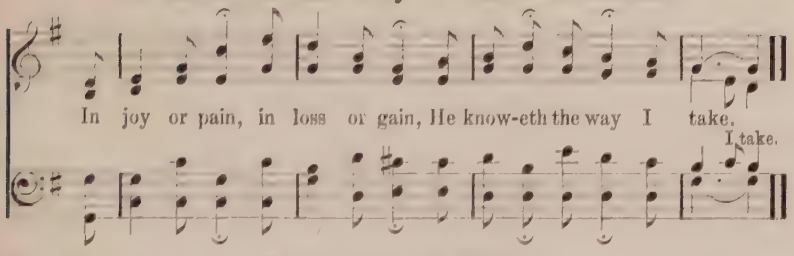
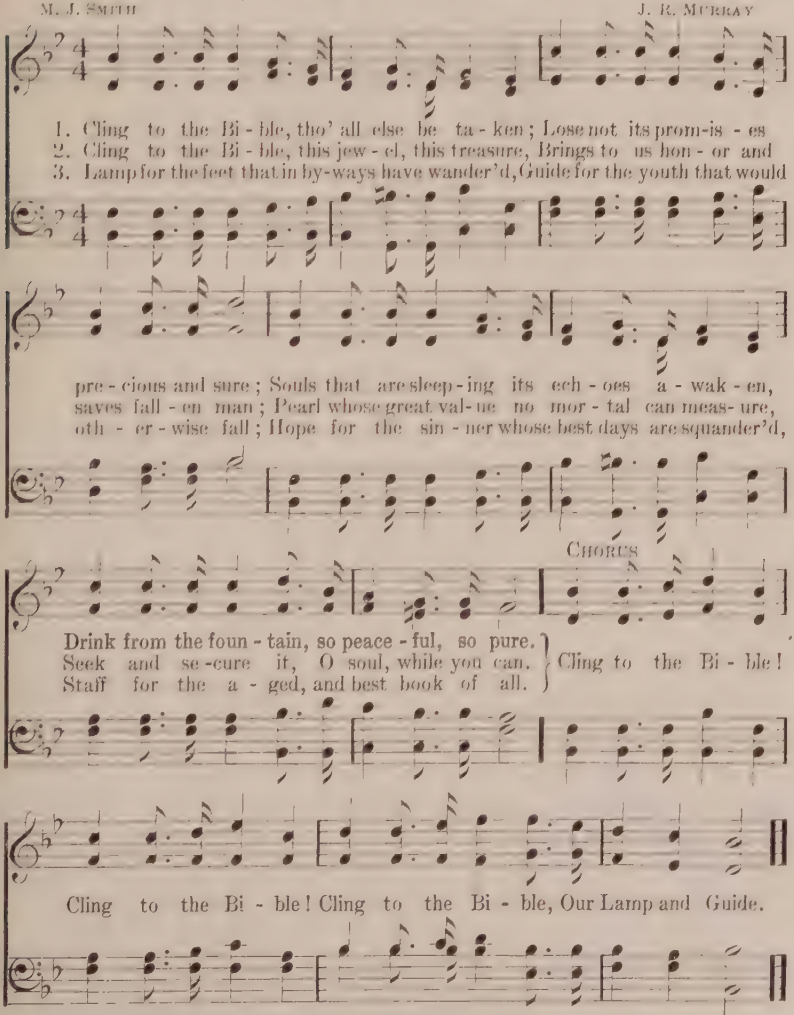
He Knoweth the Way I Take—Concluded



No. 23 Cling to the Bible

M. J. SMITH J. R. MURRAY


1. Cling to the Bi - ble, tho' all else be ta - ken; Lose not its prom-is - es
2. Cling to the Bi - ble, this jew - el, this treasure, Brings to us hon - or and
3. Lamp for the feet that in by-ways have wander'd, Guide for the youth that would
pre - cious and sure; Souls that are sleep - ing its ech - oes a - wak - en,
saves fall - en man; Pearl whose great val - ue no mor - tal can meas - ure,
oth - er - wise fall; Hope for the sin - ner whose best days are squander'd,
CHORUS
Drink from the foun - tain, so peace - ful, so pure.
Seek and se - cure it, O soul, while you can.
Staff for the a - ged, and best book of all.
Cling to the Bi - ble!
Cling to the Bi - ble! Cling to the Bi - ble, Our Lamp and Guide.

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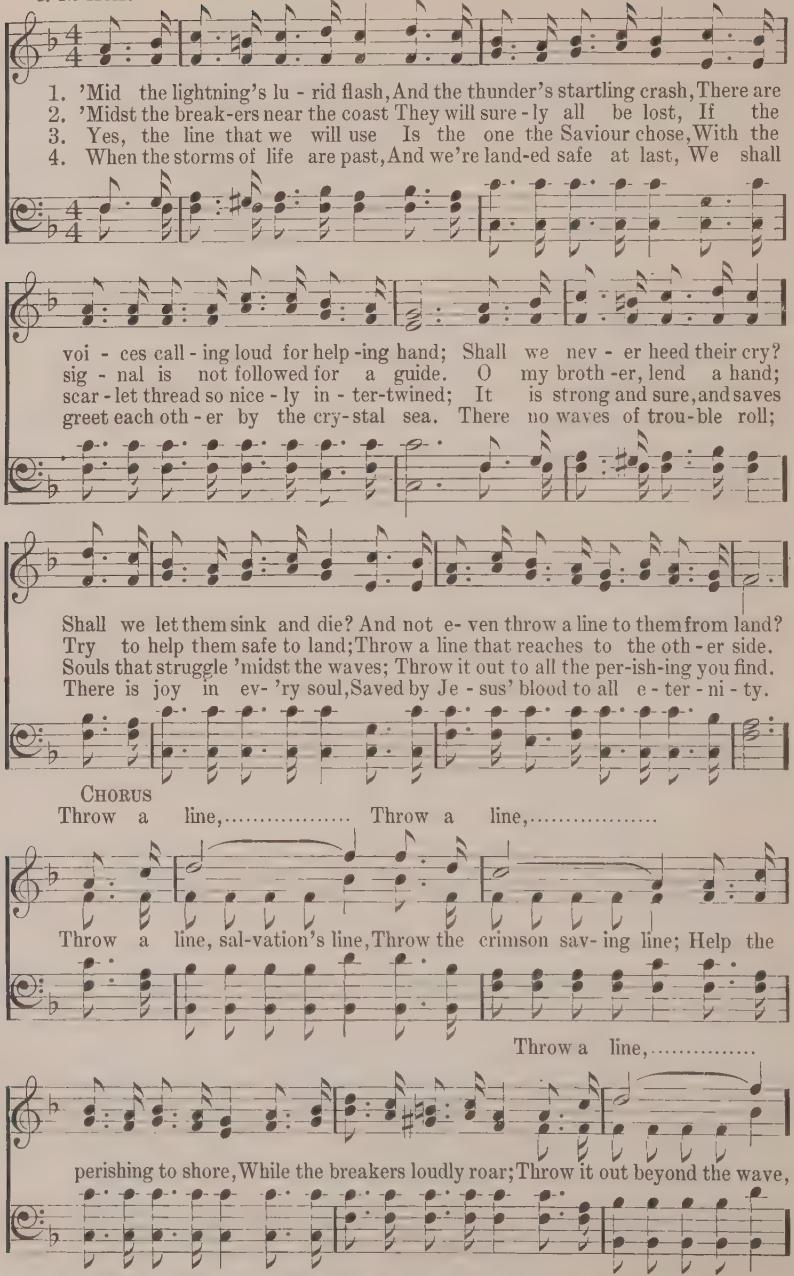
No. 24 Throw a Line

"There was none to help."—Isa. 63 : 5

I. N. McH. I. N. McHose

1. 'Mid the lightning's lu - rid flash, And the thunder's startling crash, There are
2. 'Midst the break-ers near the coast They will sure - ly all be lost, If the
3. Yes, the line that we will use Is the one the Saviour chose, With the
4. When the storms of life are past, And we're land-ed safe at last, We shall
voi - ces call - ing loud for help - ing hand; Shall we nev - er heed their cry?
sig - nal is not followed for a guide. O my broth - er, lend a hand;
scar - let thread so nice - ly in - ter-twined; It is strong and sure, and saves
greet each oth - er by the cry - stal sea. There no waves of trou - ble roll;
Shall we let them sink and die? And not e - ven throw a line to them from land?
Try to help them safe to land; Throw a line that reaches to the oth - er side.
Souls that struggle 'midst the waves; Throw it out to all the per-ish-ing you find.
There is joy in ev- 'ry soul, Saved by Je - sus' blood to all e - ter - ni - ty.
Chorus
Throw a line,..... Throw a line,.....
Throw a line, sal-vation's line, Throw the crimson sav - ing line; Help the
Throw a line,.....
perishing to shore, While the breakers loudly roar; Throw it out beyond the wave,

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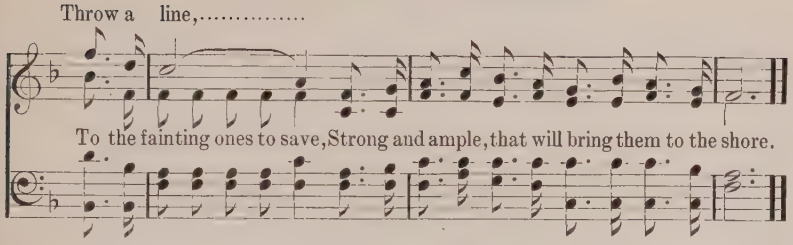
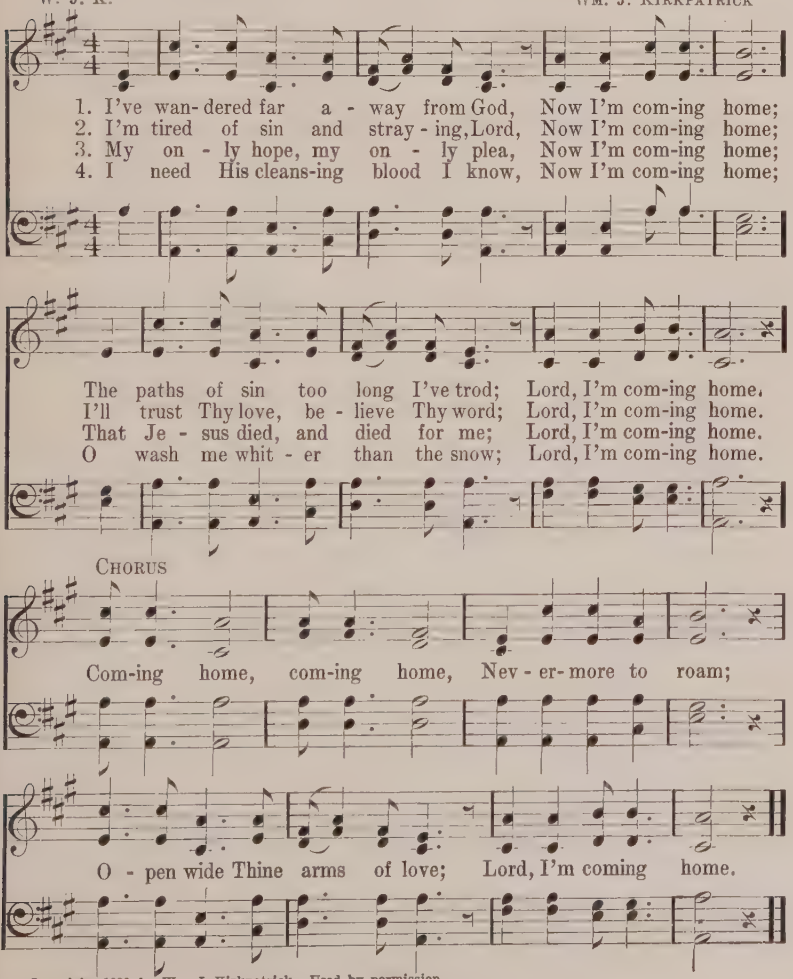
Throw a Line—Concluded



No. 25 Lord, I'm Coming Home

"But when he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him."—Luke 15: 20

W. J. K. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick

1. I've wan- dered far a - way from God, Now I'm com-ing home;
2. I'm tired of sin and stray - ing, Lord, Now I'm com-ing home;
3. My on - ly hope, my on - ly plea, Now I'm com-ing home;
4. I need His cleans-ing blood I know, Now I'm com-ing home;
The paths of sin too long I've trod; Lord, I'm com-ing home.
I'll trust Thy love, be - lieve Thy word; Lord, I'm com-ing home.
That Je - sus died, and died for me; Lord, I'm com-ing home.
O wash me whit - er than the snow; Lord, I'm com-ing home.
Chorus
Com-ing home, com-ing home, Nev - er- more to roam;
O - pen wide Thine arms of love; Lord, I'm coming home.

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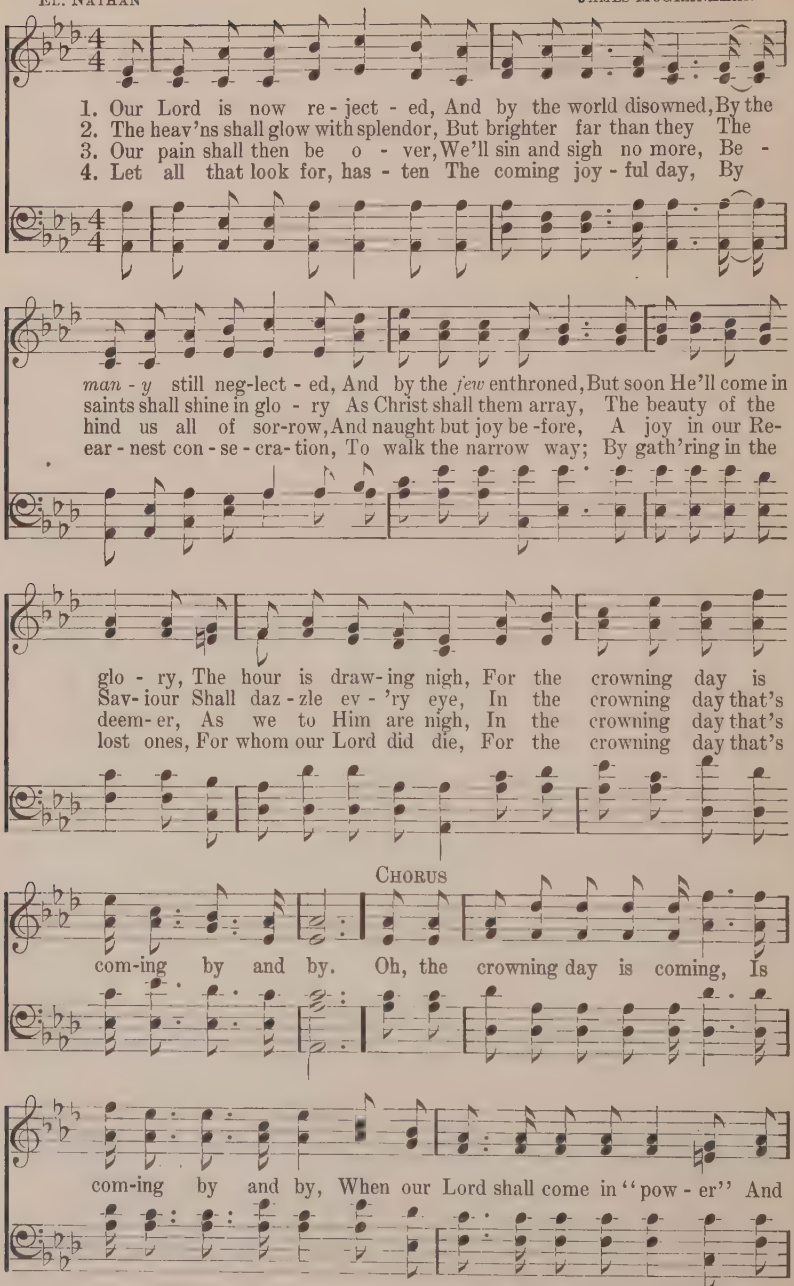
No. 26 The Crowning Day

EL. NATHAN JAMES MCGRANAHAN


1. Our Lord is now re - ject - ed, And by the world disowned, By the
2. The heav'ns shall glow with splendor, But brighter far than they The
3. Our pain shall then be o - ver, We'll sin and sigh no more, Be -
4. Let all that look for, has - ten The coming joy - ful day, By
man - y still neg-lect - ed, And by the few enthroned, But soon He'll come in
saints shall shine in glo - ry As Christ shall them array, The beauty of the
hind us all of sor-row, And naught but joy be -fore, A joy in our Re-
ear - nest con - se - cra - tion, To walk the narrow way; By gath'ring in the
glo - ry, The hour is draw - ing nigh, For the crowning day is
Sav - iour Shall daz - zle ev - 'ry eye, In the crowning day that's
deem - er, As we to Him are nigh, In the crowning day that's
lost ones, For whom our Lord did die, For the crowning day that's
CHORUS
com-ing by and by. Oh, the crowning day is coming, Is
com-ing by and by, When our Lord shall come in "pow - er" And

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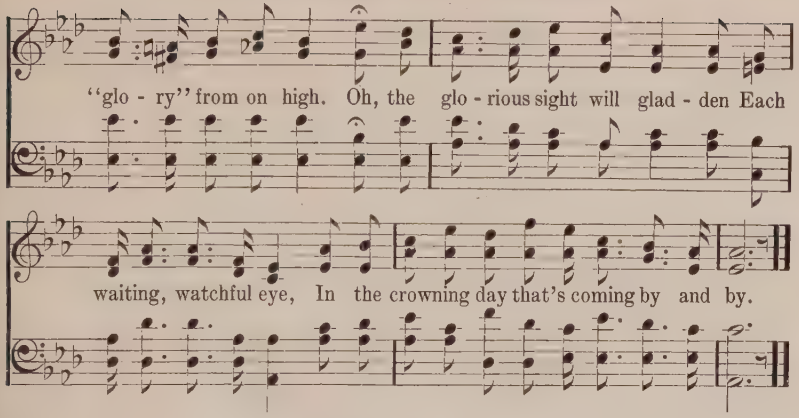
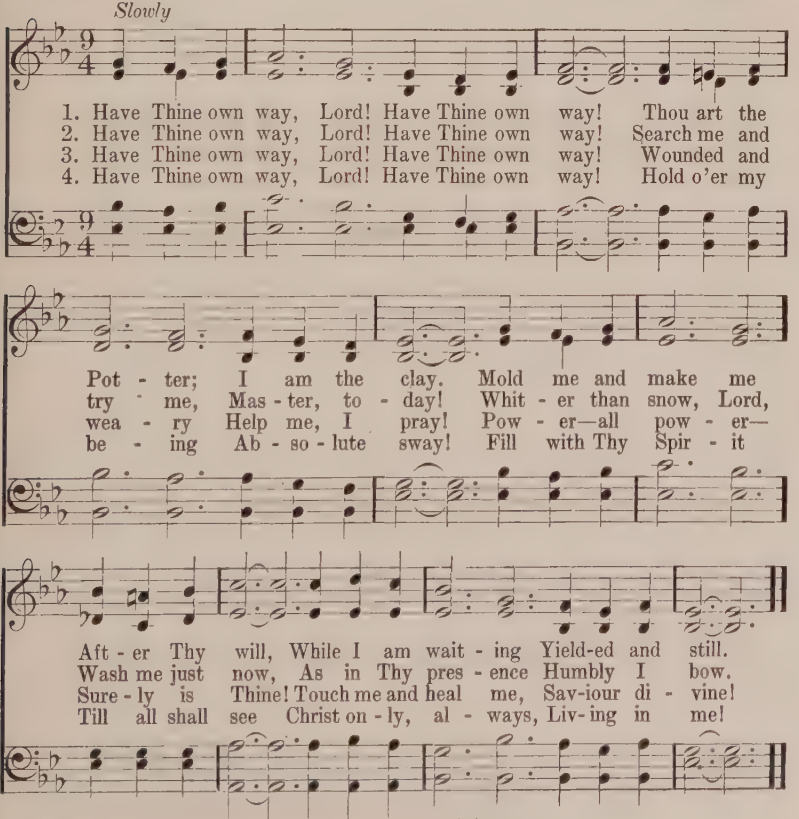
The Crowning Day—Concluded


"glo - ry" from on high. Oh, the glo - rious sight will glad - den Each
waiting, watchful eye, In the crowning day that's coming by and by.

No. 27 Have Thine Own Way, Lord

A. A. P. GEO. C. STEBBINS

Slowly

1. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way! Thou art the
2. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way! Search me and
3. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way! Wounded and
4. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way! Hold o'er my
Pot - ter; I am the clay. Mold me and make me
try me, Mas - ter, to - day! Whit - er than snow, Lord,
wea - ry Help me, I pray! Pow - er—all pow - er—
be - ing Ab - so - lute sway! Fill with Thy Spir - it
Aft - er Thy will, While I am wait - ing Yield-ed and still.
Wash me just now, As in Thy pres - ence Humbly I bow.
Sure - ly is Thine! Touch me and heal me, Sav-iour di - vine!
Till all shall see Christ on - ly, al - ways, Liv - ing in me!

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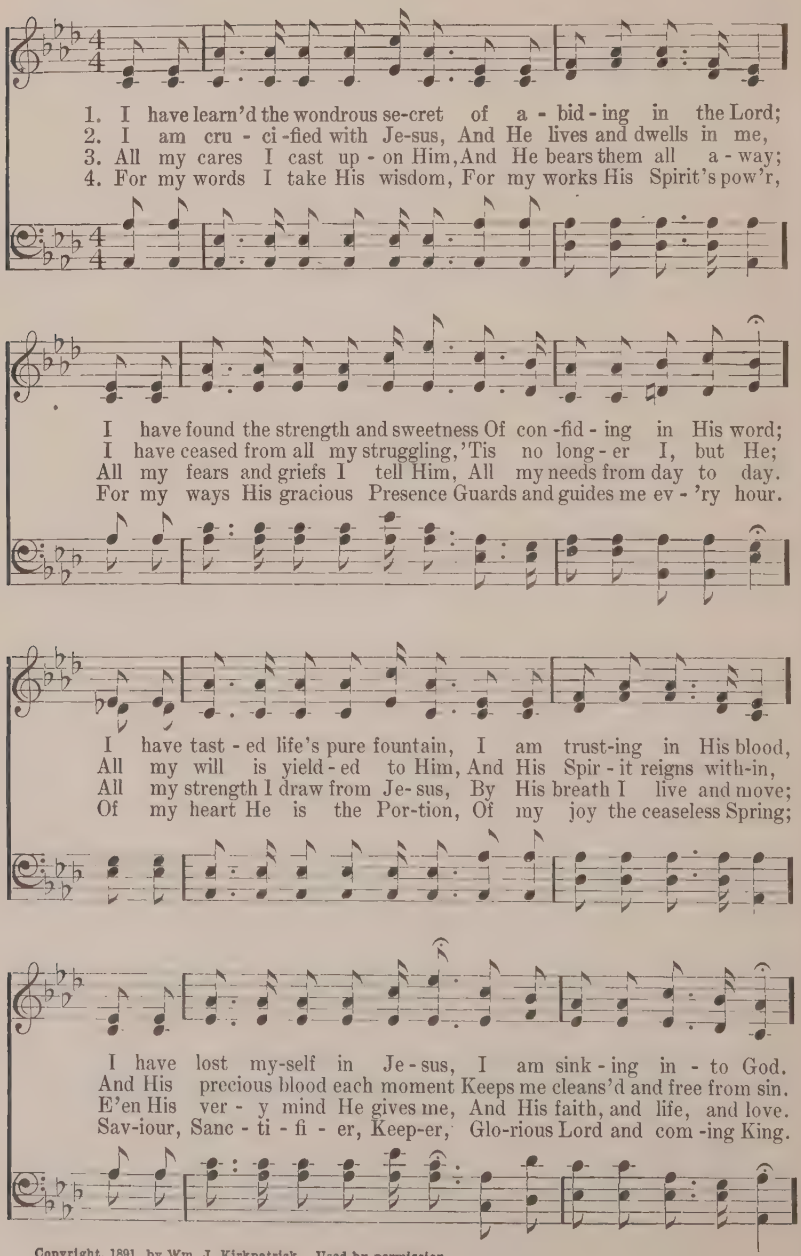
No. 28 Abiding and Confiding

"Abide in Me, and I in you."—John 15 : 4

REV. A. B. SIMPSON REV. L. L. PICKETT


1. I have learn'd the wondrous se-cret of a - bid - ing in the Lord;
2. I am cru - ci -fied with Je-sus, And He lives and dwells in me,
3. All my cares I cast up - on Him, And He bears them all a - way;
4. For my words I take His wisdom, For my works His Spirit's pow'r,
I have found the strength and sweetness Of con -fid - ing in His word;
I have ceased from all my struggling, 'Tis no long - er I, but He;
All my fears and griefs I tell Him, All my needs from day to day.
For my ways His gracious Presence Guards and guides me ev - 'ry hour.
I have tast - ed life's pure fountain, I am trust-ing in His blood,
All my will is yield - ed to Him, And His Spir - it reigns with-in,
All my strength I draw from Je-sus, By His breath I live and move;
Of my heart He is the Por-tion, Of my joy the ceaseless Spring;
I have lost my-self in Je - sus, I am sink - ing in - to God.
And His precious blood each moment Keeps me cleans'd and free from sin.
E'en His ver - y mind He gives me, And His faith, and life, and love.
Sav-iour, Sanc - ti - fi - er, Keep-er, Glo-rious Lord and com -ing King.

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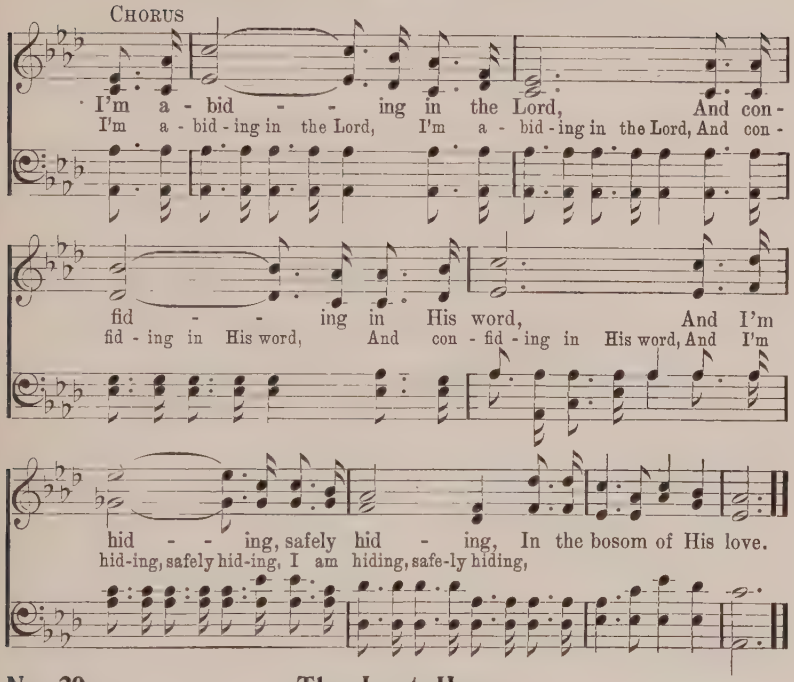
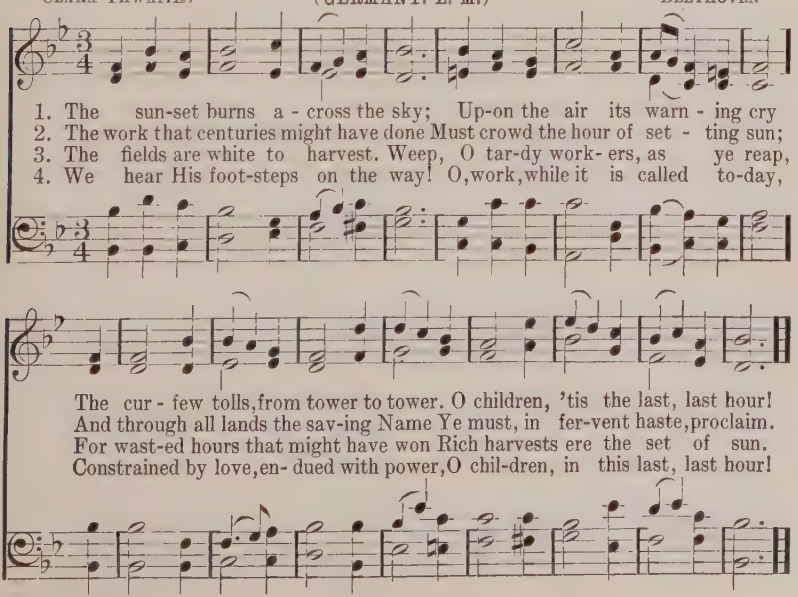

CHORUS
I'm a - bid - - ing in the Lord, And con -
I'm a - bid - ing in the Lord, I'm a - bid - ing in the Lord, And con -
fid - - ing in His word, And I'm
fid - ing in His word, And con - fid - ing in His word, And I'm
hid - - ing, safely hid - ing, In the bosom of His love.
hid-ing, safely hid-ing, I am hiding, safe-ly hiding,

No. 29 The Last Hour

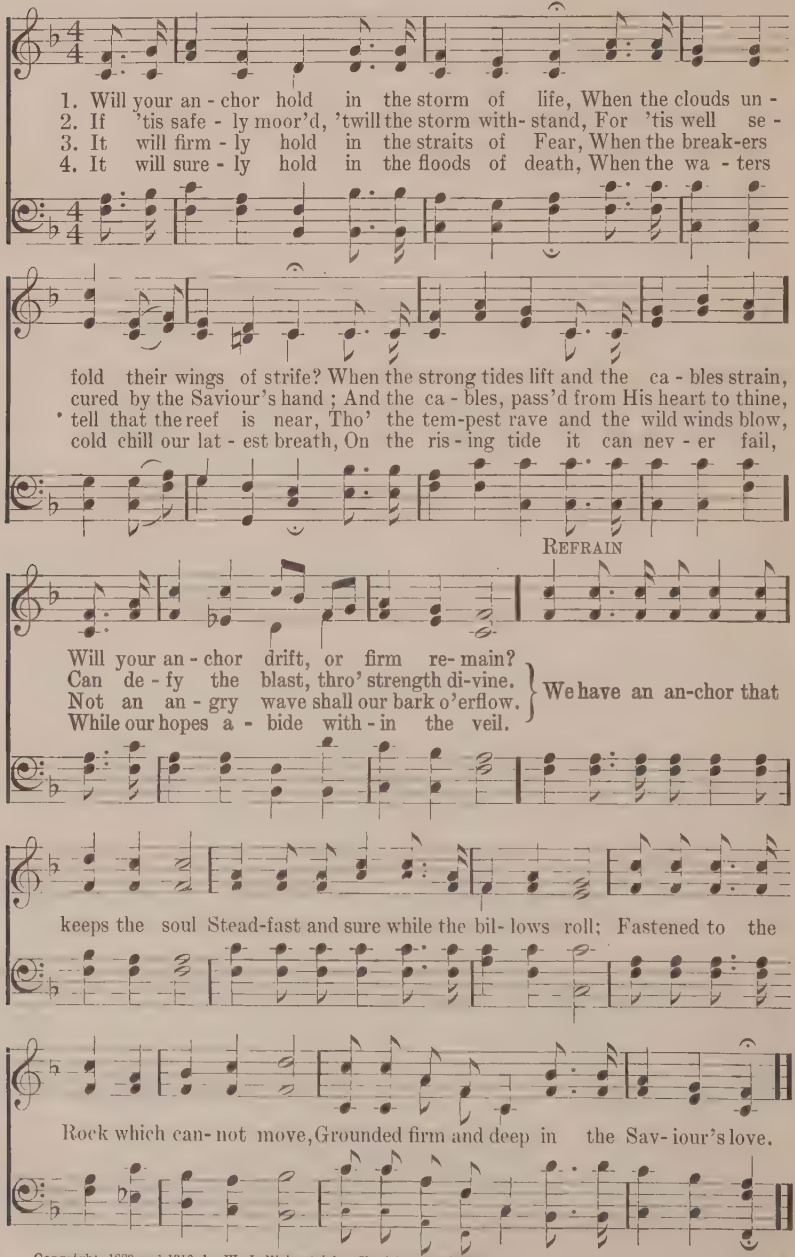
CLARA THWAITES (GERMANY. L. M.) BEETHOVEN


1. The sun-set burns a - cross the sky; Up-on the air its warn - ing cry
2. The work that centuries might have done Must crowd the hour of set - ting sun;
3. The fields are white to harvest. Weep, O tar-dy work- ers, as ye reap,
4. We hear His foot-steps on the way! O, work, while it is called to-day,
The cur - few tolls, from tower to tower. O children, 'tis the last, last hour!
And through all lands the sav-ing Name Ye must, in fer-vent haste, proclaim.
For wast-ed hours that might have won Rich harvests ere the set of sun.
Constrained by love, en- dued with power, O chil-dren, in this last, last hour!

No. 30 We Have an Anchor

"Which hope we have as an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast."—Heb. 6: 19

PRISCILLA J. OWENS W. J. KIRKPATRICK


1. Will your an - chor hold in the storm of life, When the clouds un -
2. If 'tis safe - ly moor'd, 'twill the storm with- stand, For 'tis well se -
3. It will firm - ly hold in the straits of Fear, When the break-ers
4. It will sure - ly hold in the floods of death, When the wa - ters
fold their wings of strife? When the strong tides lift and the ca - bles strain,
cured by the Saviour's hand; And the ca - bles, pass'd from His heart to thine,
tell that the reef is near, Tho' the tem-pest rave and the wild winds blow,
cold chill our lat - est breath, On the ris - ing tide it can nev - er fail,
REFRAIN
Will your an - chor drift, or firm re- main?
Can de - fy the blast, thro' strength di-vine.
Not an an - gry wave shall our bark o'erflow.
While our hopes a - bide with - in the veil.
We have an an-chor that
keeps the soul Stead-fast and sure while the bil- lows roll; Fastened to the
Rock which can- not move, Grounded firm and deep in the Sav- iour's love.

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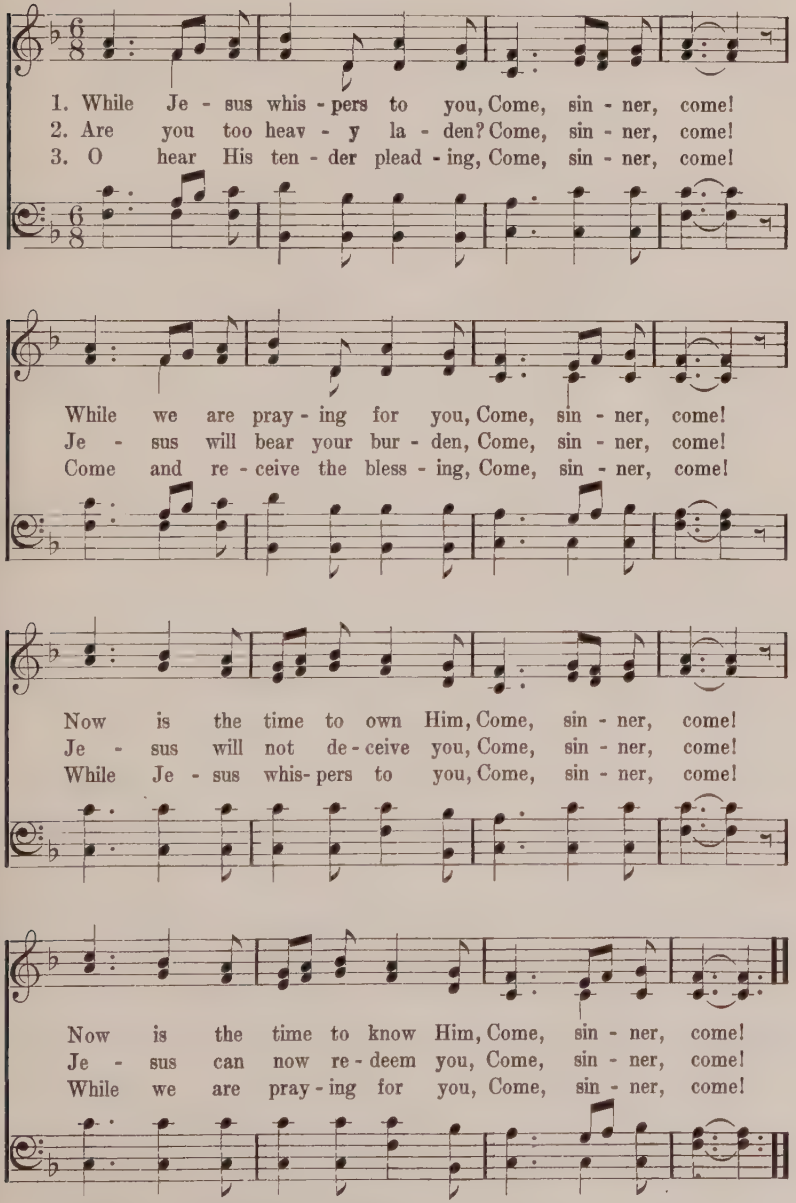
No. 31 While Jesus Whispers

"Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy-laden,
and I will give you rest."—Matt. 11: 28

WILL. E. WITTER H. R. PALMER

1. While Je - sus whis - pers to you, Come, sin - ner, come!
2. Are you too heav - y la - den? Come, sin - ner, come!
3. O hear His ten - der plead - ing, Come, sin - ner, come!
While we are pray - ing for you, Come, sin - ner, come!
Je - sus will bear your bur - den, Come, sin - ner, come!
Come and re - ceive the bless - ing, Come, sin - ner, come!
Now is the time to own Him, Come, sin - ner, come!
Je - sus will not de - ceive you, Come, sin - ner, come!
While Je - sus whis - pers to you, Come, sin - ner, come!
Now is the time to know Him, Come, sin - ner, come!
Je - sus can now re - deem you, Come, sin - ner, come!
While we are pray - ing for you, Come, sin - ner, come!

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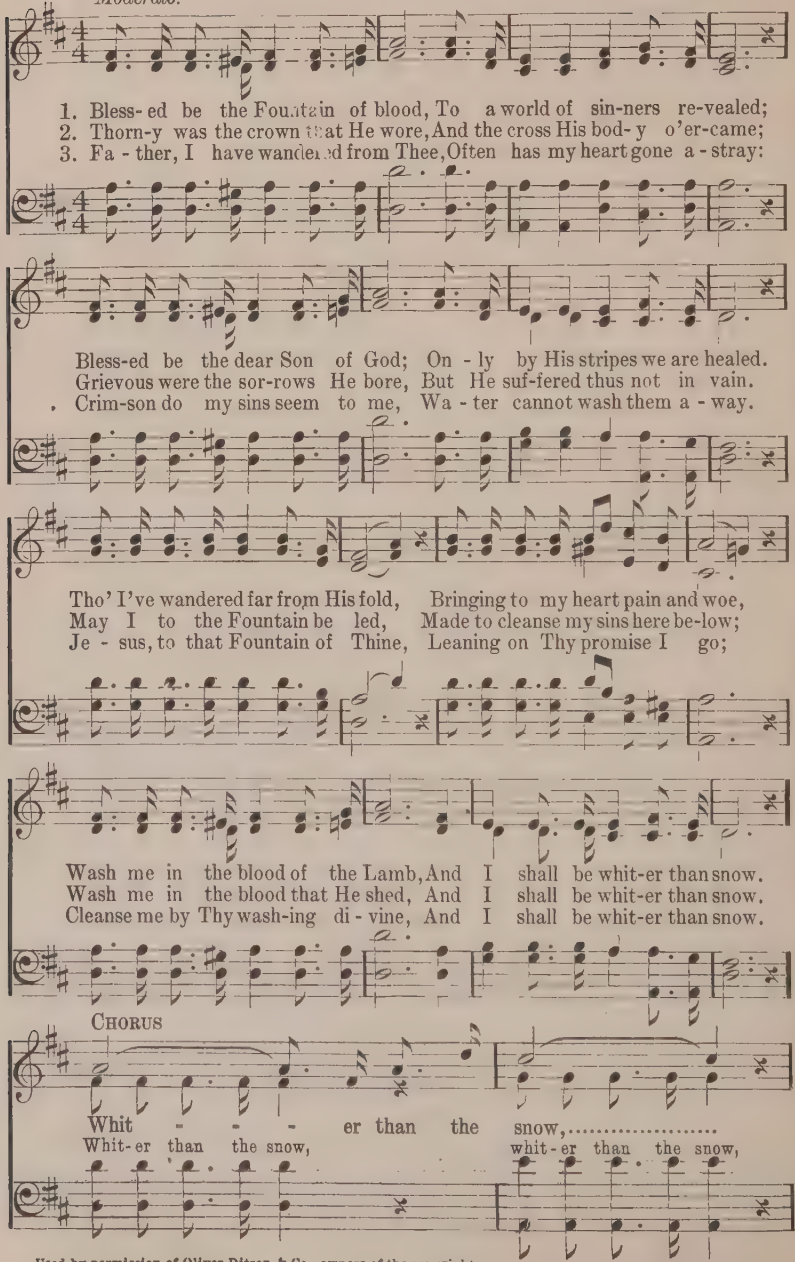
No. 32

Whiter Than Snow

(BLESSED BE THE FOUNTAIN)

E. R. LATTA — "For sin and for uncleanness."—Zech. 13: 1 — H. S. PERKINS

Moderato.

1. Bless-ed be the Fountain of blood, To a world of sin-ners re-vealed;
2. Thorn-y was the crown that He wore, And the cross His bod-y o'er-came;
3. Fa-ther, I have wandered from Thee, Often has my heart gone a-stray:
Bless-ed be the dear Son of God; On-ly by His stripes we are healed.
Grievous were the sor-rows He bore, But He suf-fered thus not in vain.
Crim-son do my sins seem to me, Wa-ter cannot wash them a-way.
Tho' I've wandered far from His fold, Bringing to my heart pain and woe,
May I to the Fountain be led, Made to cleanse my sins here be-low;
Je-sus, to that Fountain of Thine, Leaning on Thy promise I go;
Wash me in the blood of the Lamb, And I shall be whit-er than snow.
Wash me in the blood that He shed, And I shall be whit-er than snow.
Cleanse me by Thy wash-ing di-vine, And I shall be whit-er than snow.
CHORUS
Whit - - - er than the snow,.....
Whit-er than the snow,
whit-er than the snow,

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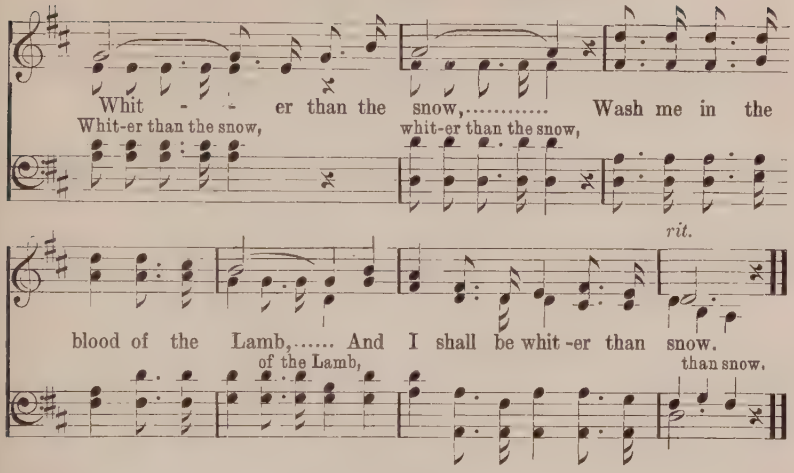
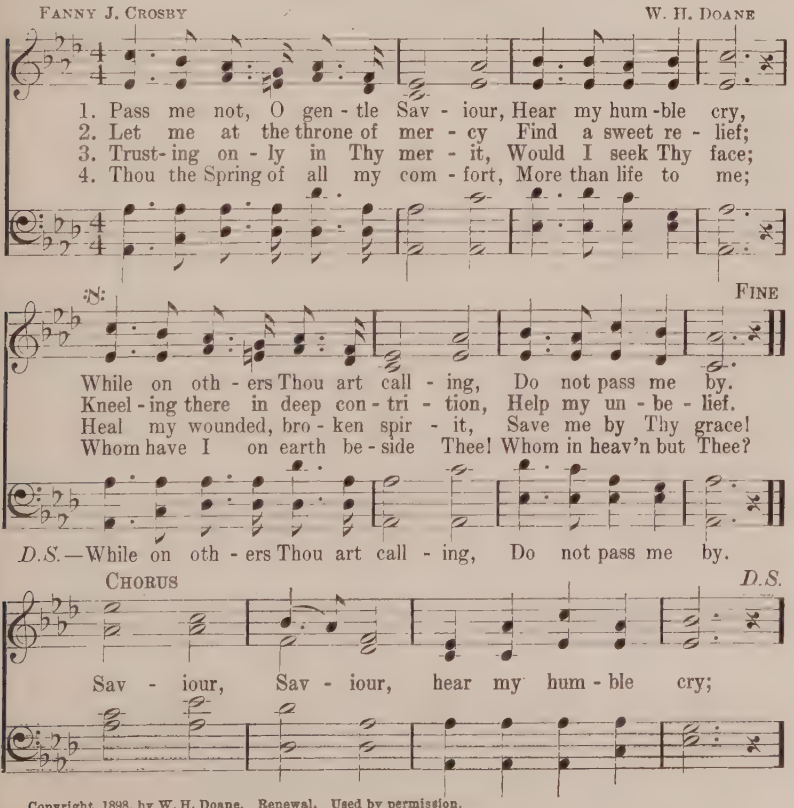
Whiter Than Snow—Concluded


Whit - - er than the snow,..... Wash me in the
Whit-er than the snow, whit-er than the snow,
rit.
blood of the Lamb,..... And I shall be whit-er than snow.
of the Lamb, than snow.

No. 33 Pass Me Not

FANNY J. CROSBY W. H. DOANE

1. Pass me not, O gen - tle Sav - iour, Hear my hum-ble cry,
2. Let me at the throne of mer - cy Find a sweet re - lief;
3. Trust-ing on - ly in Thy mer - it, Would I seek Thy face;
4. Thou the Spring of all my com - fort, More than life to me;
FINE
While on oth - ers Thou art call - ing, Do not pass me by.
Kneel - ing there in deep con - tri - tion, Help my un - be - lief.
Heal my wounded, bro - ken spir - it, Save me by Thy grace!
Whom have I on earth be - side Thee! Whom in heav'n but Thee?
D.S.—While on oth - ers Thou art call - ing, Do not pass me by.
CHORUS
D.S.
Sav - iour, Sav - iour, hear my hum - ble cry;

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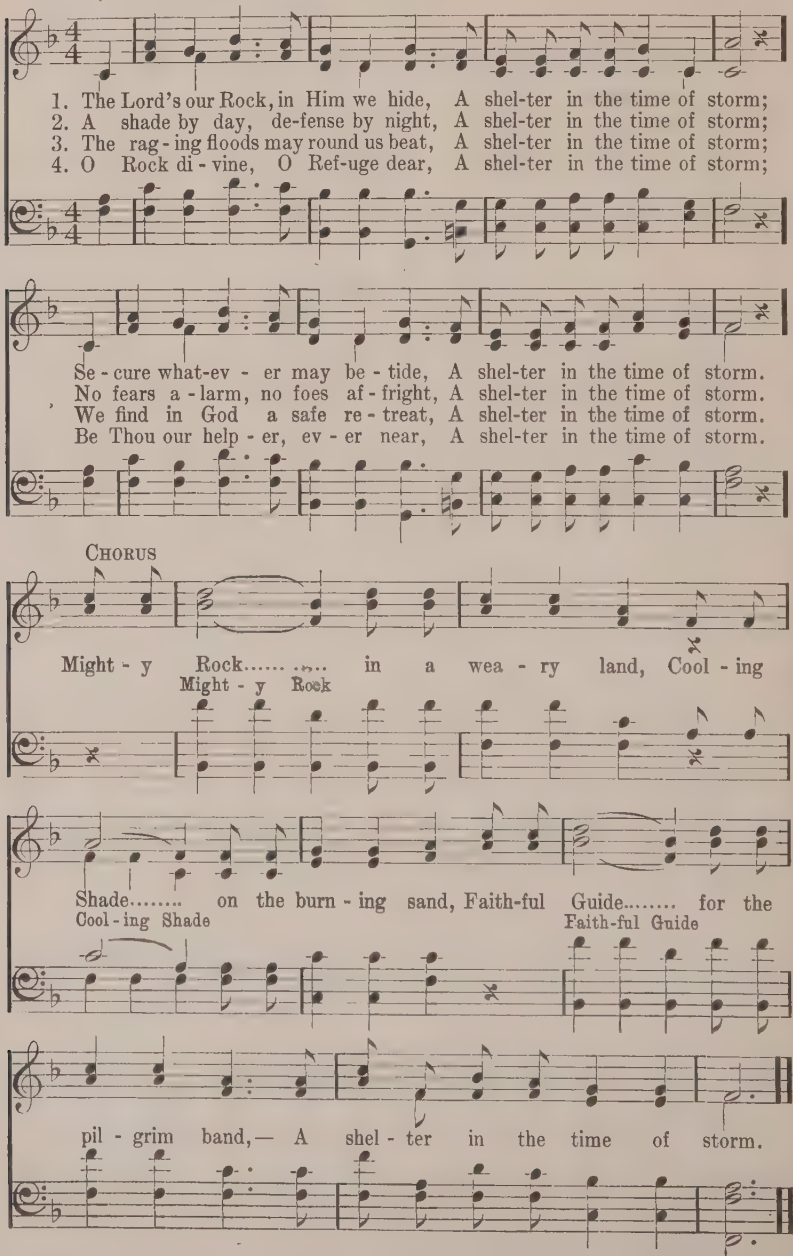
No. 34 A Shelter in the Time of Storm

"God is the Rock of my refuge."—Ps. 94 : 22. "Thou hast been a shelter for me, and a strong tower from the enemy."—Ps. 61 : 3

J. V. C., chorus added — F. E. BELDEN

1. The Lord's our Rock, in Him we hide, A shel-ter in the time of storm;
2. A shade by day, de-fense by night, A shel-ter in the time of storm;
3. The rag-ing floods may round us beat, A shel-ter in the time of storm;
4. O Rock di-vine, O Ref-uge dear, A shel-ter in the time of storm;
Se-cure what-ev-er may be-tide, A shel-ter in the time of storm.
No fears a-larm, no foes af-fright, A shel-ter in the time of storm.
We find in God a safe re-treat, A shel-ter in the time of storm.
Be Thou our help-er, ev-er near, A shel-ter in the time of storm.
CHORUS
Might-y Rock..... in a wea-ry land, Cool-ing
Might-y Rock
Shade..... on the burn-ing sand, Faith-ful Guide..... for the
Cool-ing Shade
Faith-ful Guide
pil-grim band,— A shel-ter in the time of storm.

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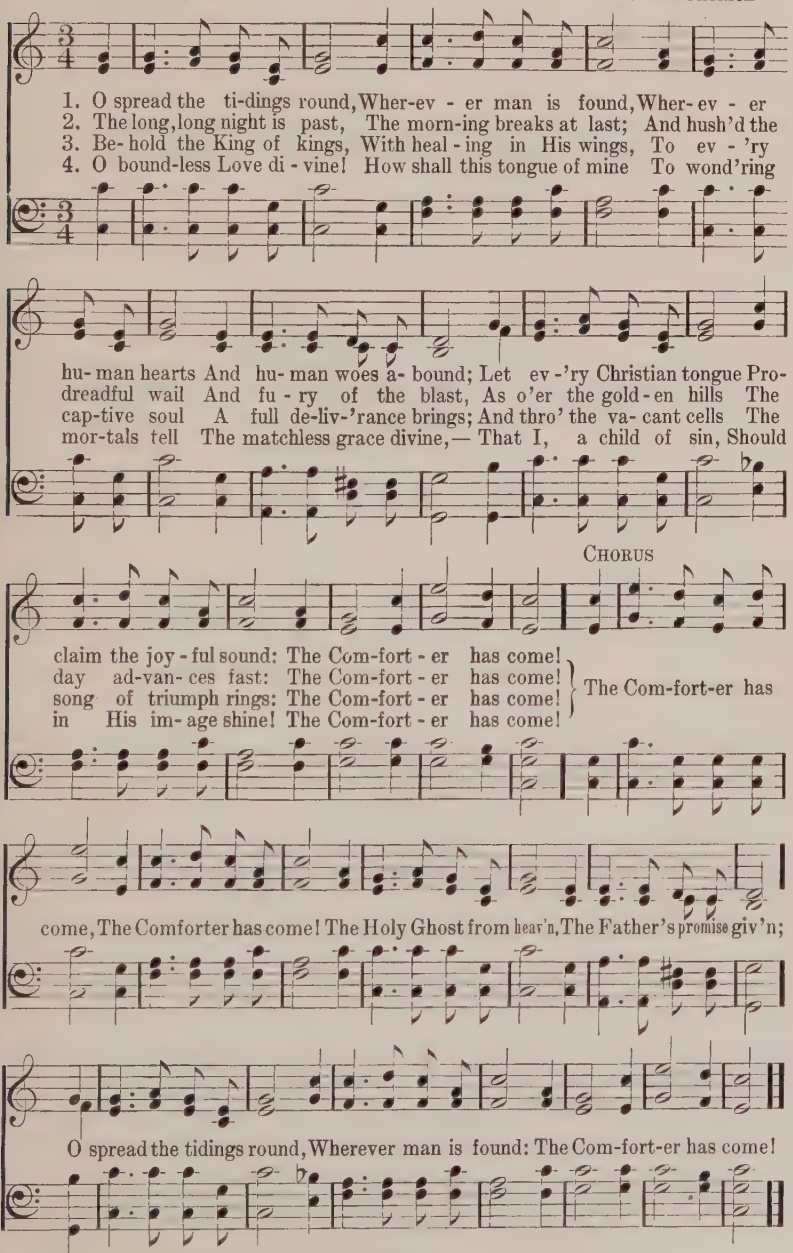
No. 35 The Comforter Has Come

"I will pray the Father, and He shall give you another Comforter, that He may abide with you forever."—John 14 : 16

REV. F. BOTTOME, D. D. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK


1. O spread the ti-dings round, Wher-ev - er man is found, Wher- ev - er
2. The long, long night is past, The morn-ing breaks at last; And hush'd the
3. Be- hold the King of kings, With heal - ing in His wings, To ev - 'ry
4. O bound-less Love di - vine! How shall this tongue of mine To wond'ring
hu- man hearts And hu- man woes a- bound; Let ev -'ry Christian tongue Pro-
dreadful wail And fu - ry of the blast, As o'er the gold - en hills The
cap-tive soul A full de-liv-'rance brings; And thro' the va- cant cells The
mor-tals tell The matchless grace divine,— That I, a child of sin, Should
CHORUS
claim the joy - ful sound: The Com-fort - er has come!
day ad-van- ces fast: The Com-fort - er has come!
song of triumph rings: The Com-fort - er has come!
in His im- age shine! The Com-fort - er has come!
The Com-fort-er has
come, The Comforter has come! The Holy Ghost from heav'n, The Father's promise giv'n;
O spread the tidings round, Wherever man is found: The Com-fort-er has come!

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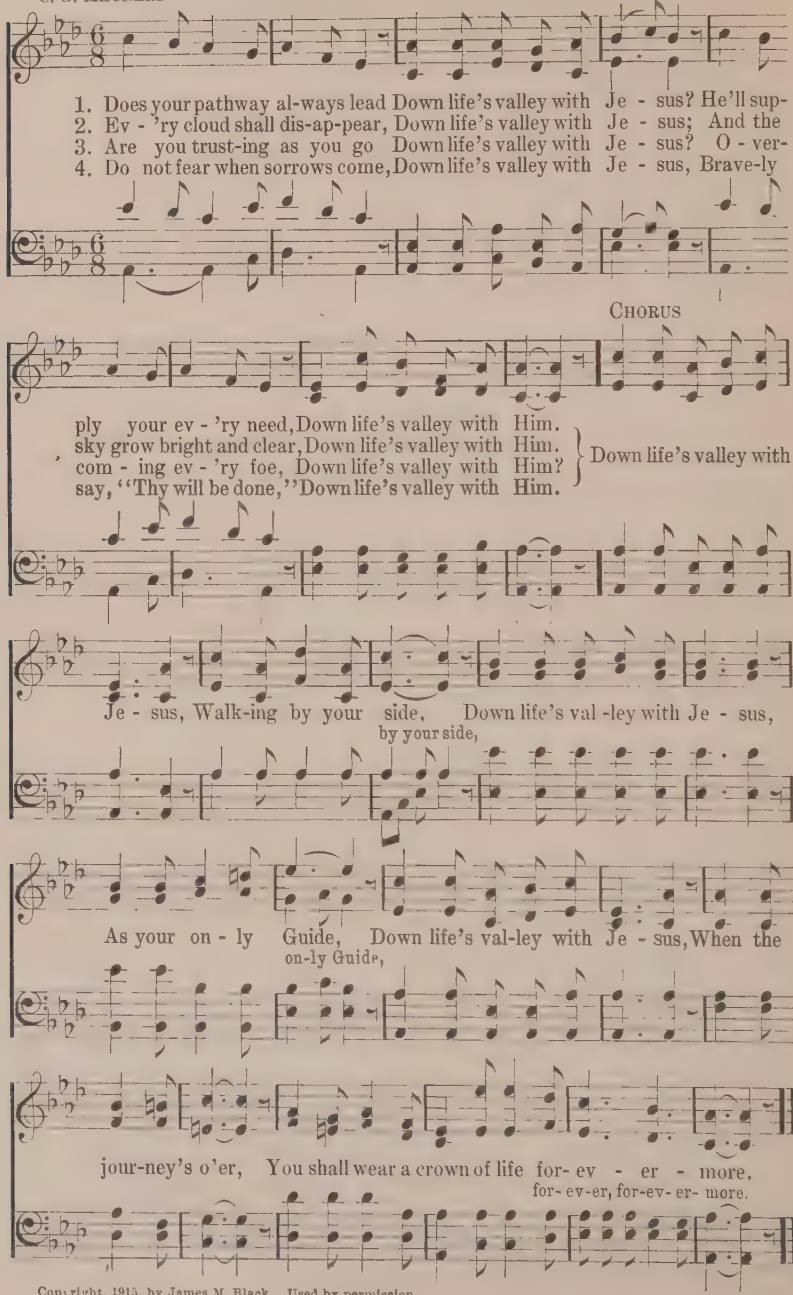
No. 36 Down Life's Valley With Jesus

C. G. MAYNARD

JAMES M. BLACK


1. Does your pathway al-ways lead Down life's valley with Je - sus? He'll sup-
2. Ev - 'ry cloud shall dis-ap-pear, Down life's valley with Je - sus; And the
3. Are you trust-ing as you go Down life's valley with Je - sus? O - ver-
4. Do not fear when sorrows come, Down life's valley with Je - sus, Brave-ly
CHORUS
ply your ev - 'ry need, Down life's valley with Him.
sky grow bright and clear, Down life's valley with Him.
com - ing ev - 'ry foe, Down life's valley with Him?
say, "Thy will be done," Down life's valley with Him.
Down life's valley with
Je - sus, Walk-ing by your side, Down life's val-ley with Je - sus,
by your side,
As your on - ly Guide, Down life's val-ley with Je - sus, When the
on-ly Guide,
jour-ney's o'er, You shall wear a crown of life for-ev - er - more.
for-ev-er, for-ev-er- more.

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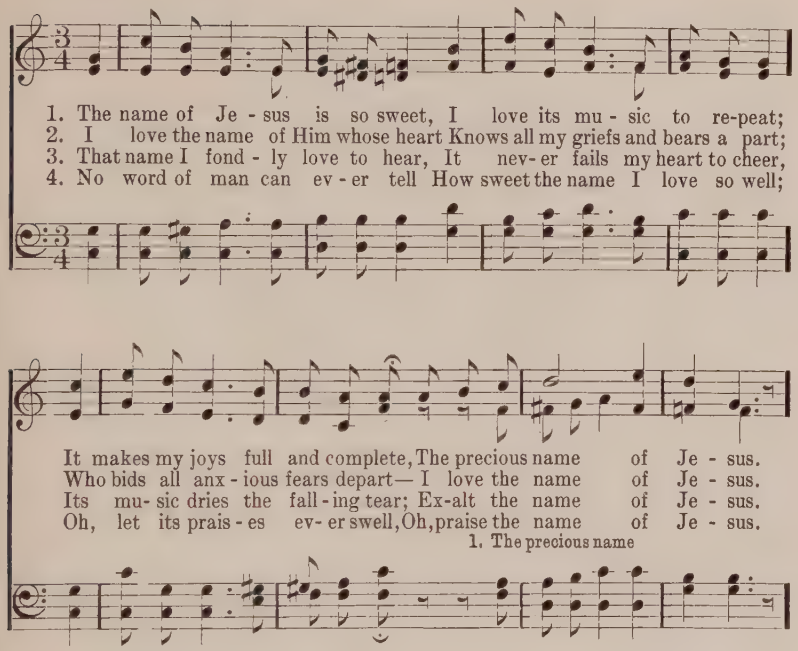
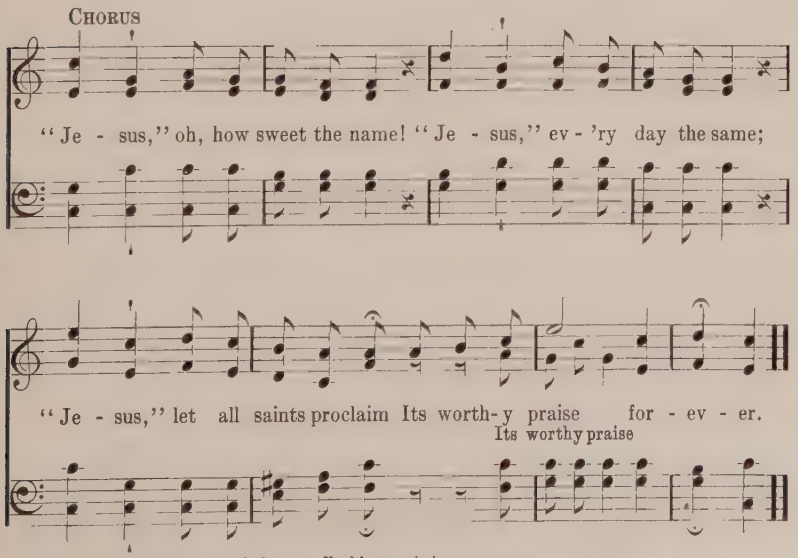
No. 37 The Name of Jesus

"Above . . . every name that is named."—Eph. 1: 21

W. C. MARTIN E. S. LORENZ


1. The name of Je - sus is so sweet, I love its mu - sic to re-peat;
2. I love the name of Him whose heart Knows all my griefs and bears a part;
3. That name I fond - ly love to hear, It nev - er fails my heart to cheer,
4. No word of man can ev - er tell How sweet the name I love so well;
It makes my joys full and complete, The precious name of Je - sus.
Who bids all anx - ious fears depart— I love the name of Je - sus.
Its mu - sic dries the fall - ing tear; Ex-alt the name of Je - sus.
Oh, let its prais - es ev - er swell, Oh, praise the name of Je - sus.
1. The precious name


CHORUS
"Je - sus," oh, how sweet the name! "Je - sus," ev - 'ry day the same;
"Je - sus," let all saints proclaim Its worth - y praise for - ev - er.
Its worthy praise

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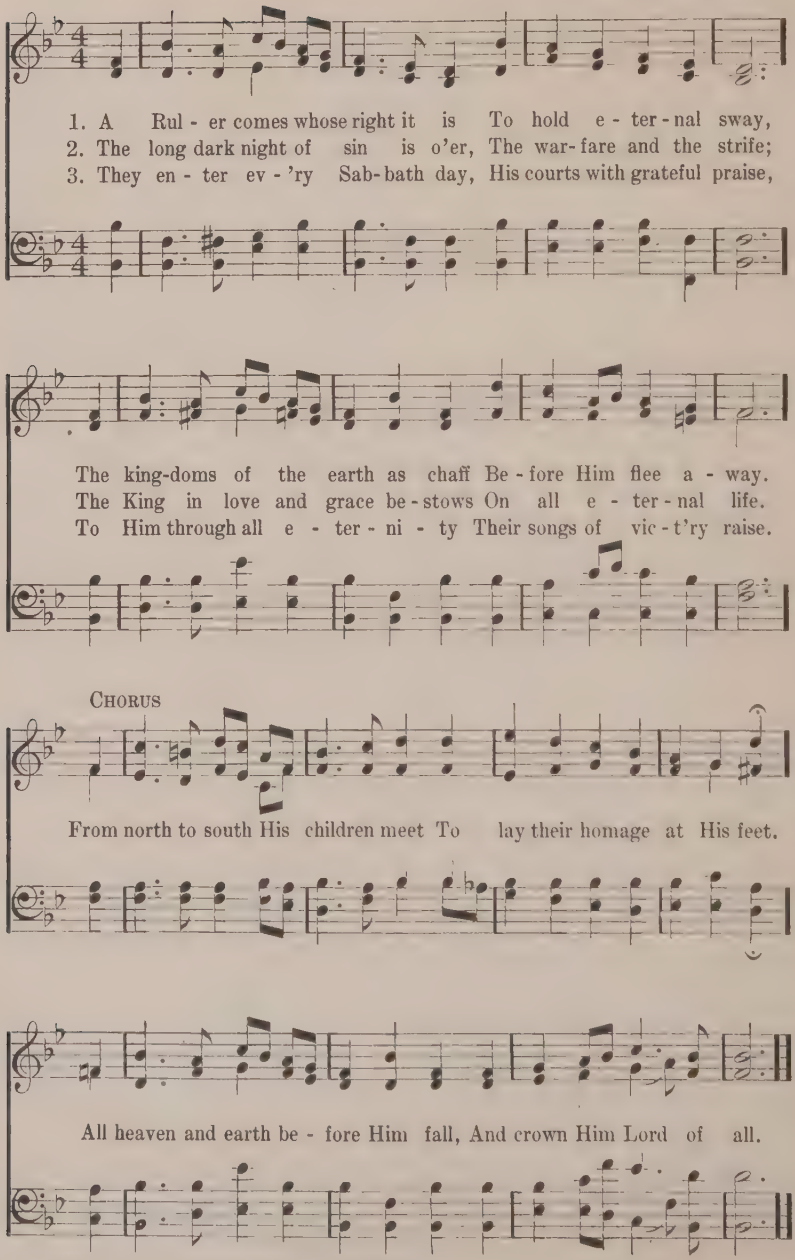
No. 38 The Earth Redeemed

H. DeF. HENRY DEFLUITER


1. A Rul - er comes whose right it is To hold e - ter - nal sway,
2. The long dark night of sin is o'er, The war - fare and the strife;
3. They en - ter ev - 'ry Sab - bath day, His courts with grateful praise,
The king-doms of the earth as chaff Be - fore Him flee a - way.
The King in love and grace be - stows On all e - ter - nal life.
To Him through all e - ter - ni - ty Their songs of vic - t'ry raise.
CHORUS
From north to south His children meet To lay their homage at His feet.
All heaven and earth be - fore Him fall, And crown Him Lord of all.

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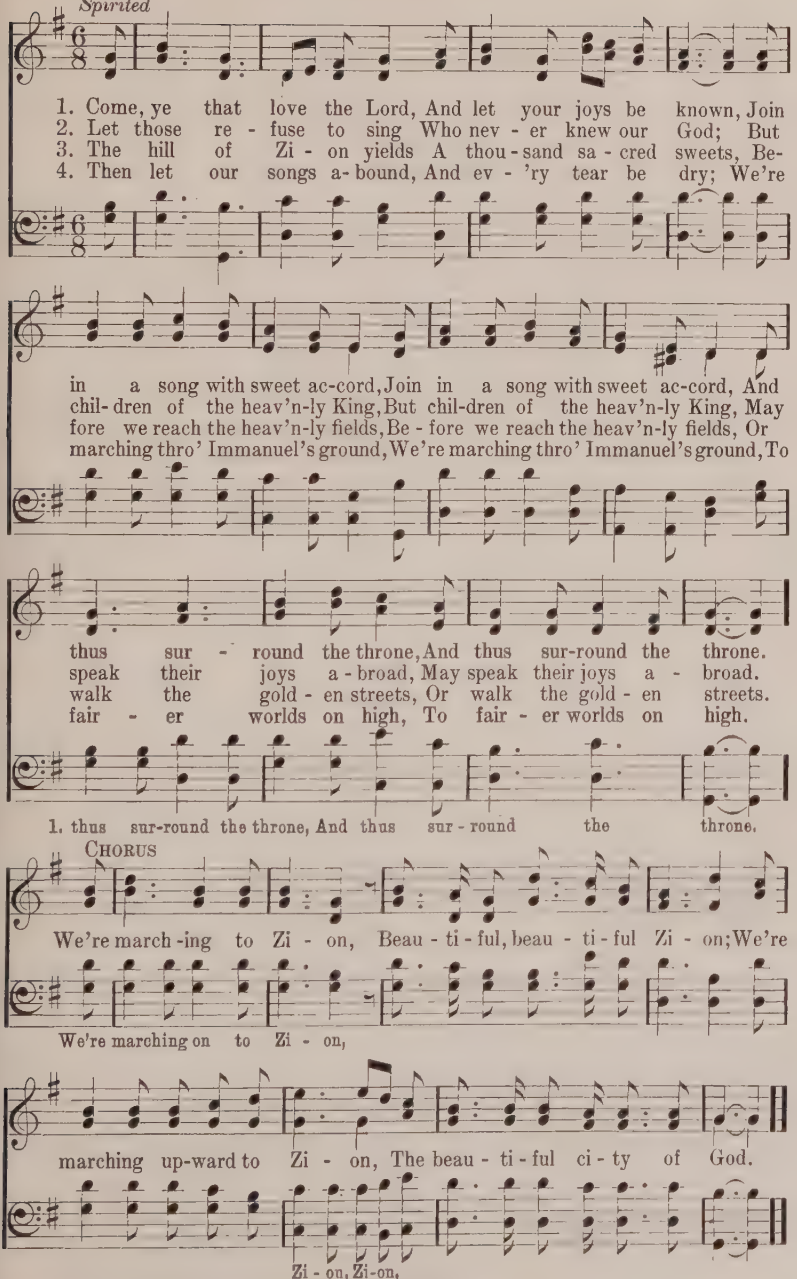
No. 39 We're Marching to Zion

ISAAC WATTS — ROBERT LOWRY

Spirited


1. Come, ye that love the Lord, And let your joys be known, Join
2. Let those re - fuse to sing Who nev - er knew our God; But
3. The hill of Zi - on yields A thou - sand sa - cred sweets, Be-
4. Then let our songs a - bound, And ev - 'ry tear be dry; We're
in a song with sweet ac-cord, Join in a song with sweet ac-cord, And
chil-dren of the heav'n-ly King, But chil-dren of the heav'n-ly King, May
fore we reach the heav'n-ly fields, Be - fore we reach the heav'n-ly fields, Or
marching thro' Immanuel's ground, We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground, To
thus sur - round the throne, And thus sur-round the throne.
speak their joys a - broad, May speak their joys a - broad.
walk the gold - en streets, Or walk the gold - en streets.
fair - er worlds on high, To fair - er worlds on high.
1. thus sur-round the throne, And thus sur - round the throne.
CHORUS
We're march - ing to Zi - on, Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful Zi - on; We're
We're marching on to Zi - on,
marching up-ward to Zi - on, The beau - ti - ful ci - ty of God.
Zi - on, Zi - on,

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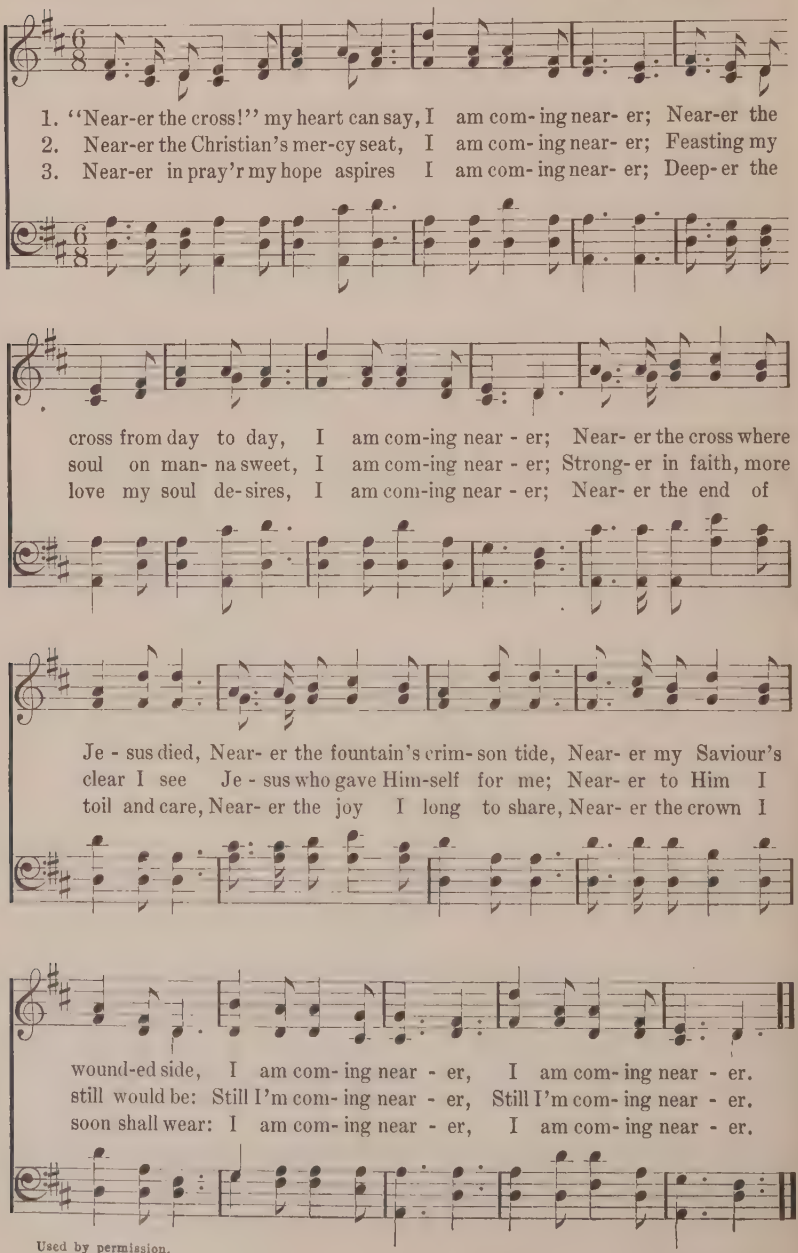
No. 40 Nearer the Cross

"The cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."—Gal. 6: 14

FANNY J. CROSBY — Mrs. J. F. KNAPP


1. "Near-er the cross!" my heart can say, I am com- ing near- er; Near-er the
2. Near-er the Christian's mer-cy seat, I am com- ing near- er; Feasting my
3. Near-er in pray'r my hope aspires I am com- ing near- er; Deep-er the
cross from day to day, I am com-ing near - er; Near- er the cross where
soul on man- na sweet, I am com-ing near - er; Strong-er in faith, more
love my soul de-sires, I am com-ing near - er; Near- er the end of
Je - sus died, Near- er the fountain's crim- son tide, Near- er my Saviour's
clear I see Je - sus who gave Him-self for me; Near- er to Him I
toil and care, Near- er the joy I long to share, Near- er the crown I
wound-ed side, I am com- ing near - er, I am com- ing near - er.
still would be: Still I'm com- ing near - er, Still I'm com- ing near - er.
soon shall wear: I am com- ing near - er, I am com- ing near - er.

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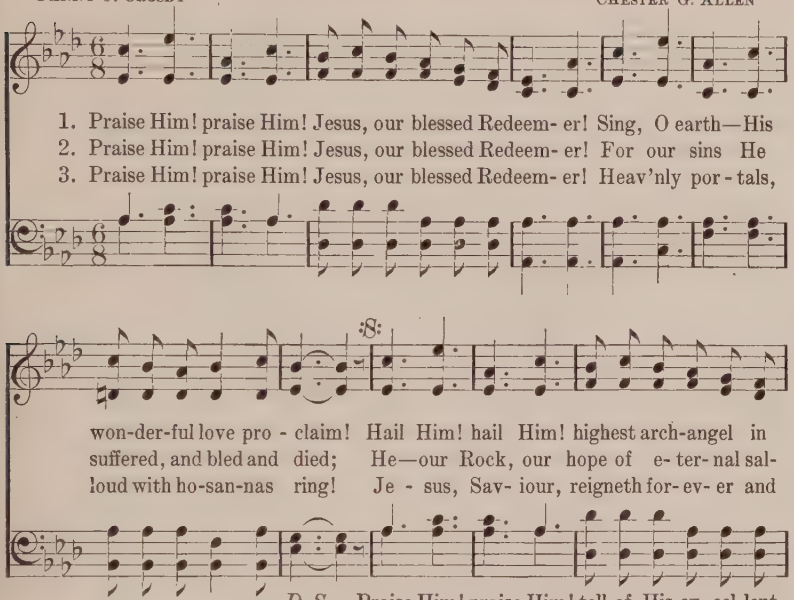
No. 41 Praise Him! Praise Him!

"I will sing praises unto my God."—Ps. 146: 2

FANNY J. CROSBY CHESTER G. ALLEN


1. Praise Him! praise Him! Jesus, our blessed Redeem- er! Sing, O earth—His
2. Praise Him! praise Him! Jesus, our blessed Redeem- er! For our sins He
3. Praise Him! praise Him! Jesus, our blessed Redeem- er! Heav'nly por- tals,
:8:
won-der-ful love pro- claim! Hail Him! hail Him! highest arch-angel in
suffered, and bled and died; He—our Rock, our hope of e- ter- nal sal-
loud with ho-san-nas ring! Je- sus, Sav- iour, reigneth for- ev- er and
D. S.—Praise Him! praise Him! tell of His ex- cel-lent
FINE
glo- ry; Strength and honor give to His ho- ly name! Like a shepherd,
va-tion, Hail Him! hail Him! Jesus, the cru-ci- fied. Sound His prais-es!—
ever: Crown Him! crown Him! Prophet, and Priest, and King! Christ is coming
greatness; Praise Him! praise Him ever in joyful song!
D.S.
Je-sus will guard His children, In His arms He carries them all day long;
Je-sus who bore our sorrows, Love un-bound-ed, wonderful, deep, and strong;
o- ver the world vic- torious, Pow'r and glo- ry un-to the Lord be- long;

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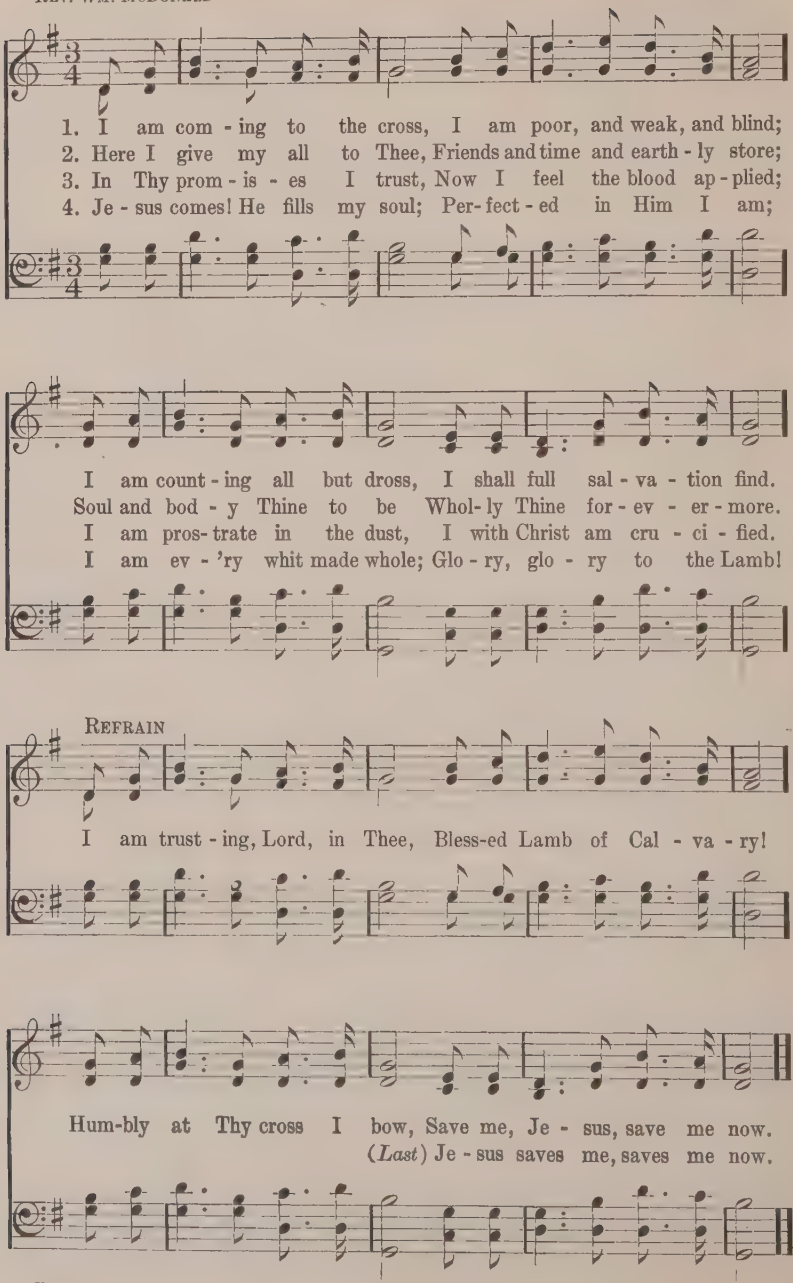
No. 42 Coming to the Cross

REV. WM. McDONALD — WM. G. FISCHER


1. I am com - ing to the cross, I am poor, and weak, and blind;
2. Here I give my all to Thee, Friends and time and earth - ly store;
3. In Thy prom - is - es I trust, Now I feel the blood ap - plied;
4. Je - sus comes! He fills my soul; Per - fect - ed in Him I am;
I am count - ing all but dross, I shall full sal - va - tion find.
Soul and bod - y Thine to be Whol - ly Thine for - ev - er - more.
I am pros - trate in the dust, I with Christ am cru - ci - fied.
I am ev - 'ry whit made whole; Glo - ry, glo - ry to the Lamb!
REFRAIN
I am trust - ing, Lord, in Thee, Bless-ed Lamb of Cal - va - ry!
Hum-bly at Thy cross I bow, Save me, Je - sus, save me now.
(Last) Je - sus saves me, saves me now.

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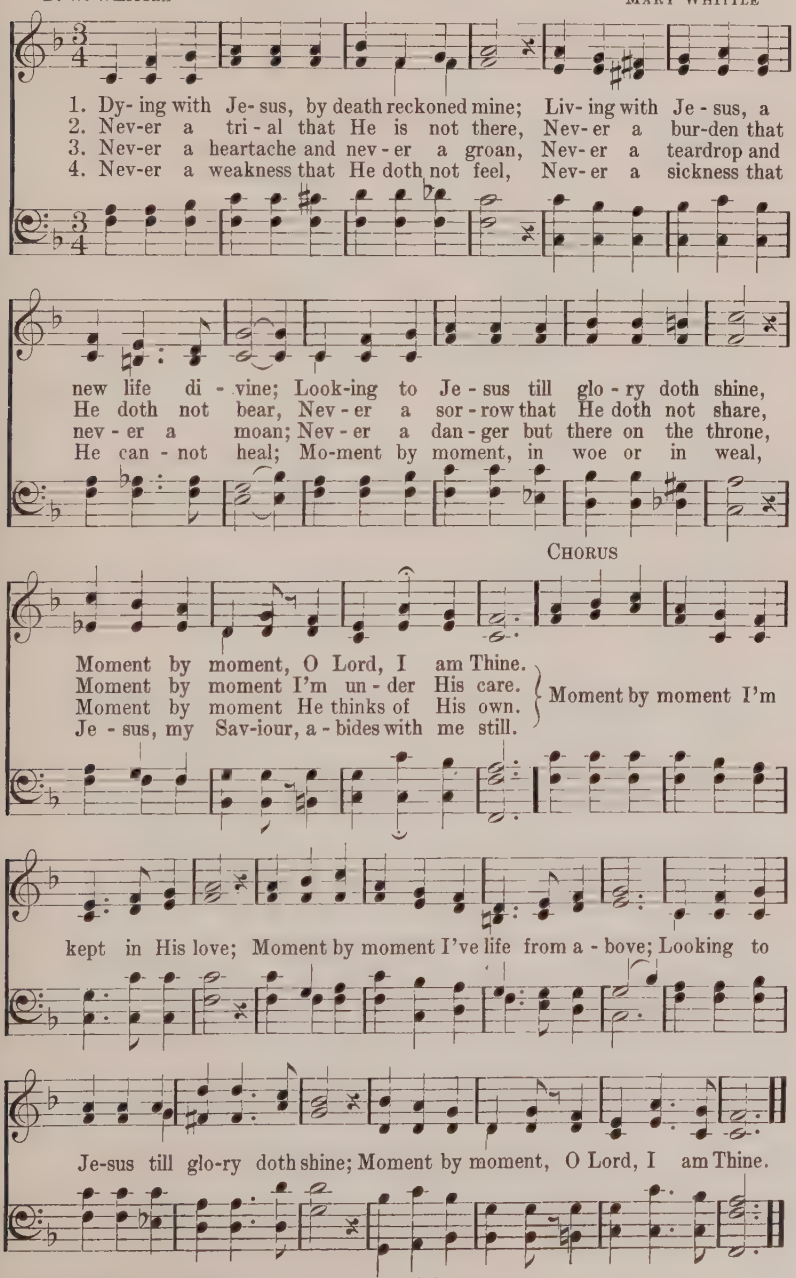
No. 43 Moment by Moment

"He that keepeth thee will not slumber."—Ps. 121 : 3

D. W. WHITTLE — MARY WHITTLE

1. Dy- ing with Je- sus, by death reckoned mine; Liv- ing with Je - sus, a new life di - vine; Look-ing to Je - sus till glo - ry doth shine,
2. Nev-er a tri - al that He is not there, Nev- er a bur-den that He doth not bear, Nev - er a sor - row that He doth not share,
3. Nev-er a heartache and nev - er a groan, Nev- er a teardrop and nev - er a moan; Nev - er a dan - ger but there on the throne,
4. Nev-er a weakness that He doth not feel, Nev- er a sickness that He can - not heal; Mo-ment by moment, in woe or in weal,
CHORUS
Moment by moment, O Lord, I am Thine.
Moment by moment I'm un - der His care.
Moment by moment He thinks of His own.
Je - sus, my Sav-iour, a - bides with me still.
Moment by moment I'm kept in His love; Moment by moment I've life from a - bove; Looking to Je-sus till glo-ry doth shine; Moment by moment, O Lord, I am Thine.

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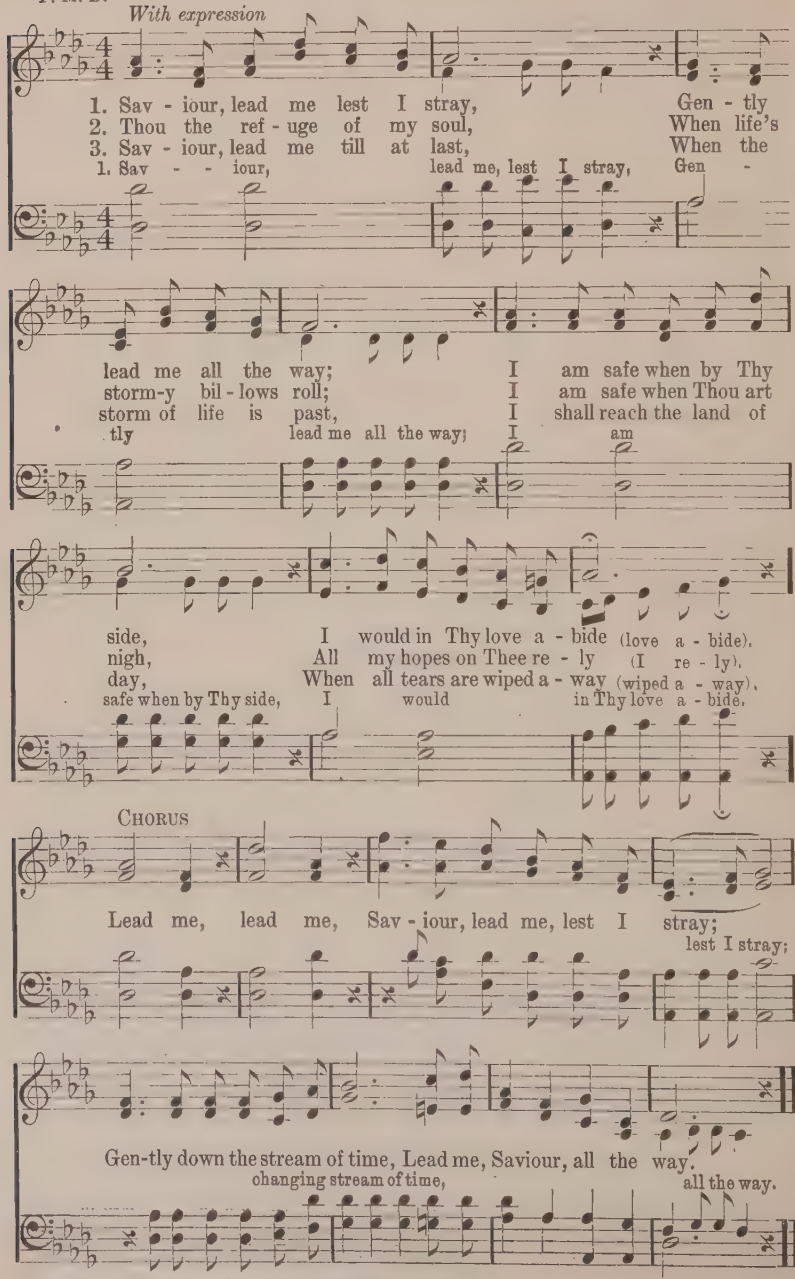
No. 44 Lead Me, Saviour

"For Thy name's sake lead me, and guide me." — Ps. 31 : 3

F. M. D. FRANK M. DAVIS

With expression


1. Sav - iour, lead me lest I stray, Gen - tly
2. Thou the ref - uge of my soul, When life's
3. Sav - iour, lead me till at last, When the
1. Sav - - iour, lead me, lest I stray, Gen -
lead me all the way; I am safe when by Thy
storm-y bil - lows roll; I am safe when Thou art
storm of life is past, I shall reach the land of
tly lead me all the way; I am
side, I would in Thy love a - bide (love a - bide).
nigh, All my hopes on Thee re - ly (I re - ly).
day, When all tears are wiped a - way (wiped a - way).
safe when by Thy side, I would in Thy love a - bide.
CHORUS
Lead me, lead me, Sav - iour, lead me, lest I stray;
lest I stray;
Gen-tly down the stream of time, Lead me, Saviour, all the way.
changing stream of time, all the way.

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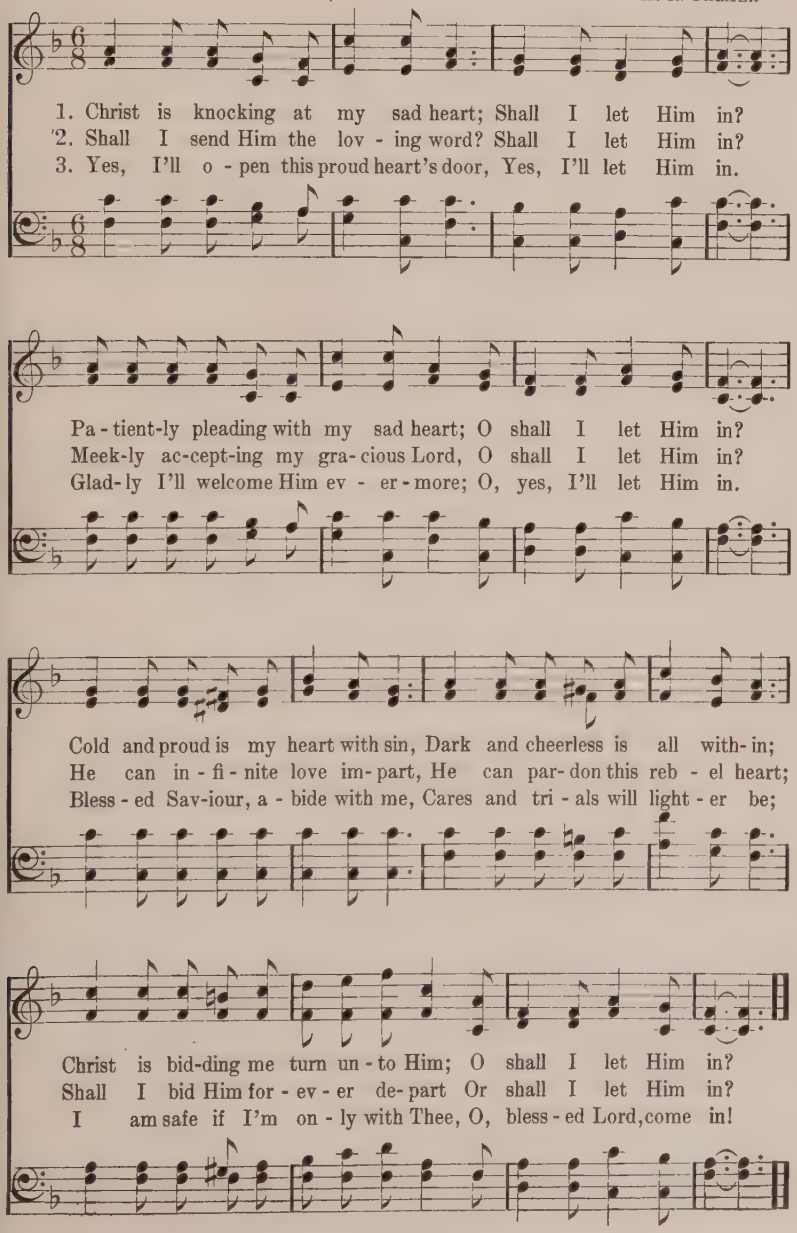
No. 45 Shall I Let Him In?

"Behold, I stand at the door, and knock: if any man hear My voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with Me." — Rev. 3: 20

H. R. P. H. R. PALMER


1. Christ is knocking at my sad heart; Shall I let Him in?
2. Shall I send Him the lov - ing word? Shall I let Him in?
3. Yes, I'll o - pen this proud heart's door, Yes, I'll let Him in.
Pa - tient-ly pleading with my sad heart; O shall I let Him in?
Meek-ly ac-cept-ing my gra- cious Lord, O shall I let Him in?
Glad-ly I'll welcome Him ev - er - more; O, yes, I'll let Him in.
Cold and proud is my heart with sin, Dark and cheerless is all with- in;
He can in - fi - nite love im- part, He can par- don this reb - el heart;
Bless - ed Sav-iour, a - bide with me, Cares and tri - als will light - er be;
Christ is bid-ding me turn un - to Him; O shall I let Him in?
Shall I bid Him for - ev - er de- part Or shall I let Him in?
I am safe if I'm on - ly with Thee, O, bless - ed Lord, come in!

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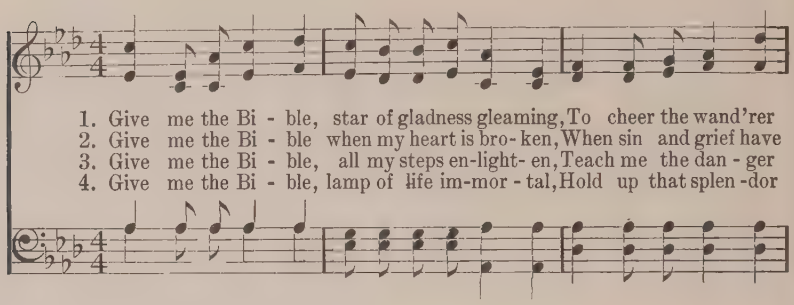
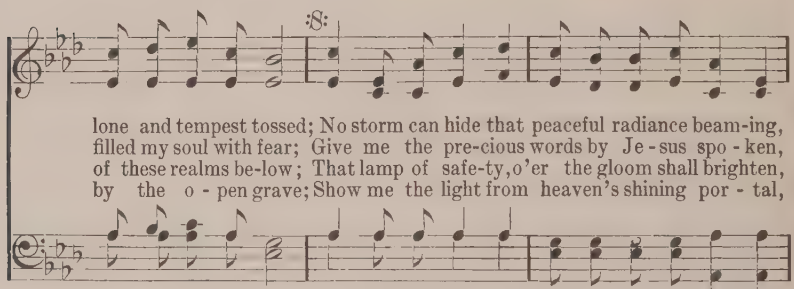
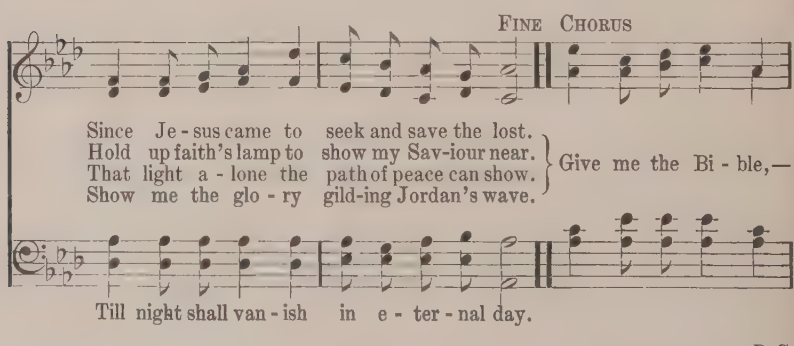
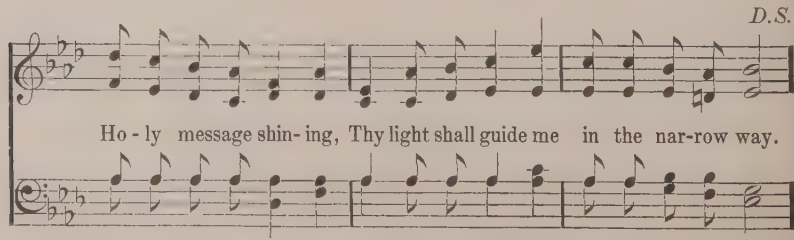
No. 46 Give Me the Bible

"Thy Word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path."—Ps. 119 : 105

PRISCILLA J. OWENS E. S. LORENZ


1. Give me the Bi - ble, star of gladness gleaming, To cheer the wand'rer
2. Give me the Bi - ble when my heart is bro- ken, When sin and grief have
3. Give me the Bi - ble, all my steps en-light- en, Teach me the dan - ger
4. Give me the Bi - ble, lamp of life im-mor - tal, Hold up that splen -dor


:S:
lone and tempest tossed; No storm can hide that peaceful radiance beam-ing,
filled my soul with fear; Give me the pre-cious words by Je - sus spo - ken,
of these realms be-low; That lamp of safe-ty, o'er the gloom shall brighten,
by the o - pen grave; Show me the light from heaven's shining por - tal,
D. S.—Pre-cept and prom-ise, law and love com-bin- ing,

FINE CHORUS
Since Je - sus came to seek and save the lost.
Hold up faith's lamp to show my Sav-iour near.
That light a - lone the path of peace can show.
Show me the glo - ry gild-ing Jordan's wave.
Give me the Bi - ble,—
Till night shall van - ish in e - ter - nal day.



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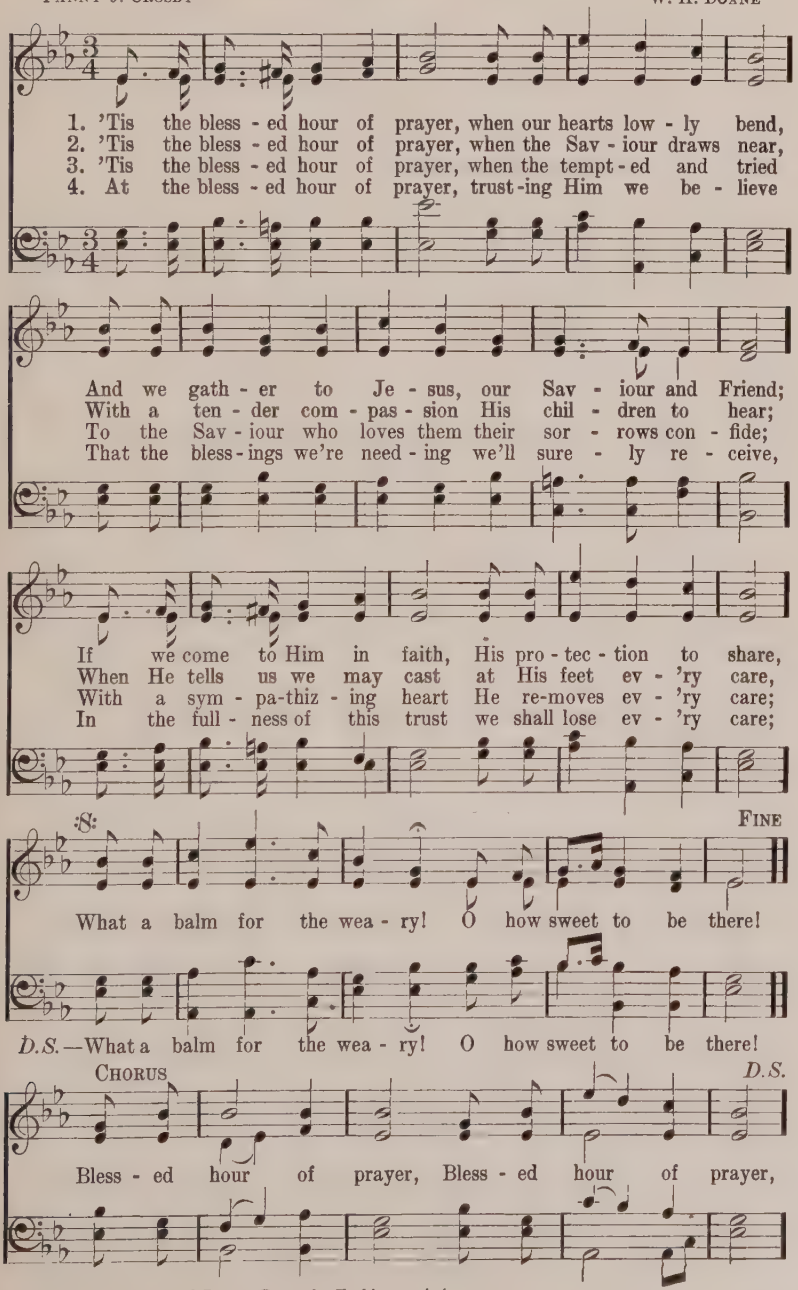
No. 47 Blessed Hour of Prayer

FANNY J. CROSBY W. H. DOANE

1. 'Tis the bless - ed hour of prayer, when our hearts low - ly bend,
2. 'Tis the bless - ed hour of prayer, when the Sav - iour draws near,
3. 'Tis the bless - ed hour of prayer, when the tempt - ed and tried
4. At the bless - ed hour of prayer, trust - ing Him we be - lieve
And we gath - er to Je - sus, our Sav - iour and Friend;
With a ten - der com - pas - sion His chil - dren to hear;
To the Sav - iour who loves them their sor - rows con - fide;
That the bless - ings we're need - ing we'll sure - ly re - ceive,
If we come to Him in faith, His pro - tec - tion to share,
When He tells us we may cast at His feet ev - 'ry care,
With a sym - pa-thiz - ing heart He re-moves ev - 'ry care;
In the full - ness of this trust we shall lose ev - 'ry care;
What a balm for the wea - ry! O how sweet to be there!
FINE
D.S.—What a balm for the wea - ry! O how sweet to be there!
CHORUS
D.S.
Bless - ed hour of prayer, Bless - ed hour of prayer,

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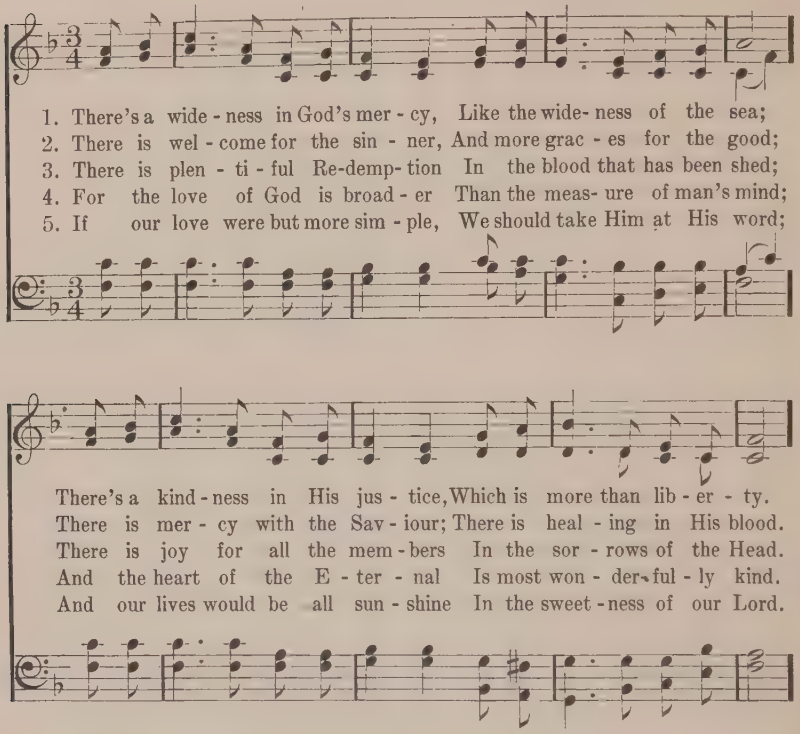
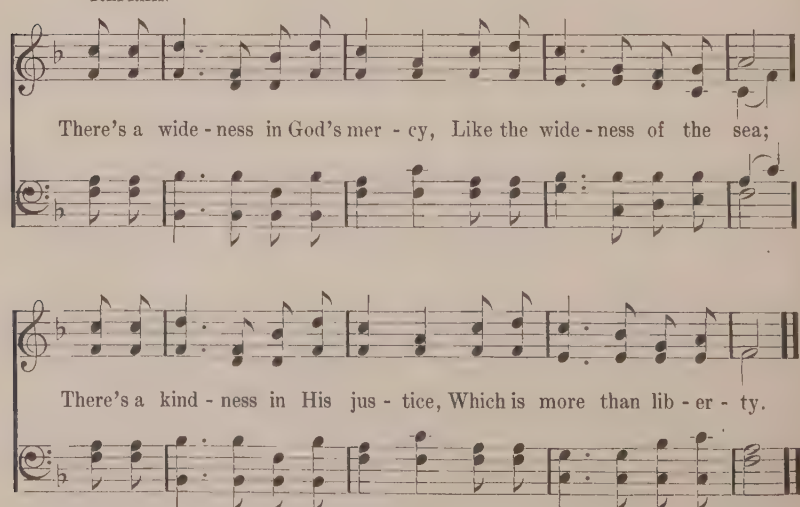
No. 48 There's a Wideness in God's Mercy

F. W. Faber — Geo. C. Stebbins


1. There's a wide - ness in God's mer - cy, Like the wide - ness of the sea;
2. There is wel - come for the sin - ner, And more grac - es for the good;
3. There is plen - ti - ful Re-demp- tion In the blood that has been shed;
4. For the love of God is broad - er Than the meas- ure of man's mind;
5. If our love were but more sim - ple, We should take Him at His word;
There's a kind - ness in His jus - tice, Which is more than lib - er - ty.
There is mer - cy with the Sav - iour; There is heal - ing in His blood.
There is joy for all the mem - bers In the sor - rows of the Head.
And the heart of the E - ter - nal Is most won - der - ful - ly kind.
And our lives would be all sun - shine In the sweet - ness of our Lord.

REFRAIN



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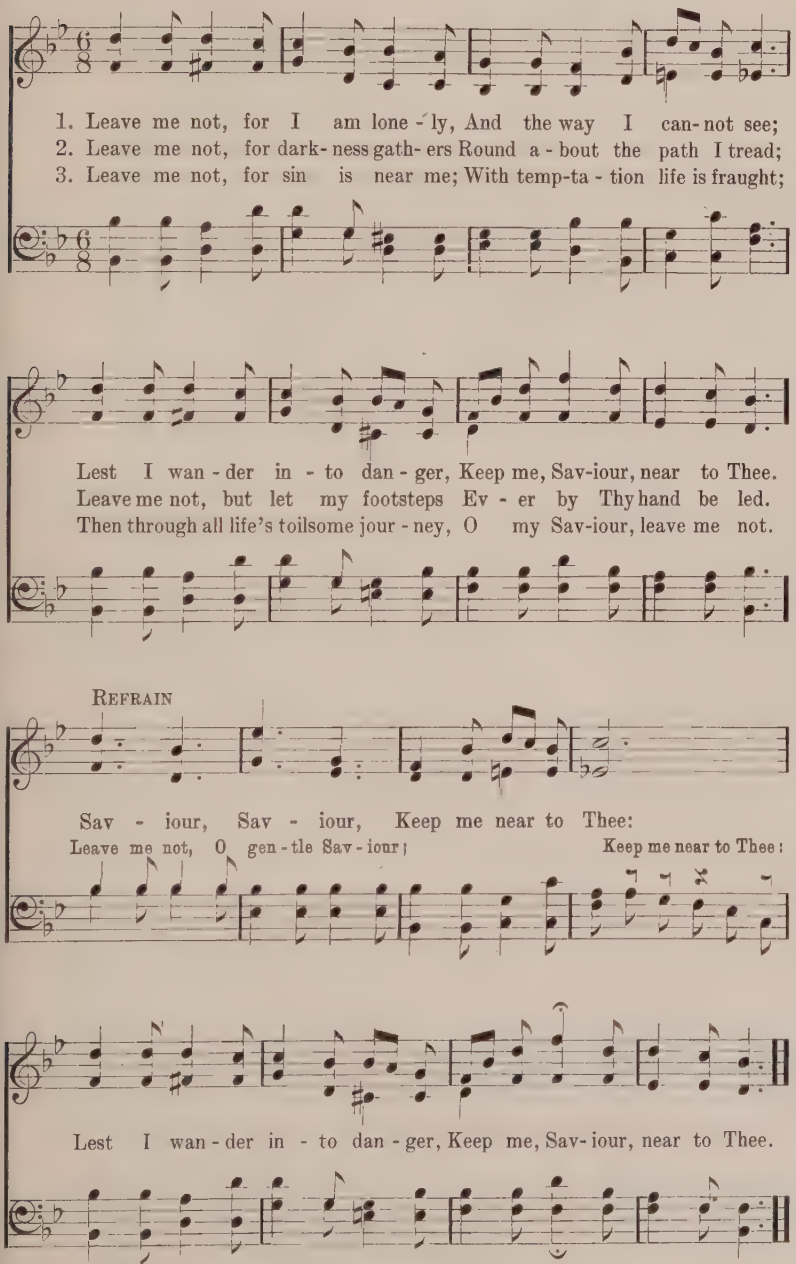
No. 49 Leave Me Not, O Gentle Saviour

LIZZIE ASHBAUGH HARRY J. KURZENKNABE


1. Leave me not, for I am lone - ly, And the way I can - not see;
2. Leave me not, for dark - ness gath - ers Round a - bout the path I tread;
3. Leave me not, for sin is near me; With temp-ta - tion life is fraught;
Lest I wan - der in - to dan - ger, Keep me, Sav-iour, near to Thee.
Leave me not, but let my footsteps Ev - er by Thy hand be led.
Then through all life's toilsome jour - ney, O my Sav-iour, leave me not.
REFRAIN
Sav - iour, Sav - iour, Keep me near to Thee:
Leave me not, O gen - tle Sav - iour; Keep me near to Thee:
Lest I wan - der in - to dan - ger, Keep me, Sav - iour, near to Thee.

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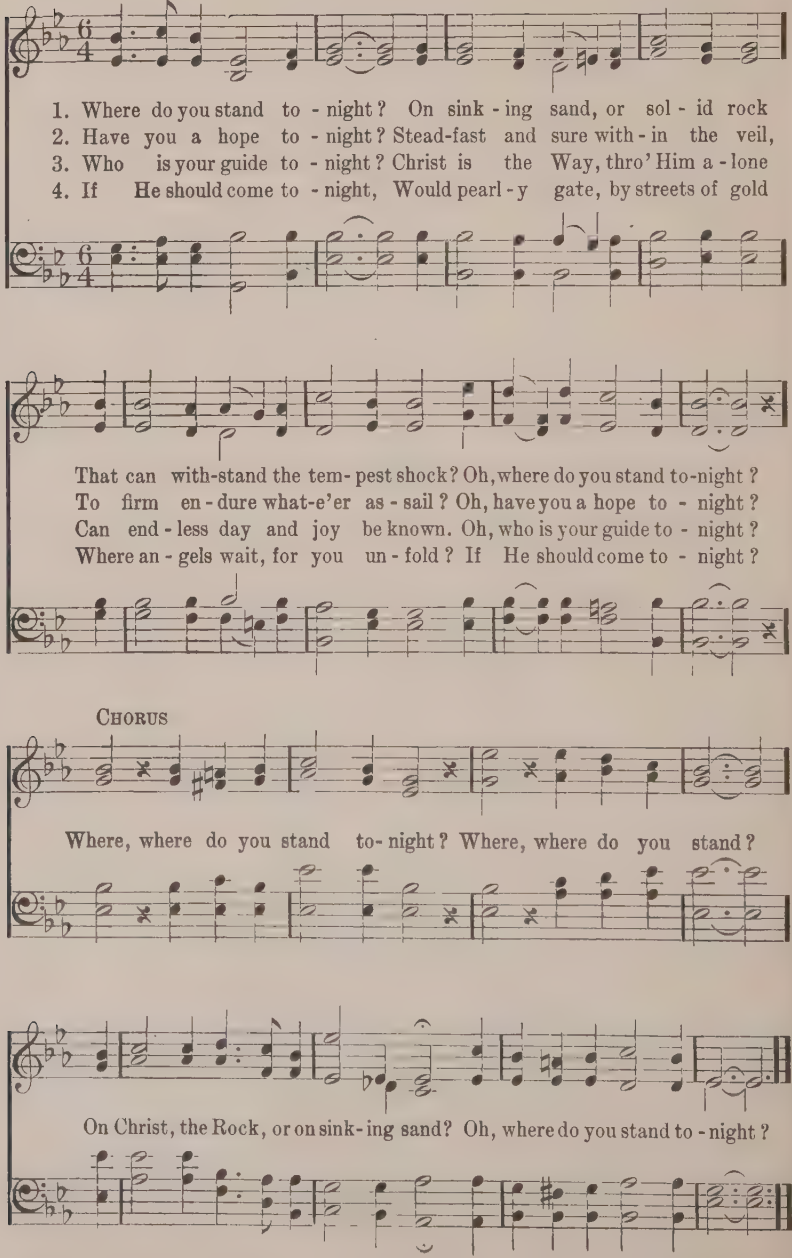
No. 50 Where Do You Stand To-Night?

JNO. R. CLEMENTS GEO. C. STEBBINS


1. Where do you stand to - night? On sink - ing sand, or sol - id rock
2. Have you a hope to - night? Stead-fast and sure with - in the veil,
3. Who is your guide to - night? Christ is the Way, thro' Him a - lone
4. If He should come to - night, Would pearl - y gate, by streets of gold
That can with-stand the tem- pest shock? Oh, where do you stand to-night?
To firm en - dure what-e'er as - sail? Oh, have you a hope to - night?
Can end - less day and joy be known. Oh, who is your guide to - night?
Where an - gels wait, for you un - fold? If He should come to - night?
CHORUS
Where, where do you stand to- night? Where, where do you stand?
On Christ, the Rock, or on sink - ing sand? Oh, where do you stand to - night?

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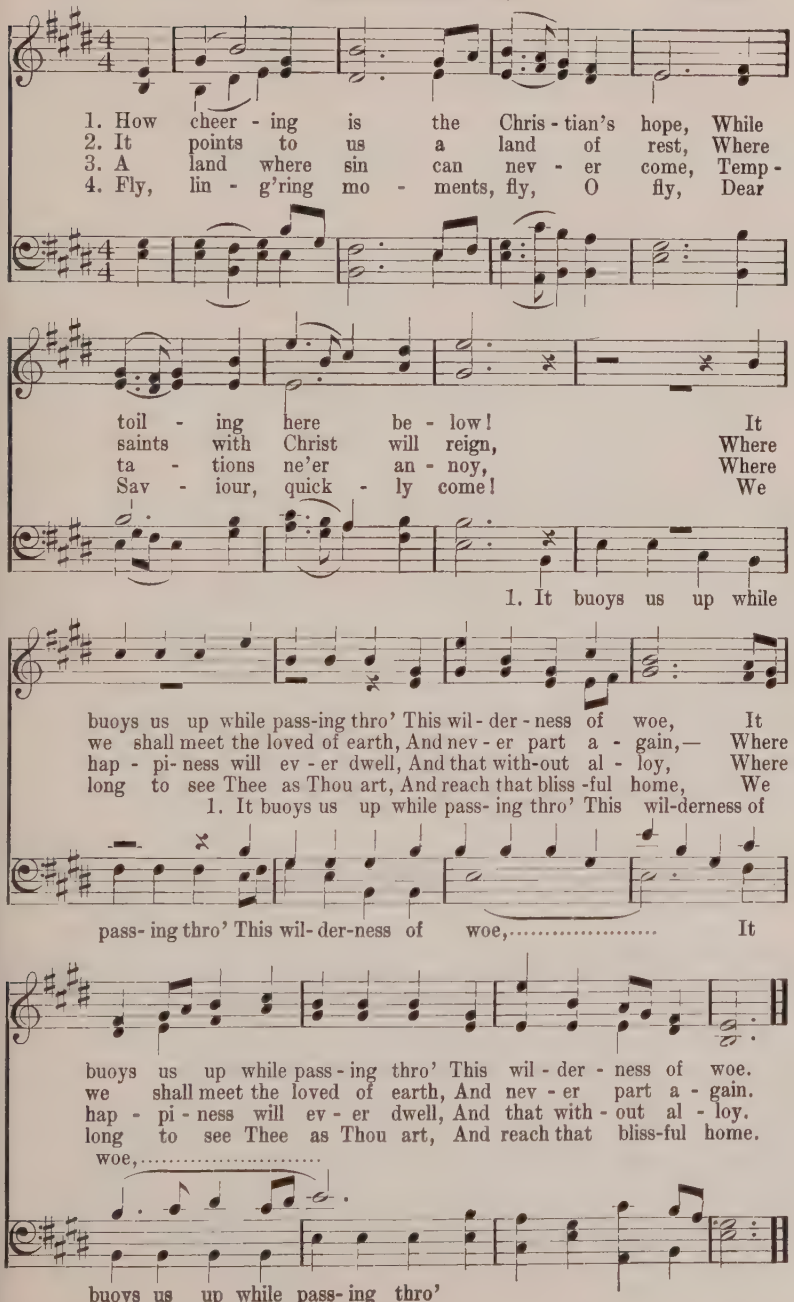
No. 51

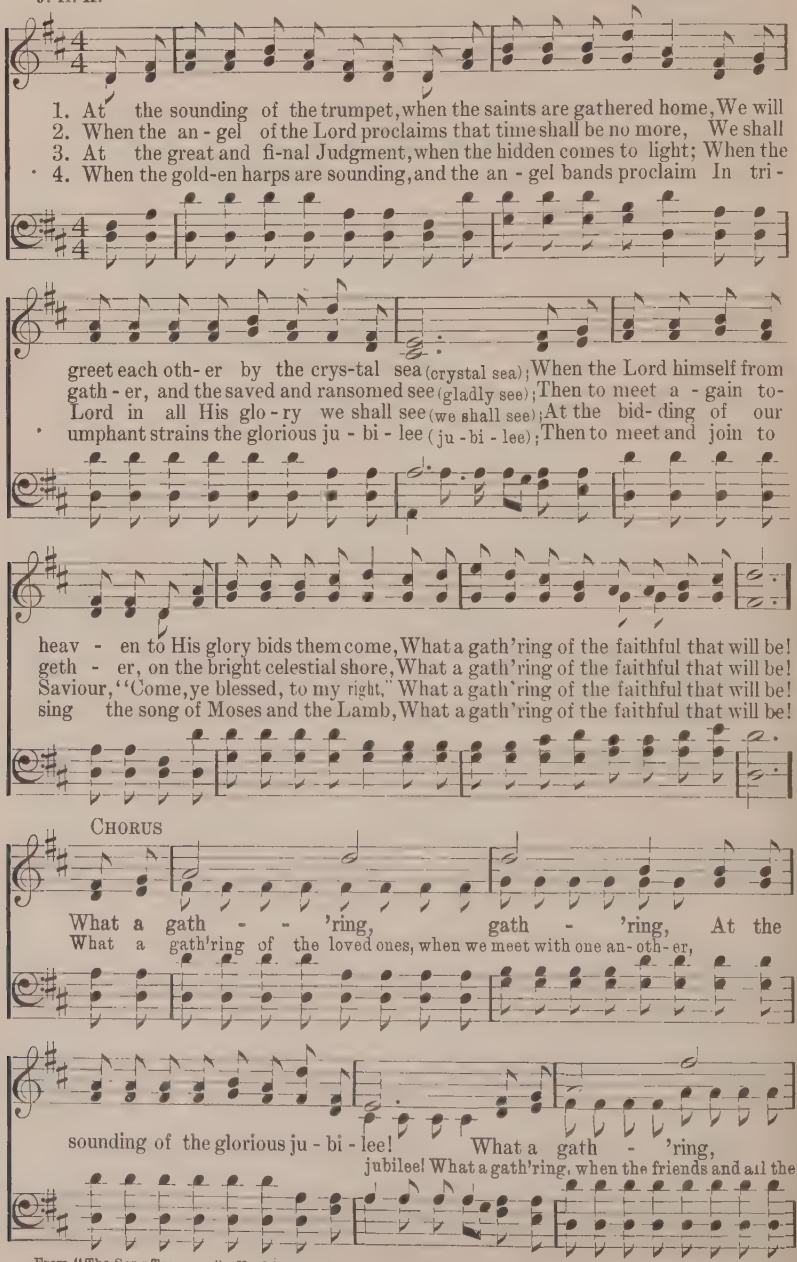
How Cheering!

ANON. (EXHORTATION. C. M.) S. HIBBARD

1. How cheer - ing is the Chris - tian's hope, While
2. It points to us a land of rest, Where
3. A land where sin can nev - er come, Temp -
4. Fly, lin - g'ring mo - ments, fly, O fly, Dear
toil - ing here be - low! It
saints with Christ will reign, Where
ta - tions ne'er an - noy, Where
Sav - iour, quick - ly come! We
1. It buoys us up while
buoys us up while pass-ing thro' This wil - der - ness of woe, It
we shall meet the loved of earth, And nev - er part a - gain,— Where
hap - pi - ness will ev - er dwell, And that with-out al - loy, Where
long to see Thee as Thou art, And reach that bliss -ful home, We
1. It buoys us up while pass- ing thro' This wil-derness of
pass- ing thro' This wil- der-ness of woe,..... It
buoys us up while pass - ing thro' This wil - der - ness of woe.
we shall meet the loved of earth, And nev - er part a - gain.
hap - pi - ness will ev - er dwell, And that with - out al - loy.
long to see Thee as Thou art, And reach that bliss-ful home.
woe,.....
buoys us up while pass- ing thro'

No. 52 What a Gathering That Will Be!

"Gather My saints together unto Me."—Ps. 50: 5

J. H. K. J. H. KURZENKNABE


1. At the sounding of the trumpet, when the saints are gathered home, We will greet each oth-er by the crys-tal sea (crystal sea); When the Lord himself from heav-en to His glory bids them come, What a gath'ring of the faithful that will be!
2. When the an-gel of the Lord proclaims that time shall be no more, We shall gath-er, and the saved and ransomed see (gladly see); Then to meet a-gain to-geth-er, on the bright celestial shore, What a gath'ring of the faithful that will be!
3. At the great and fi-nal Judgment, when the hidden comes to light; When the Lord in all His glo-ry we shall see (we shall see); At the bid-ding of our Saviour, "Come, ye blessed, to my right," What a gath'ring of the faithful that will be!
4. When the gold-en harps are sounding, and the an-gel bands proclaim In tri-umphant strains the glorious ju-bi-lee (ju-bi-lee); Then to meet and join to sing the song of Moses and the Lamb, What a gath'ring of the faithful that will be!
CHORUS
What a gath-'ring, gath-'ring, At the sounding of the glorious ju-bi-lee!
What a gath'ring of the loved ones, when we meet with one an-oth-er, What a gath'ring, jubilee! What a gath'ring, when the friends and all the

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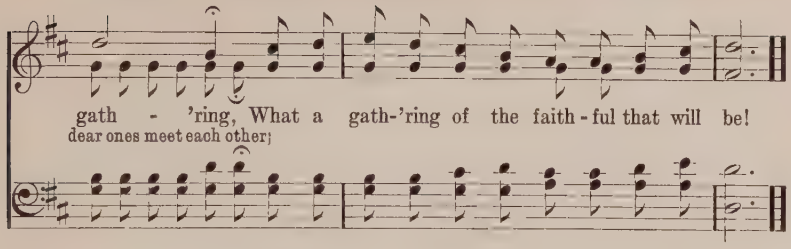
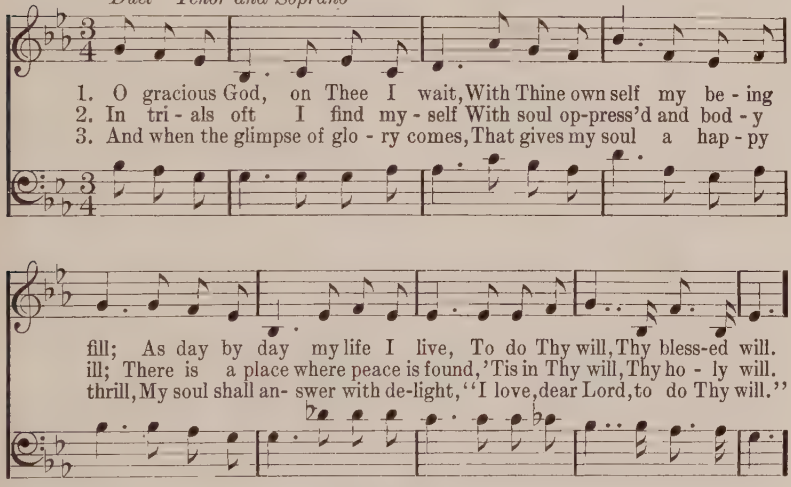
What a Gathering That Will Be—Concluded

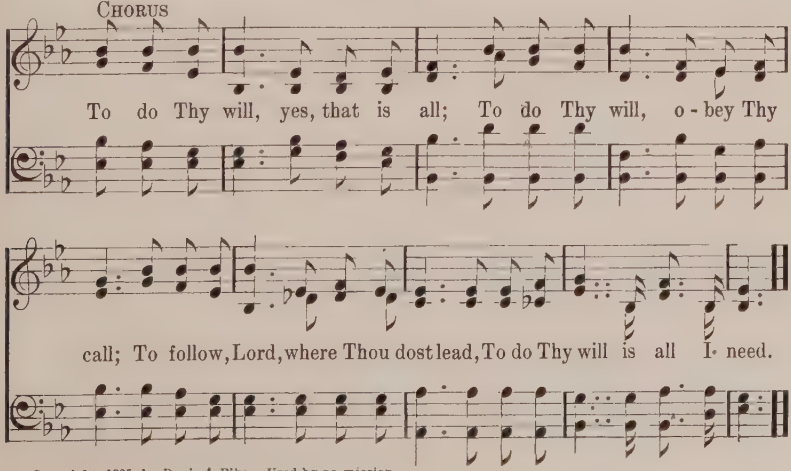


No. 53 To Do Thy Will

W. H. PIKE — MRS. W. H. PIKE

Duet—Tenor and Soprano


1. O gracious God, on Thee I wait, With Thine own self my be - ing
2. In tri - als oft I find my - self With soul op-press'd and bod - y
3. And when the glimpse of glo - ry comes, That gives my soul a hap - py
fill; As day by day my life I live, To do Thy will, Thy bless-ed will.
ill; There is a place where peace is found, 'Tis in Thy will, Thy ho - ly will.
thrill, My soul shall an- swer with de-light, "I love, dear Lord, to do Thy will."


CHORUS
To do Thy will, yes, that is all; To do Thy will, o - bey Thy
call; To follow, Lord, where Thou dost lead, To do Thy will is all I need.

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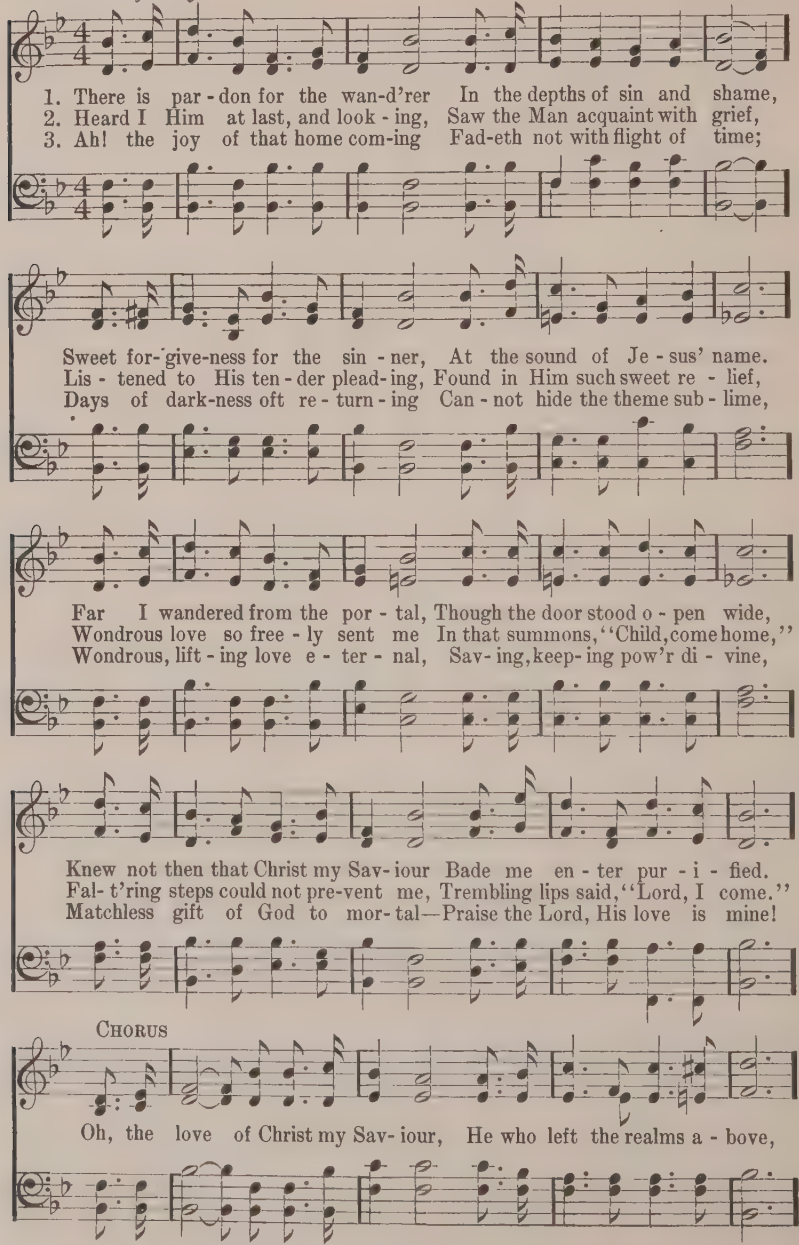
No. 54 Wondrous Love

"God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son."—John 3 : 16

H. H. W. H. H. WINSLOW

With feeling


1. There is par - don for the wan-d'rer In the depths of sin and shame,
2. Heard I Him at last, and look - ing, Saw the Man acquaint with grief,
3. Ah! the joy of that home com-ing Fad-eth not with flight of time;
Sweet for-give-ness for the sin - ner, At the sound of Je - sus' name.
Lis - tened to His ten - der plead - ing, Found in Him such sweet re - lief,
Days of dark-ness oft re - turn - ing Can - not hide the theme sub - lime,
Far I wandered from the por - tal, Though the door stood o - pen wide,
Wondrous love so free - ly sent me In that summons, "Child, come home,"
Wondrous, lift - ing love e - ter - nal, Sav - ing, keep - ing pow'r di - vine,
Knew not then that Christ my Sav - iour Bade me en - ter pur - i - fied.
Fal - t'ring steps could not pre-vent me, Trembling lips said, "Lord, I come."
Matchless gift of God to mor-tal—Praise the Lord, His love is mine!
CHORUS
Oh, the love of Christ my Sav - iour, He who left the realms a - bove,

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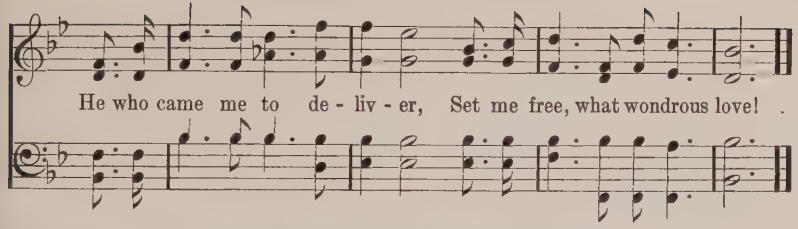
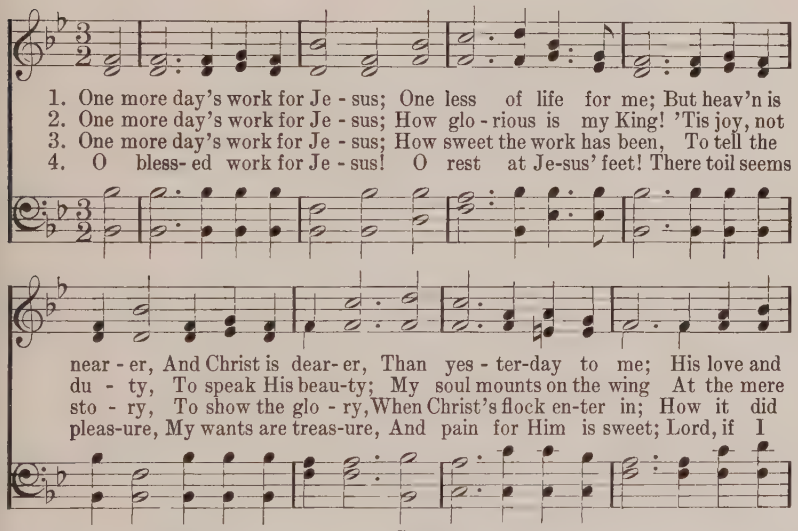
Wondrous Love—Concluded

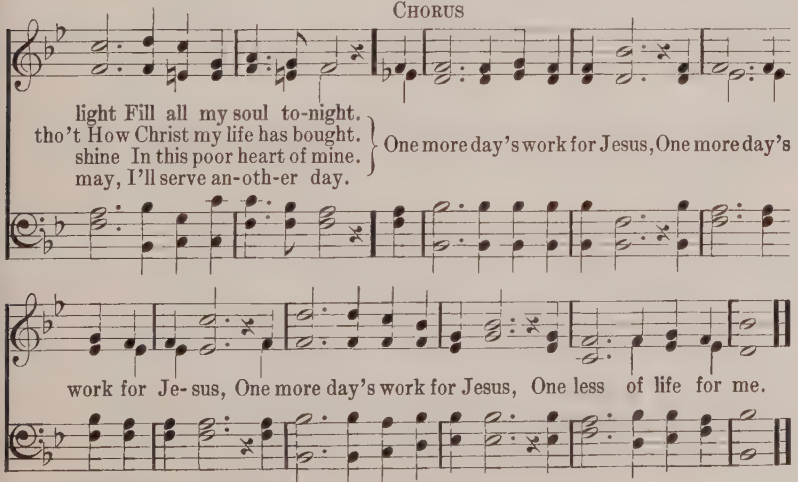


No. 55 One More Day's Work for Jesus

ANNA WARNER ROBERT LOWRY


1. One more day's work for Je - sus; One less of life for me; But heav'n is
2. One more day's work for Je - sus; How glo - rious is my King! 'Tis joy, not
3. One more day's work for Je - sus; How sweet the work has been, To tell the
4. O bless- ed work for Je - sus! O rest at Je-sus' feet! There toil seems
near - er, And Christ is dear- er, Than yes - ter-day to me; His love and
du - ty, To speak His beau-ty; My soul mounts on the wing At the mere
sto - ry, To show the glo - ry, When Christ's flock en-ter in; How it did
pleas-ure, My wants are treas-ure, And pain for Him is sweet; Lord, if I

CHORUS


light Fill all my soul to-night.
tho't How Christ my life has bought.
shine In this poor heart of mine.
may, I'll serve an-oth-er day.
One more day's work for Jesus, One more day's
work for Je- sus, One more day's work for Jesus, One less of life for me.

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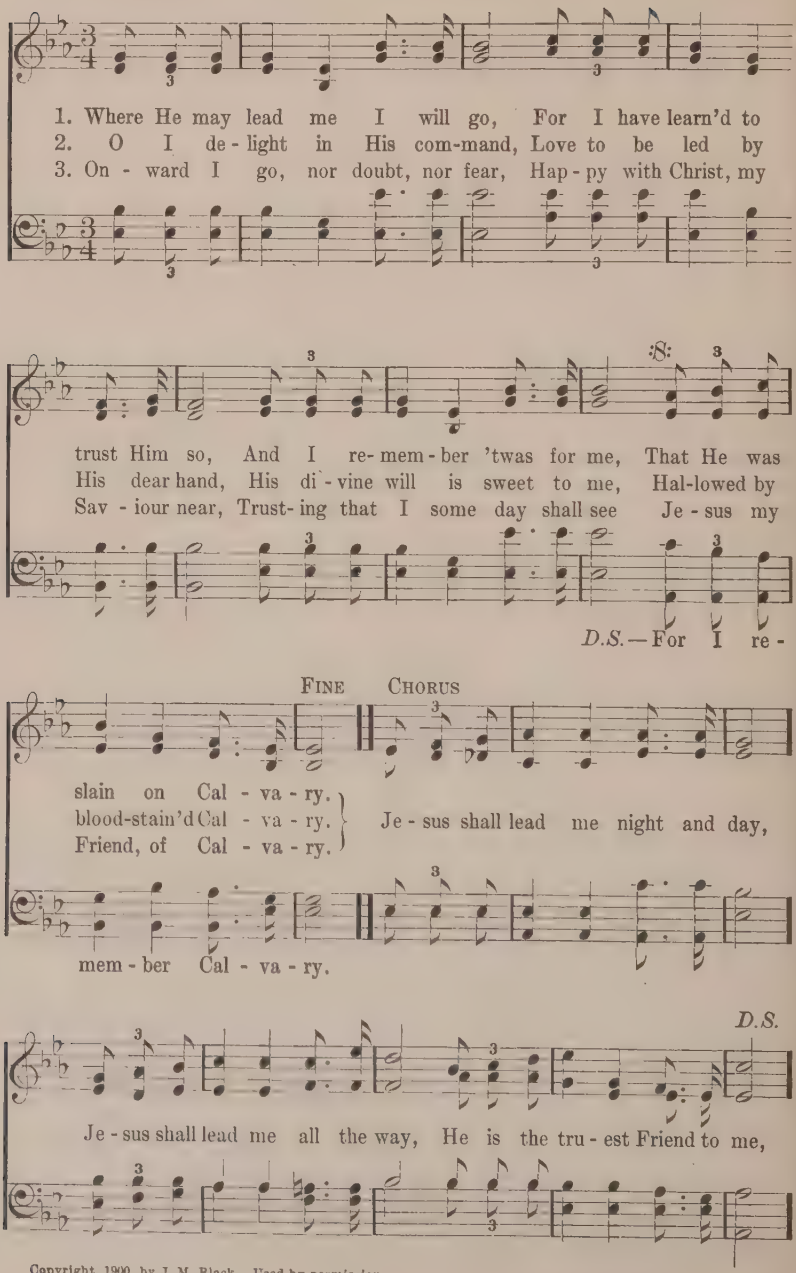
No. 56 I Remember Calvary

REV. W. C. MARTIN J. M. BLACK


1. Where He may lead me I will go, For I have learn'd to
2. O I de - light in His com-mand, Love to be led by
3. On - ward I go, nor doubt, nor fear, Hap - py with Christ, my
trust Him so, And I re- mem - ber 'twas for me, That He was
His dear hand, His di - vine will is sweet to me, Hal-lowed by
Sav - iour near, Trust- ing that I some day shall see Je - sus my
D.S.—For I re-
FINE CHORUS
slain on Cal - va - ry.
blood-stain'd Cal - va - ry.
Friend, of Cal - va - ry.
Je - sus shall lead me night and day,
mem - ber Cal - va - ry.
D.S.
Je - sus shall lead me all the way, He is the tru - est Friend to me,

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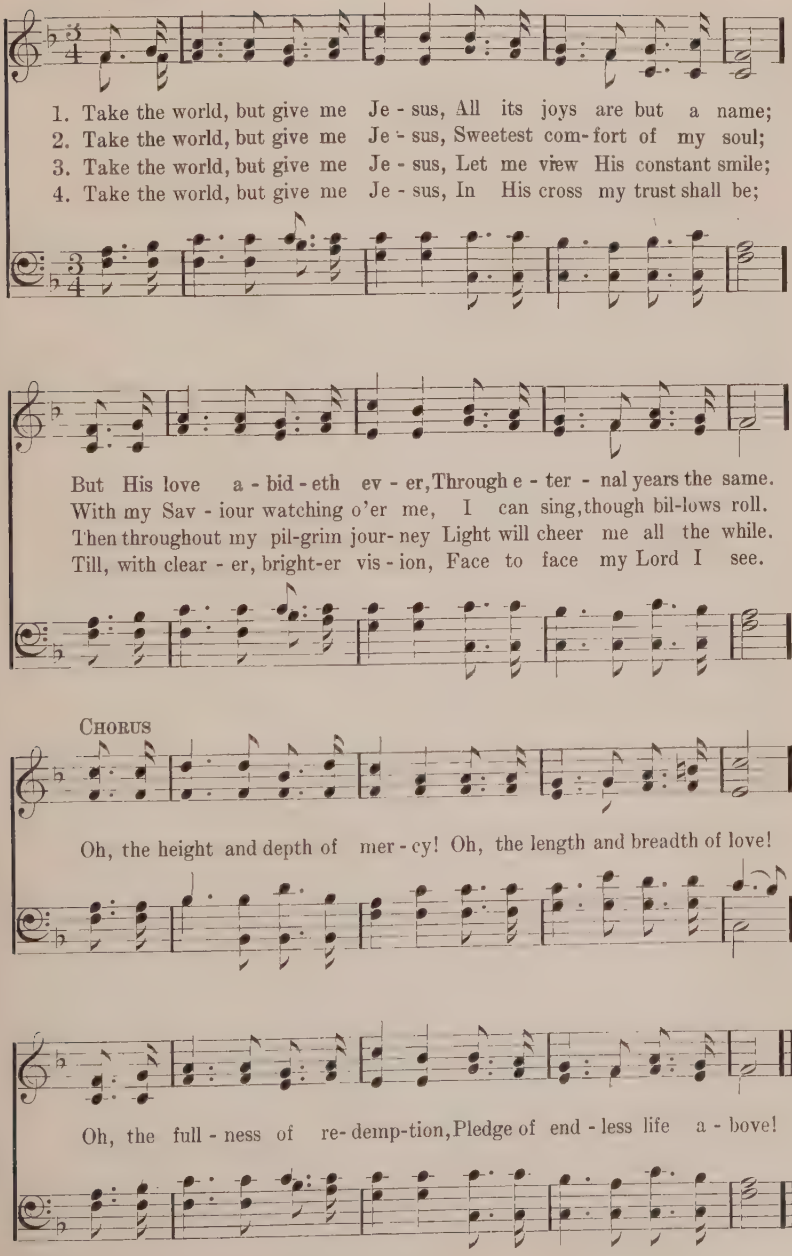
No. 57 Give Me Jesus

FANNY J. CROSBY JNO. R. SWENEY


1. Take the world, but give me Je - sus, All its joys are but a name;
2. Take the world, but give me Je - sus, Sweetest com - fort of my soul;
3. Take the world, but give me Je - sus, Let me view His constant smile;
4. Take the world, but give me Je - sus, In His cross my trust shall be;
But His love a - bid - eth ev - er, Through e - ter - nal years the same.
With my Sav - iour watching o'er me, I can sing, though bil-lows roll.
Then throughout my pil-grim jour- ney Light will cheer me all the while.
Till, with clear - er, bright-er vis - ion, Face to face my Lord I see.
CHORUS
Oh, the height and depth of mer - cy! Oh, the length and breadth of love!
Oh, the full - ness of re- demp-tion, Pledge of end - less life a - bove!

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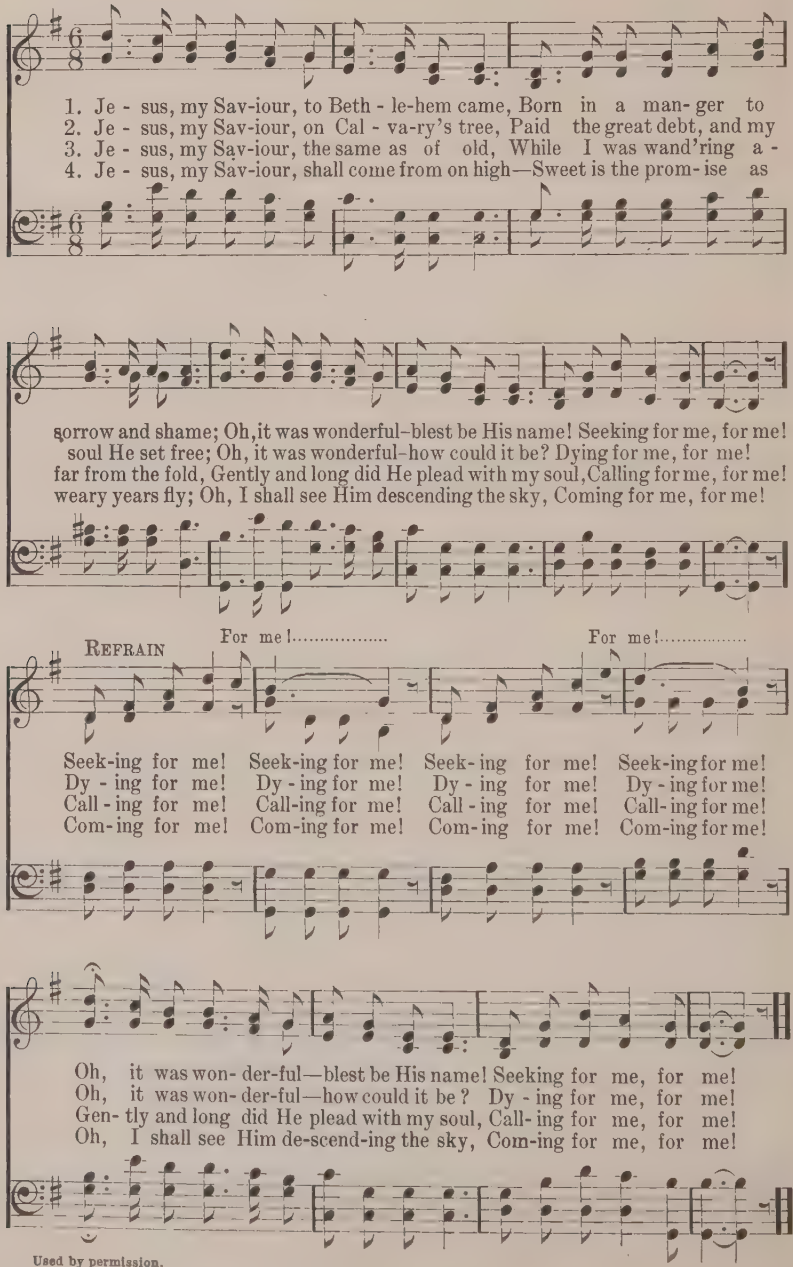
No. 58 Seeking for Me

"I will both search My sheep, and seek them out."—Eze. 34: 11

A. N. E. E. HASTY

1. Je - sus, my Sav-iour, to Beth - le-hem came, Born in a man-ger to
2. Je - sus, my Sav-iour, on Cal - va-ry's tree, Paid the great debt, and my
3. Je - sus, my Sav-iour, the same as of old, While I was wand'ring a -
4. Je - sus, my Sav-iour, shall come from on high—Sweet is the prom-ise as
sorrow and shame; Oh, it was wonderful-blest be His name! Seeking for me, for me!
soul He set free; Oh, it was wonderful-how could it be? Dying for me, for me!
far from the fold, Gently and long did He plead with my soul, Calling for me, for me!
weary years fly; Oh, I shall see Him descending the sky, Coming for me, for me!
REFRAIN
For me!..... For me!.....
Seek-ing for me! Seek-ing for me! Seek-ing for me! Seek-ing for me!
Dy - ing for me! Dy - ing for me! Dy - ing for me! Dy - ing for me!
Call - ing for me! Call-ing for me! Call - ing for me! Call-ing for me!
Com-ing for me! Com-ing for me! Com-ing for me! Com-ing for me!
Oh, it was won- der-ful—blest be His name! Seeking for me, for me!
Oh, it was won- der-ful—how could it be? Dy - ing for me, for me!
Gen- tly and long did He plead with my soul, Call- ing for me, for me!
Oh, I shall see Him de-scend-ing the sky, Com-ing for me, for me!

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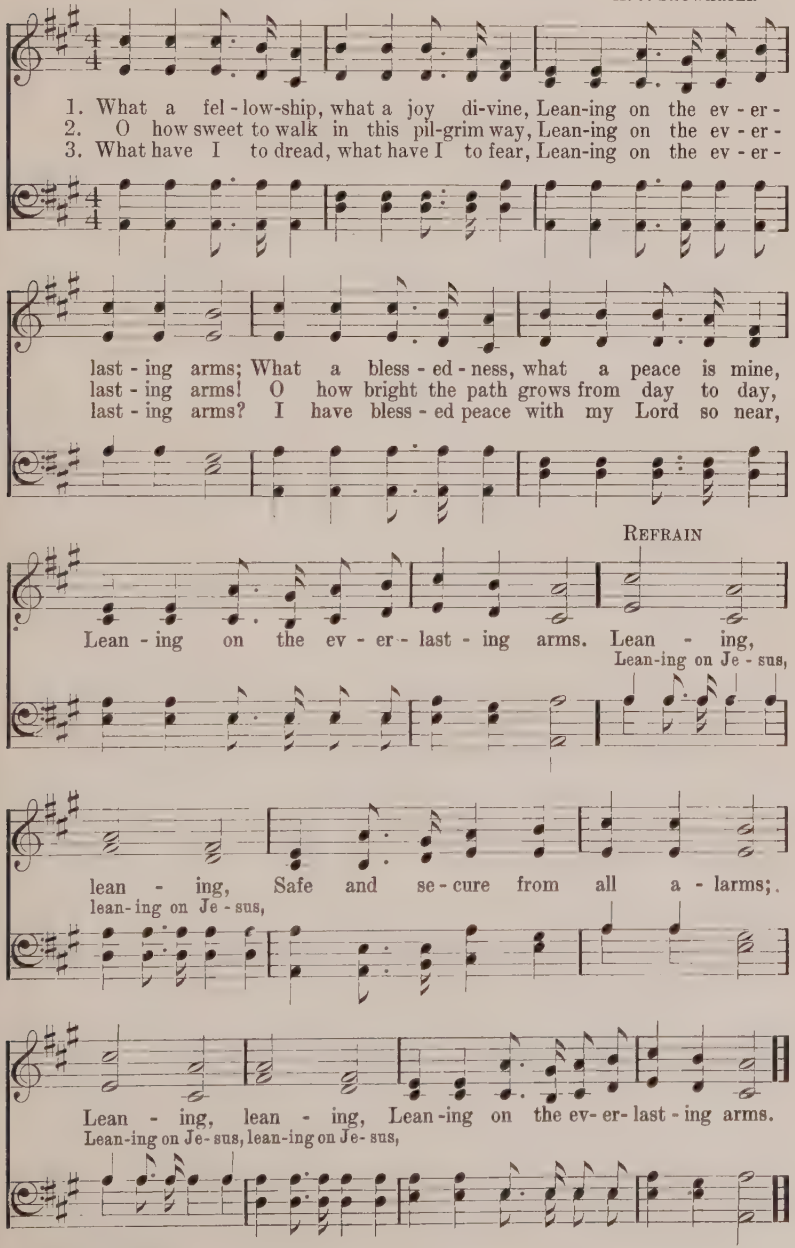
No. 59 Leaning on the Everlasting Arms

"The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms."—Deut. 33 : 27

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN A. J. SHOWALTER

1. What a fel - low-ship, what a joy di-vine, Lean-ing on the ev - er -
2. O how sweet to walk in this pil-grim way, Lean-ing on the ev - er -
3. What have I to dread, what have I to fear, Lean-ing on the ev - er -
last - ing arms; What a bless - ed - ness, what a peace is mine,
last - ing arms! O how bright the path grows from day to day,
last - ing arms? I have bless - ed peace with my Lord so near,
REFRAIN
Lean - ing on the ev - er - last - ing arms. Lean - ing,
Lean-ing on Je - sus,
lean - ing, Safe and se - cure from all a - larms;
lean-ing on Je - sus,
Lean - ing, lean - ing, Lean-ing on the ev- er- last - ing arms.
Lean-ing on Je - sus, lean-ing on Je - sus,

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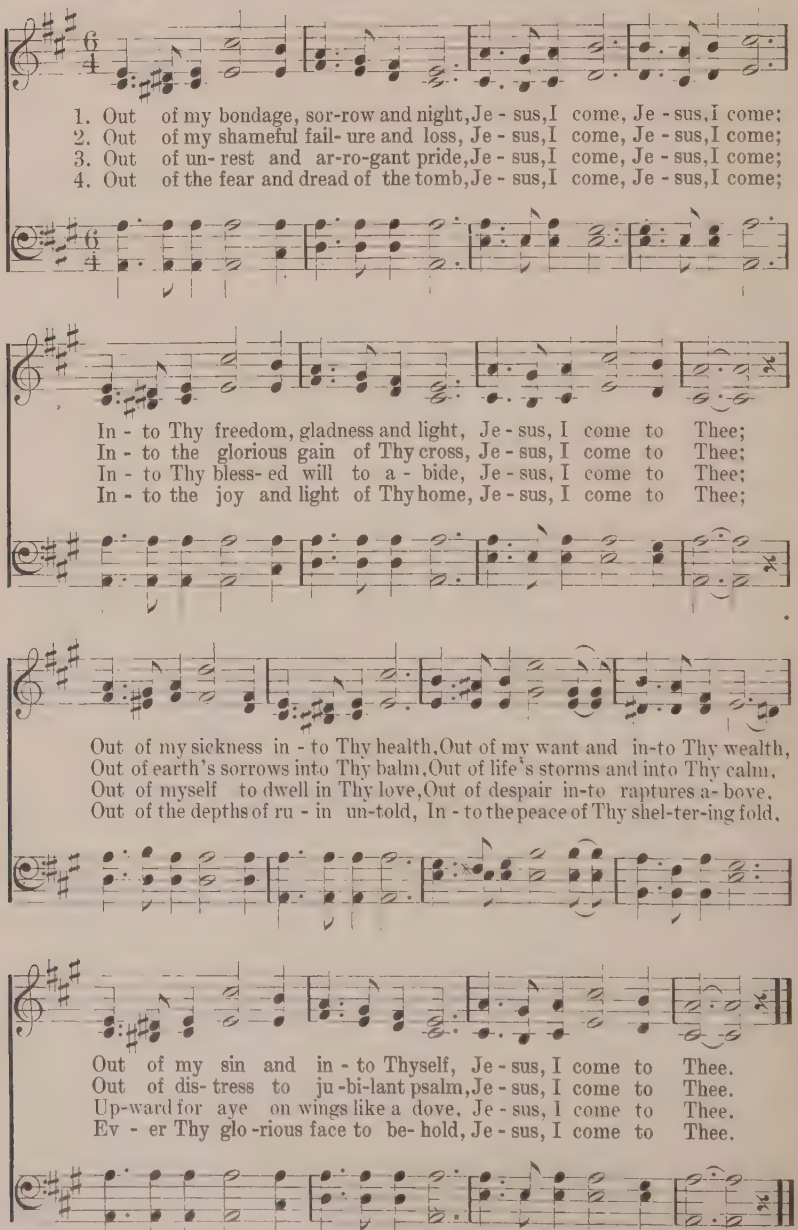
No. 60 Jesus, I Come

"Deliver me, O my God."—Ps 71 : 4

W. T. SLEEPER GEO. C. STEBBINS


1. Out of my bondage, sor-row and night, Je - sus, I come, Je - sus, I come;
2. Out of my shameful fail- ure and loss, Je - sus, I come, Je - sus, I come;
3. Out of un- rest and ar-ro-gant pride, Je - sus, I come, Je - sus, I come;
4. Out of the fear and dread of the tomb, Je - sus, I come, Je - sus, I come;
In - to Thy freedom, gladness and light, Je - sus, I come to Thee;
In - to the glorious gain of Thy cross, Je - sus, I come to Thee;
In - to Thy bless- ed will to a - bide, Je - sus, I come to Thee;
In - to the joy and light of Thy home, Je - sus, I come to Thee;
Out of my sickness in - to Thy health, Out of my want and in-to Thy wealth,
Out of earth's sorrows into Thy balm, Out of life's storms and into Thy calm,
Out of myself to dwell in Thy love, Out of despair in-to raptures a- bove,
Out of the depths of ru - in un-told, In - to the peace of Thy shel-ter-ing fold.
Out of my sin and in - to Thyself, Je - sus, I come to Thee.
Out of dis- tress to ju -bi-lant psalm, Je - sus, I come to Thee.
Up-ward for aye on wings like a dove, Je - sus, I come to Thee.
Ev - er Thy glo -rious face to be- hold, Je - sus, I come to Thee.

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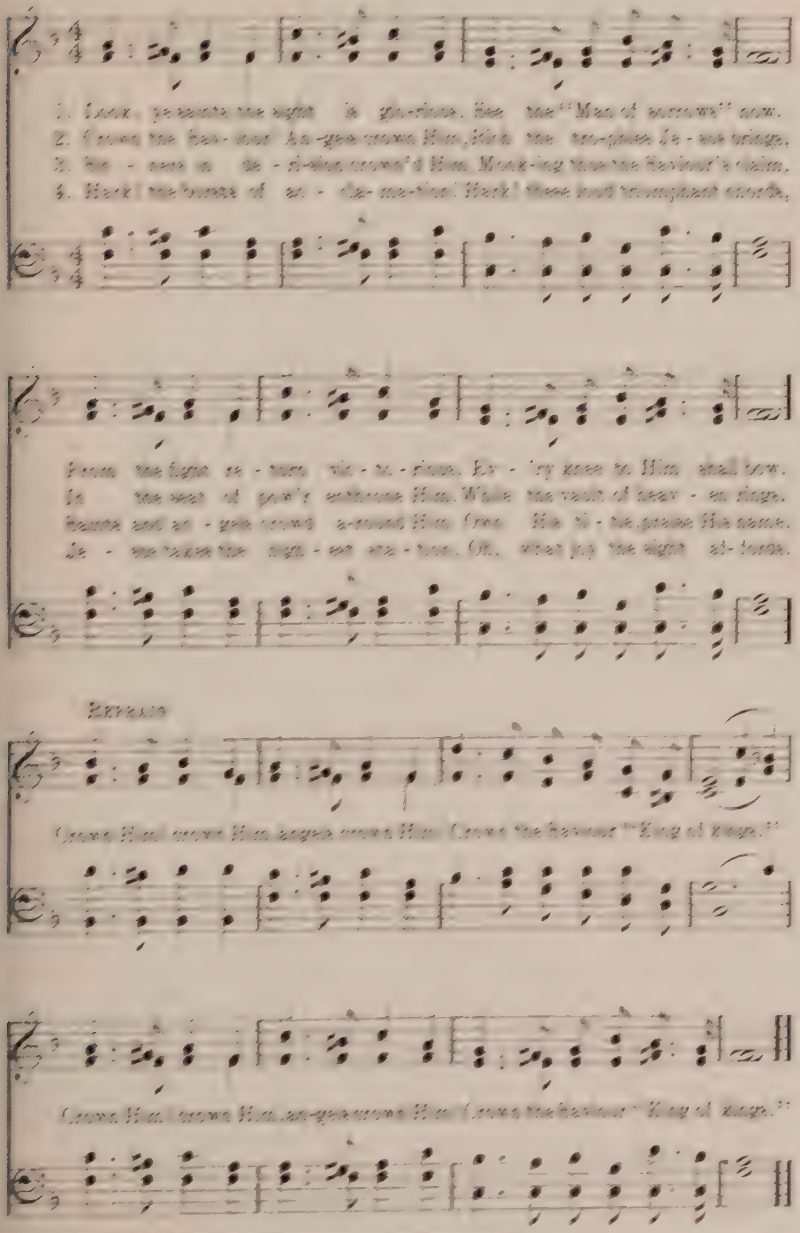
No. 61 Crown Him

"Thou hast crowned Him with glory and honor."—Ps. 8:5.

Text: Thos. Kelly

Arr. by Geo. C. Stebbins


1. Look, ye saints, the sight is glorious, See the "Man of sorrows" now.
2. Crown the Saviour, angels crown Him, Rich the trophies Je - sus bring.
3. He - ven is de - ck-ing crowns for Him, Mount-ing thus the Saviour's claim.
4. Hark! the burden of an - tic-i-pation! Hark! these loud triumphant chords,
From the fight re - turn vic - to - rious, Ev - 'ry knee to Him shall bow.
In the seat of pow'r enthrone Him, While the vault of heav - en rings.
Saints and an - gels crowd a-round Him, Own His sov - 'reign Prince and Lord.
Je - sus takes the migh - ty sway - ing, Oh, what joy the sight af-fords.
Refrain
Crown Him, crown Him, angels crown Him, Crown the Saviour "King of kings."
Crown Him, crown Him, an-gels crown Him, Crown the Saviour "King of kings."

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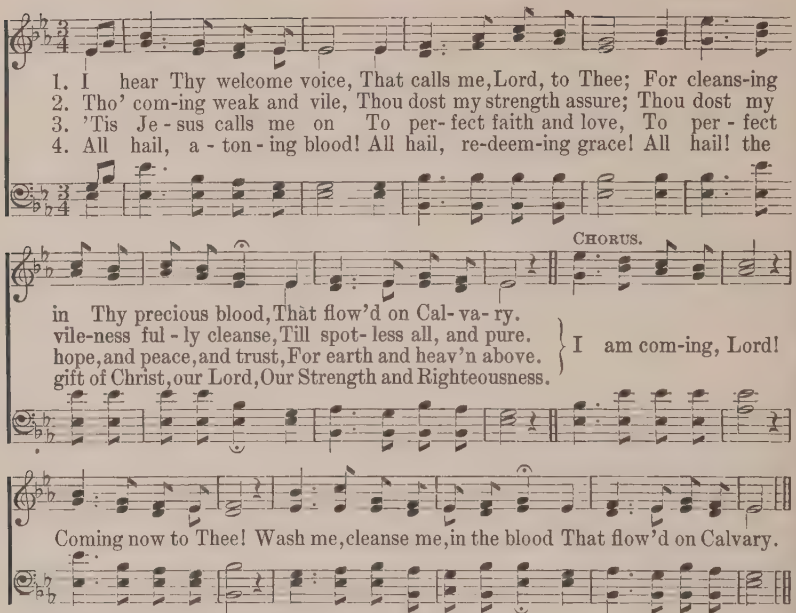
No. 62 I Am Coming, Lord

L. H. REV. L. HARTSOUGH


1. I hear Thy welcome voice, That calls me, Lord, to Thee; For cleans-ing
2. Tho' com-ing weak and vile, Thou dost my strength assure; Thou dost my
3. 'Tis Je - sus calls me on To per- fect faith and love, To per - fect
4. All hail, a - ton - ing blood! All hail, re-deem-ing grace! All hail! the
CHORUS.
in Thy precious blood, That flow'd on Cal- va- ry.
vile-ness ful - ly cleanse, Till spot- less all, and pure.
hope, and peace, and trust, For earth and heav'n above.
gift of Christ, our Lord, Our Strength and Righteousness.
I am com-ing, Lord!
Coming now to Thee! Wash me, cleanse me, in the blood That flow'd on Calvary.

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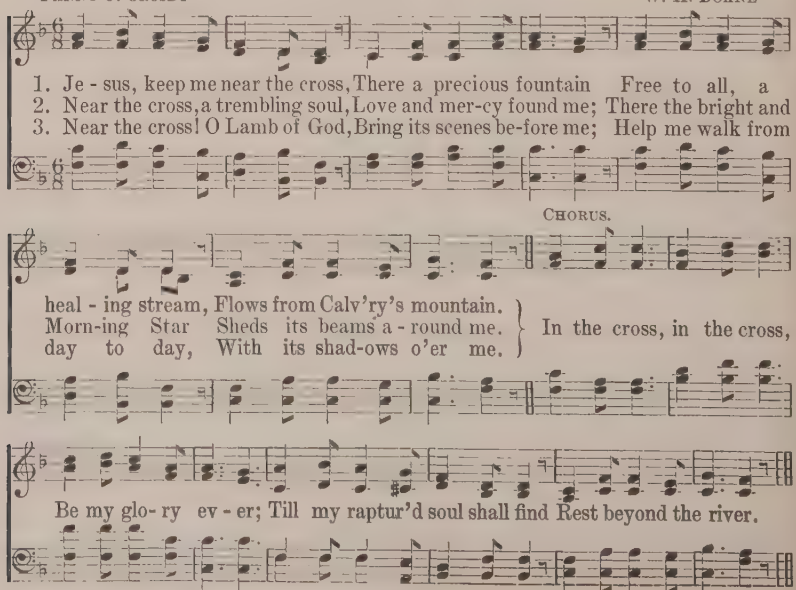
No. 63 Near the Cross

FANNY J. CROSBY W. H. DOANE


1. Je - sus, keep me near the cross, There a precious fountain Free to all, a
2. Near the cross, a trembling soul, Love and mer-cy found me; There the bright and
3. Near the cross! O Lamb of God, Bring its scenes be-fore me; Help me walk from
CHORUS.
heal - ing stream, Flows from Calv'ry's mountain.
Morn-ing Star Sheds its beams a - round me.
day to day, With its shad-ows o'er me.
In the cross, in the cross,
Be my glo- ry ev - er; Till my raptur'd soul shall find Rest beyond the river.

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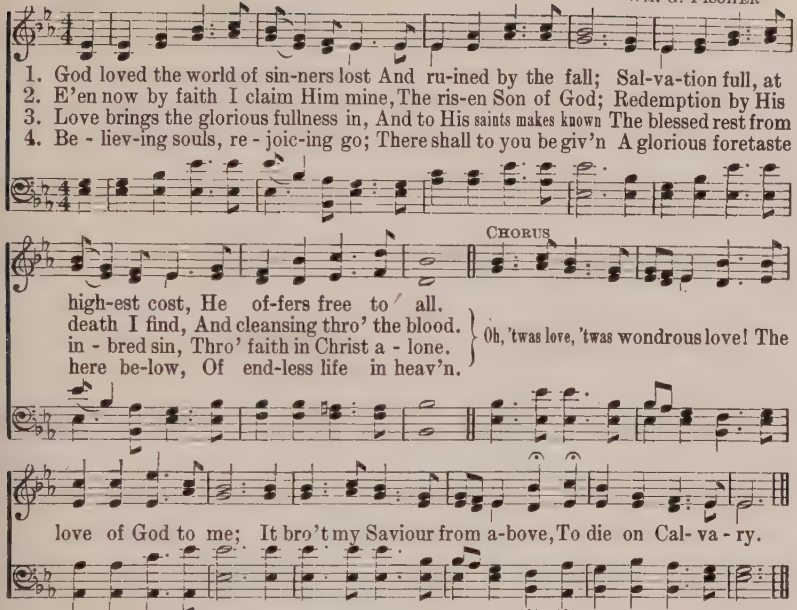
No. 64 Wondrous Love

Mrs. M. Stockton — Wm. G. Fischer


1. God loved the world of sin-ners lost And ru-ined by the fall; Sal-va-tion full, at
2. E'en now by faith I claim Him mine, The ris-en Son of God; Redemption by His
3. Love brings the glorious fullness in, And to His saints makes known The blessed rest from
4. Be - liev-ing souls, re - joic-ing go; There shall to you be giv'n A glorious foretaste
Chorus
high-est cost, He of-fers free to all.
death I find, And cleansing thro' the blood.
in - bred sin, Thro' faith in Christ a - lone.
here be-low, Of end-less life in heav'n.
Oh, 'twas love, 'twas wondrous love! The
love of God to me; It bro't my Saviour from a-bove, To die on Cal- va - ry.

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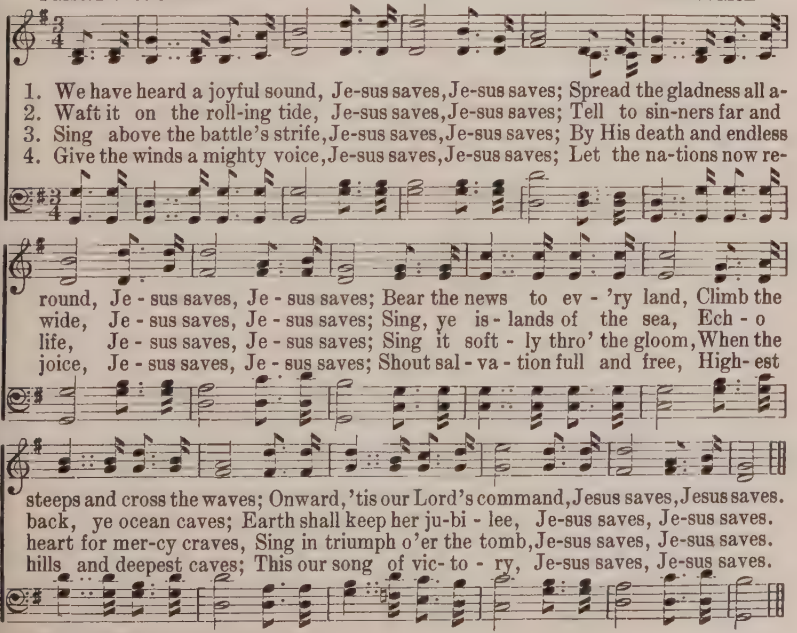
No. 65 Jesus Saves

Priscilla J. Owens — W. J. Kirkpatrick


1. We have heard a joyful sound, Je-sus saves, Je-sus saves; Spread the gladness all a-
2. Waft it on the roll-ing tide, Je-sus saves, Je-sus saves; Tell to sin-ners far and
3. Sing above the battle's strife, Je-sus saves, Je-sus saves; By His death and endless
4. Give the winds a mighty voice, Je-sus saves, Je-sus saves; Let the na-tions now re-
round, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves; Bear the news to ev - 'ry land, Climb the
wide, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves; Sing, ye is - lands of the sea, Ech - o
life, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves; Sing it soft - ly thro' the gloom, When the
joice, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves; Shout sal - va - tion full and free, High- est
steeps and cross the waves; Onward, 'tis our Lord's command, Jesus saves, Jesus saves.
back, ye ocean caves; Earth shall keep her ju-bi - lee, Je-sus saves, Je-sus saves.
heart for mer-cy craves, Sing in triumph o'er the tomb, Je-sus saves, Je-sus saves.
hills and deepest caves; This our song of vic- to - ry, Je-sus saves, Je-sus saves.

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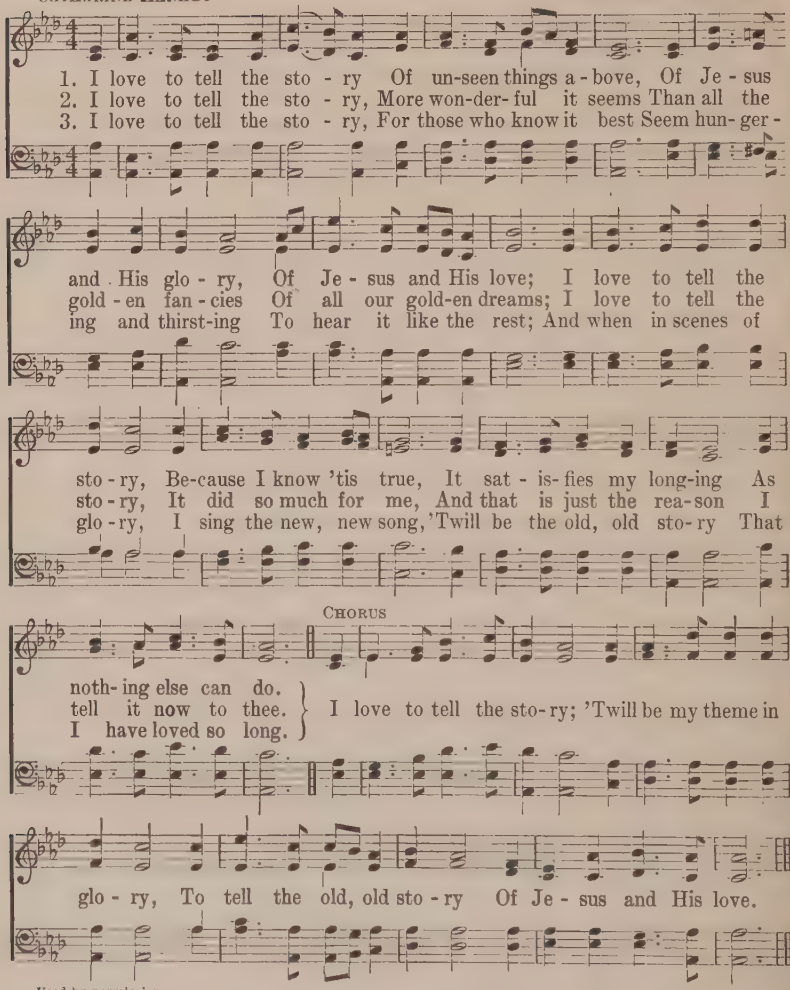
No. 66 I Love to Tell the Story

CATHARINE HANKEY — WILLIAM G. FISCHER


1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of un-seen things a - bove, Of Je - sus
2. I love to tell the sto - ry, More won-der- ful it seems Than all the
3. I love to tell the sto - ry, For those who know it best Seem hun-ger -
and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love; I love to tell the
gold - en fan - cies Of all our gold-en dreams; I love to tell the
ing and thirst-ing To hear it like the rest; And when in scenes of
sto - ry, Be-cause I know 'tis true, It sat - is-fies my long-ing As
sto - ry, It did so much for me, And that is just the rea-son I
glo - ry, I sing the new, new song, 'Twill be the old, old sto - ry That
CHORUS
noth- ing else can do.
tell it now to thee.
I have loved so long.
I love to tell the sto-ry; 'Twill be my theme in
glo - ry, To tell the old, old sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love.

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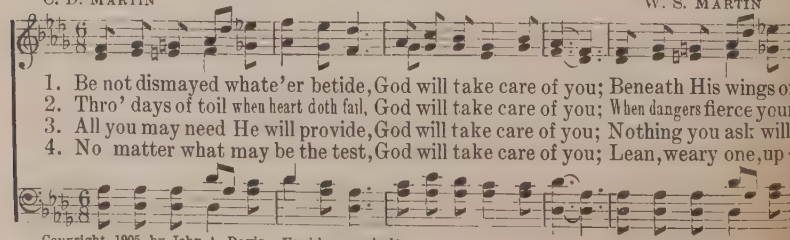
No. 67 God Will Take Care of You

C. D. MARTIN — W. S. MARTIN


1. Be not dismayed whate'er betide, God will take care of you; Beneath His wings of
2. Thro' days of toil when heart doth fail, God will take care of you; When dangers fierce your
3. All you may need He will provide, God will take care of you; Nothing you ask will
4. No matter what may be the test, God will take care of you; Lean, weary one, up -

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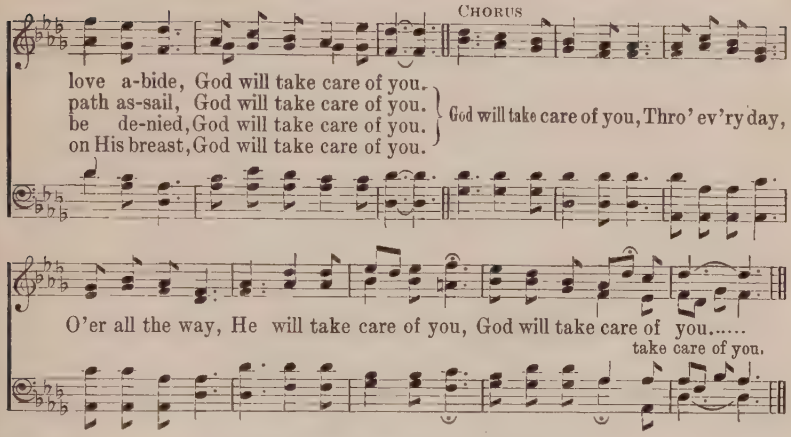
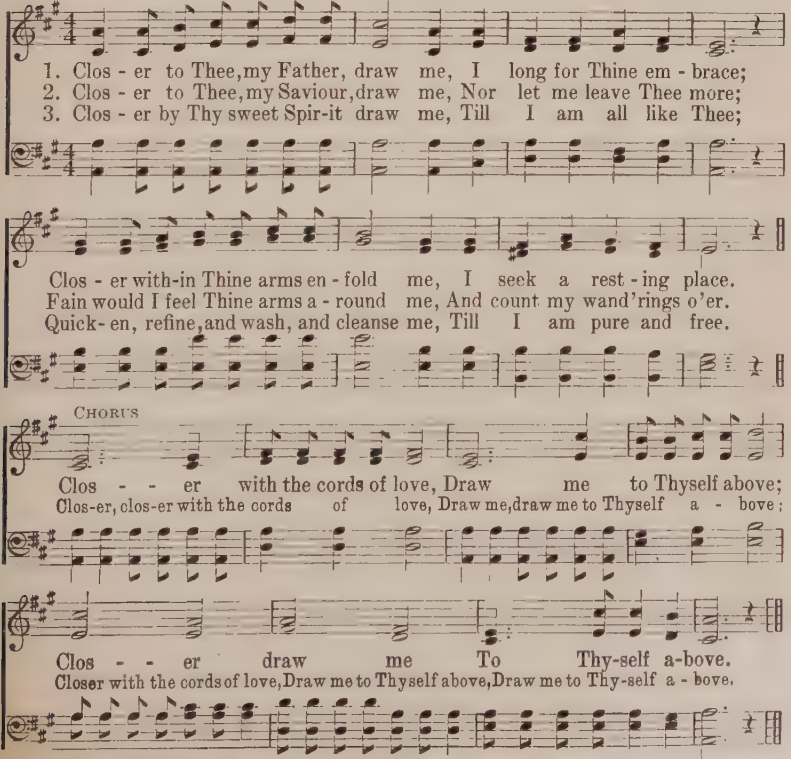
God Will Take Care of You—Concluded


CHORUS
love a-bide, God will take care of you.
path as-sail, God will take care of you.
be de-nied, God will take care of you.
on His breast, God will take care of you.
God will take care of you, Thro' ev'ry day,
O'er all the way, He will take care of you, God will take care of you.....
take care of you.

No. 68 Draw Me Closer to Thee

"And I will cause him to draw near, and he shall approach unto Me."—Jer. 30: 21

MRS. E. W. CHAPMAN J. H. TENNEY


1. Clos - er to Thee, my Father, draw me, I long for Thine em - brace;
2. Clos - er to Thee, my Saviour, draw me, Nor let me leave Thee more;
3. Clos - er by Thy sweet Spir-it draw me, Till I am all like Thee;
Clos - er with-in Thine arms en - fold me, I seek a rest - ing place.
Fain would I feel Thine arms a - round me, And count my wand'rings o'er.
Quick- en, refine, and wash, and cleanse me, Till I am pure and free.
CHORUS
Clos - - er with the cords of love, Draw me to Thyself above;
Clos-er, clos-er with the cords of love, Draw me, draw me to Thyself a - bove;
Clos - - er draw me To Thy-self a-bove.
Closer with the cords of love, Draw me to Thyself above, Draw me to Thy-self a - bove.

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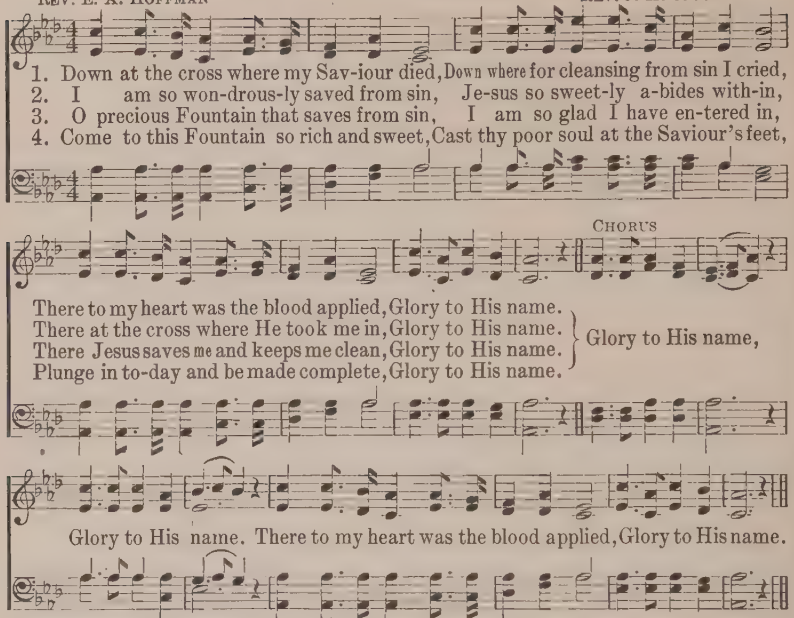
No. 69 Glory to His Name

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN — REV. J. H. STOCKTON


1. Down at the cross where my Sav-iour died, Down where for cleansing from sin I cried,
2. I am so won-drous-ly saved from sin, Je-sus so sweet-ly a-bides with-in,
3. O precious Fountain that saves from sin, I am so glad I have en-tered in,
4. Come to this Fountain so rich and sweet, Cast thy poor soul at the Saviour's feet,
CHORUS
There to my heart was the blood applied, Glory to His name.
There at the cross where He took me in, Glory to His name.
There Jesus saves me and keeps me clean, Glory to His name.
Plunge in to-day and be made complete, Glory to His name.
Glory to His name,
Glory to His name. There to my heart was the blood applied, Glory to His name.

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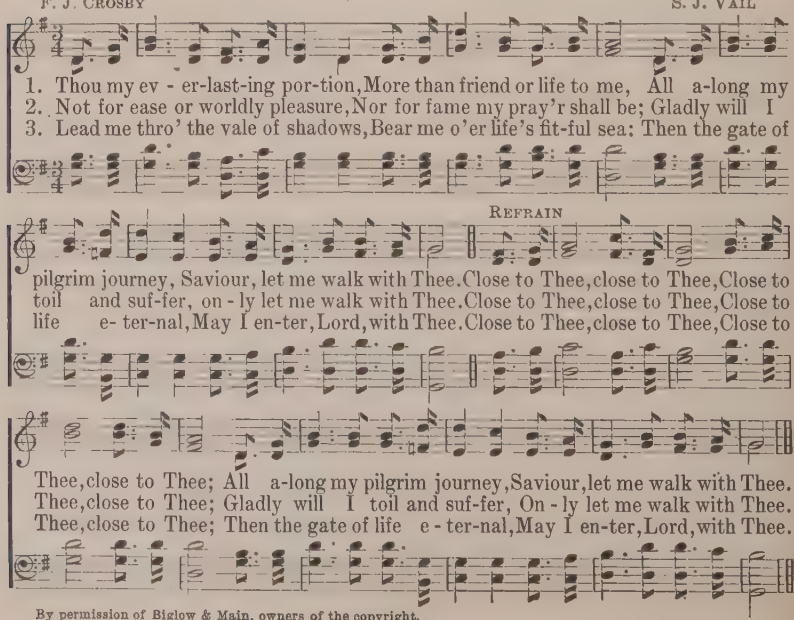
No. 70 Close to Thee

F. J. CROSBY — S. J. VAIL


1. Thou my ev - er-last-ing por-tion, More than friend or life to me, All a-long my
2. Not for ease or worldly pleasure, Nor for fame my pray'r shall be; Gladly will I
3. Lead me thro' the vale of shadows, Bear me o'er life's fit-ful sea: Then the gate of
REFRAIN
pilgrim journey, Saviour, let me walk with Thee. Close to Thee, close to Thee, Close to
toil and suf-fer, on - ly let me walk with Thee. Close to Thee, close to Thee, Close to
life e- ter-nal, May I en-ter, Lord, with Thee. Close to Thee, close to Thee, Close to
Thee, close to Thee; All a-long my pilgrim journey, Saviour, let me walk with Thee.
Thee, close to Thee; Gladly will I toil and suf-fer, On - ly let me walk with Thee.
Thee, close to Thee; Then the gate of life e - ter-nal, May I en-ter, Lord, with Thee.

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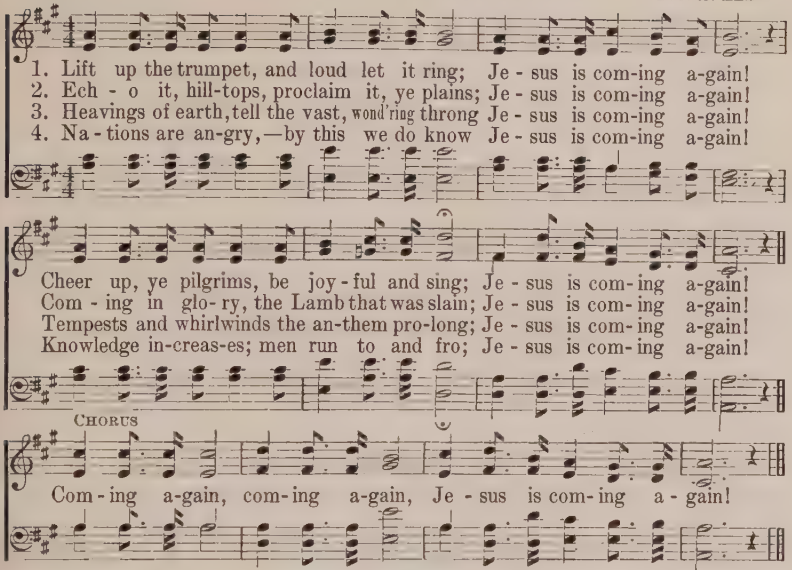
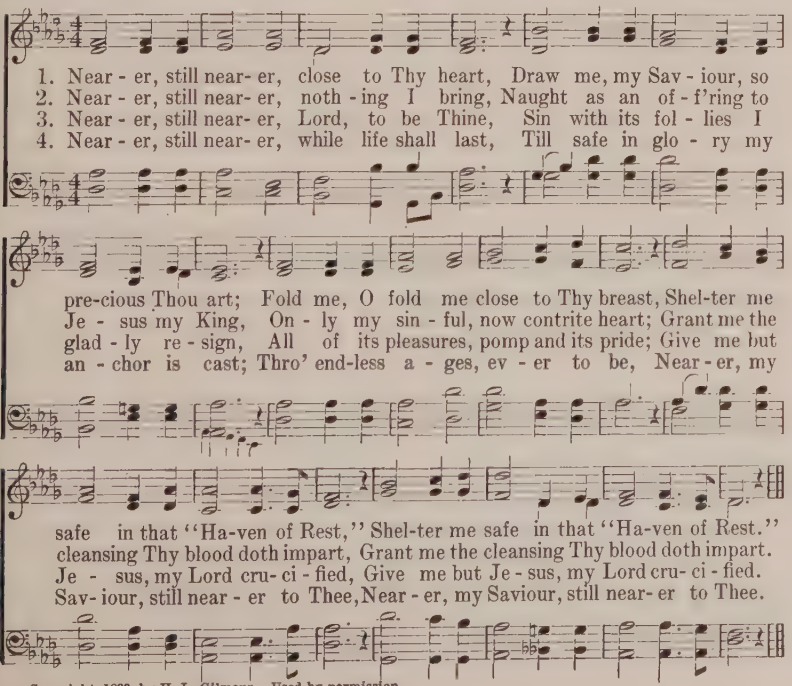
No. 71 Jesus Is Coming Again

JESSIE E. STROUT — GEO. E. LEE


1. Lift up the trumpet, and loud let it ring; Je - sus is com-ing a-gain!
2. Ech - o it, hill-tops, proclaim it, ye plains; Je - sus is com-ing a-gain!
3. Heavings of earth, tell the vast, wond'ring throng Je - sus is com-ing a-gain!
4. Na - tions are an-gry,—by this we do know Je - sus is com-ing a-gain!
Cheer up, ye pilgrims, be joy - ful and sing; Je - sus is com-ing a-gain!
Com - ing in glo - ry, the Lamb that was slain; Je - sus is com-ing a-gain!
Tempests and whirlwinds the an-them pro-long; Je - sus is com-ing a-gain!
Knowledge in-creas-es; men run to and fro; Je - sus is com-ing a-gain!
CHORUS
Com - ing a-gain, com-ing a-gain, Je - sus is com-ing a - gain!

No. 72 Nearer, Still Nearer

C. H. M. — MRS. C. H. MORRIS


1. Near - er, still near - er, close to Thy heart, Draw me, my Sav - iour, so
2. Near - er, still near - er, noth - ing I bring, Naught as an of - f'ring to
3. Near - er, still near - er, Lord, to be Thine, Sin with its fol - lies I
4. Near - er, still near - er, while life shall last, Till safe in glo - ry my
pre-cious Thou art; Fold me, O fold me close to Thy breast, Shel-ter me
Je - sus my King, On - ly my sin - ful, now contrite heart; Grant me the
glad - ly re - sign, All of its pleasures, pomp and its pride; Give me but
an - chor is cast; Thro' end-less a - ges, ev - er to be, Near - er, my
safe in that "Ha-ven of Rest," Shel-ter me safe in that "Ha-ven of Rest."
cleansing Thy blood doth impart, Grant me the cleansing Thy blood doth impart.
Je - sus, my Lord cru - ci - fied, Give me but Je - sus, my Lord cru - ci - fied.
Sav - iour, still near - er to Thee, Near - er, my Saviour, still near - er to Thee.

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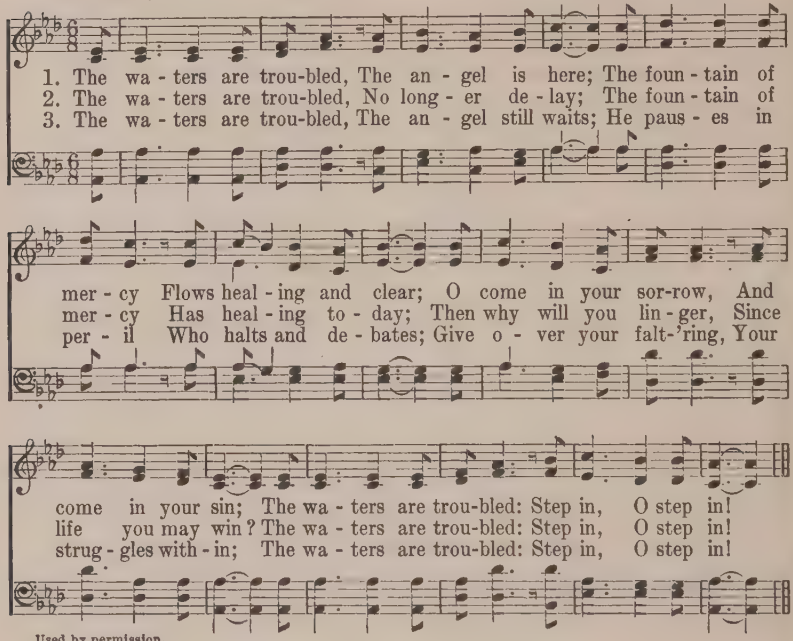
No. 76 The Waters Are Troubled

"An angel went down at a certain season into the pool, and troubled the water: whosoever then first after the troubling of the water stepped in was made whole of whatsoever disease he had."—John 5: 4

J. E. RANKIN, D. D. REV. S. MORRISON


1. The wa - ters are trou-bled, The an - gel is here; The foun - tain of mer - cy Flows heal - ing and clear; O come in your sor-row, And come in your sin; The wa - ters are trou-bled: Step in, O step in!
2. The wa - ters are trou-bled, No long - er de - lay; The foun - tain of mer - cy Has heal - ing to - day; Then why will you lin - ger, Since life you may win? The wa - ters are trou-bled: Step in, O step in!
3. The wa - ters are trou-bled, The an - gel still waits; He paus - es in per - il Who halts and de - bates; Give o - ver your falt-'ring, Your strug - gles with - in; The wa - ters are trou-bled: Step in, O step in!

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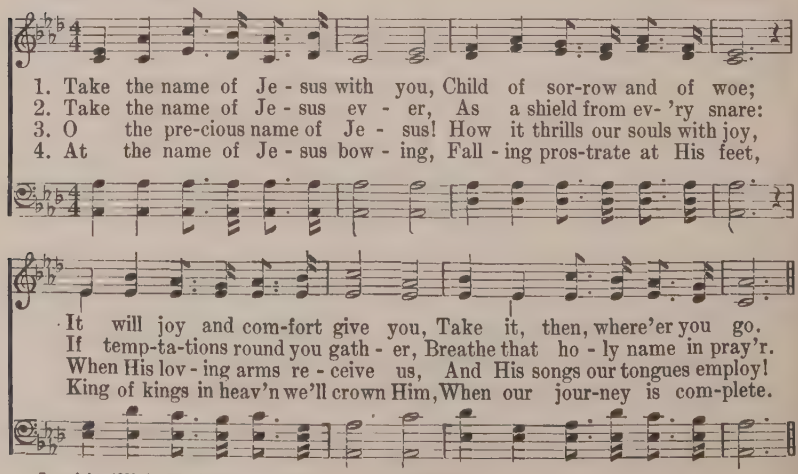
No. 77 Precious Name

"Unto you therefore which believe He is precious."—1 Peter 2: 7

MRS. LYDIA BAXTER W. H. DOANE


1. Take the name of Je - sus with you, Child of sor-row and of woe; It will joy and com-fort give you, Take it, then, where'er you go.
2. Take the name of Je - sus ev - er, As a shield from ev-'ry snare: If temp-ta-tions round you gath - er, Breathe that ho - ly name in pray'r.
3. O the pre-cious name of Je - sus! How it thrills our souls with joy, When His lov - ing arms re - ceive us, And His songs our tongues employ!
4. At the name of Je - sus bow - ing, Fall - ing pros-trate at His feet, King of kings in heav'n we'll crown Him, When our jour-ney is com-plete.

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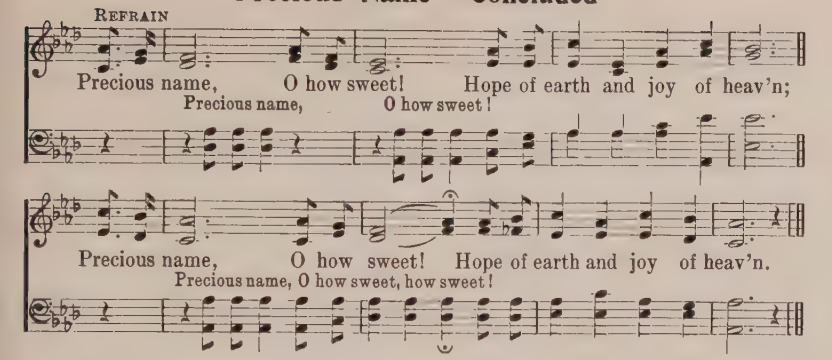
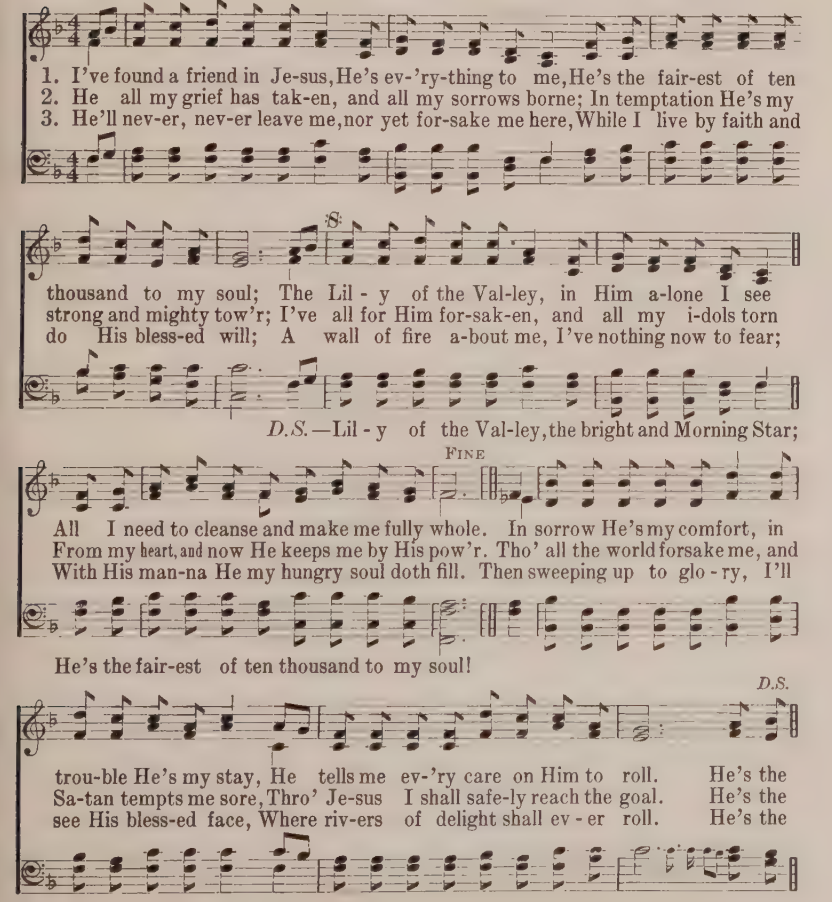
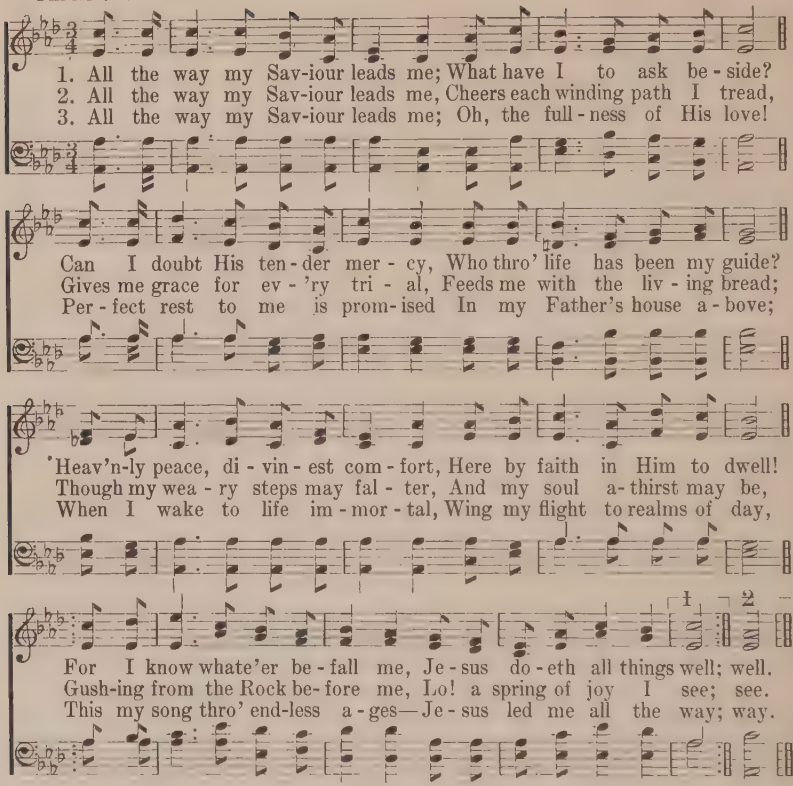

REFRAIN
Precious name, O how sweet! Hope of earth and joy of heav'n;
Precious name, O how sweet!
Precious name, O how sweet! Hope of earth and joy of heav'n.
Precious name, O how sweet, how sweet!

No. 78 The Lily of the Valley

C. W. FRY Cant. 2 : 1 Arr. from English Melody


1. I've found a friend in Je-sus, He's ev-'ry-thing to me, He's the fair-est of ten
2. He all my grief has tak-en, and all my sorrows borne; In temptation He's my
3. He'll nev-er, nev-er leave me, nor yet for-sake me here, While I live by faith and
S.
thousand to my soul; The Lil - y of the Val-ley, in Him a-lone I see
strong and mighty tow'r; I've all for Him for-sak-en, and all my i-dols torn
do His bless-ed will; A wall of fire a-bout me, I've nothing now to fear;
D.S.—Lil - y of the Val-ley, the bright and Morning Star;
FINE
All I need to cleanse and make me fully whole. In sorrow He's my comfort, in
From my heart, and now He keeps me by His pow'r. Tho' all the world forsake me, and
With His man-na He my hungry soul doth fill. Then sweeping up to glo - ry, I'll
He's the fair-est of ten thousand to my soul!
D.S.
trou-ble He's my stay, He tells me ev-'ry care on Him to roll. He's the
Sa-tan tempts me sore, Thro' Je-sus I shall safe-ly reach the goal. He's the
see His bless-ed face, Where riv-ers of delight shall ev - er roll. He's the

No. 79 All the Way

FANNY J. CROSBY — Deut. 32: 12 — ROBERT LOWRY

1. All the way my Sav-iour leads me; What have I to ask be-side?
2. All the way my Sav-iour leads me, Cheers each winding path I tread,
3. All the way my Sav-iour leads me; Oh, the full-ness of His love!
Can I doubt His ten-der mer-cy, Who thro' life has been my guide?
Gives me grace for ev-'ry tri-al, Feeds me with the liv-ing bread;
Per-fect rest to me is prom-ised In my Father's house a-bove;
'Heav'n-ly peace, di-vin-est com-fort, Here by faith in Him to dwell!
Though my wea-ry steps may fal-ter, And my soul a-thirst may be,
When I wake to life im-mor-tal, Wing my flight to realms of day,
For I know whate'er be-fall me, Je-sus do-eth all things well; well.
Gush-ing from the Rock be-fore me, Lo! a spring of joy I see; see.
This my song thro' end-less a-ges—Je-sus led me all the way; way.
1
2

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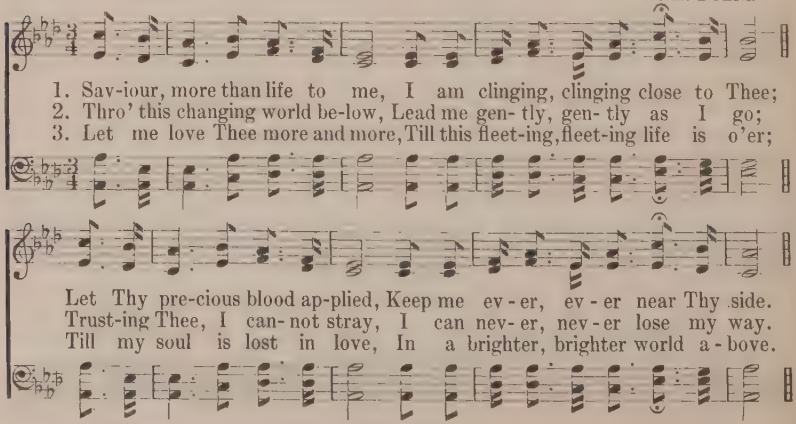
No. 80 Saviour, More Than Life

FANNY J. CROSBY — W. H. DOANE


1. Sav-iour, more than life to me, I am clinging, clinging close to Thee;
2. Thro' this changing world be-low, Lead me gen-tly, gen-tly as I go;
3. Let me love Thee more and more, Till this fleet-ing, fleet-ing life is o'er;
Let Thy pre-cious blood ap-plied, Keep me ev-er, ev-er near Thy side.
Trust-ing Thee, I can-not stray, I can nev-er, nev-er lose my way.
Till my soul is lost in love, In a brighter, brighter world a-bove.

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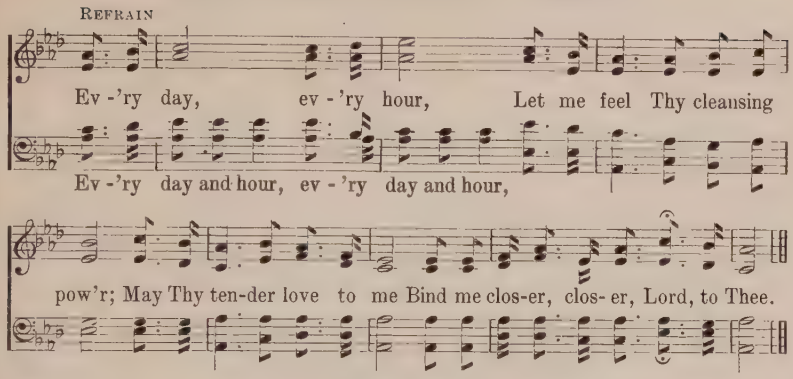
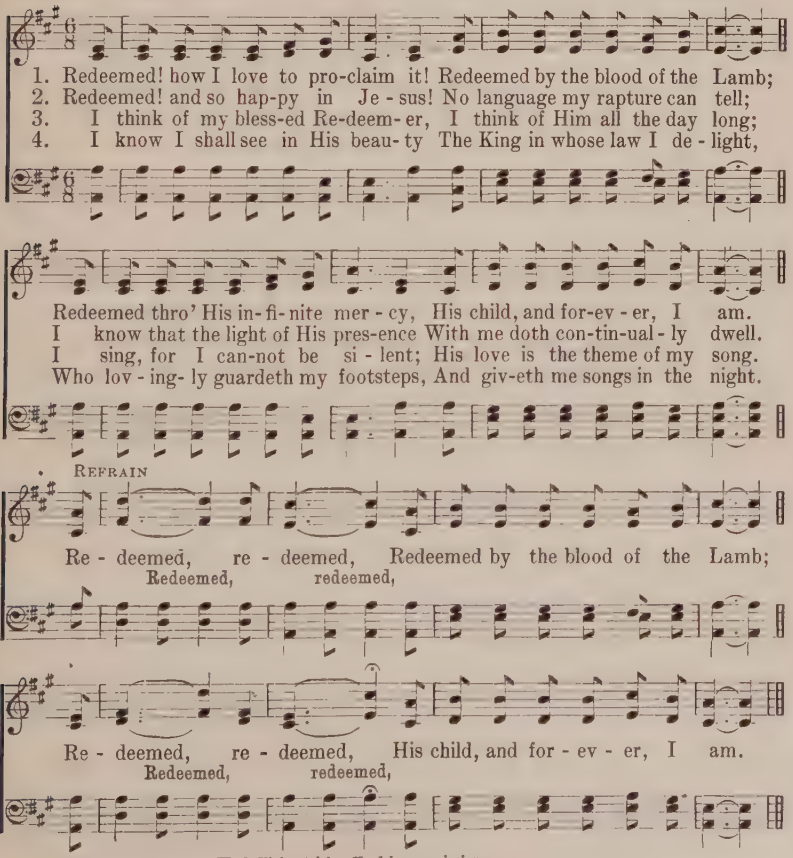

REFRAIN
Ev -'ry day, ev -'ry hour, Let me feel Thy cleansing
Ev -'ry day and hour, ev -'ry day and hour,
pow'r; May Thy ten-der love to me Bind me clos-er, clos- er, Lord, to Thee.

No. 81 Redeemed

"Thou hast pleaded the causes of my soul; Thou hast redeemed my life."— Lam. 3 : 58

FANNY J. CROSBY W. J. KIRKPATRICK

1. Redeemed! how I love to pro-claim it! Redeemed by the blood of the Lamb;
2. Redeemed! and so hap-py in Je - sus! No language my rapture can tell;
3. I think of my bless-ed Re-deem- er, I think of Him all the day long;
4. I know I shall see in His beau-ty The King in whose law I de - light,
Redeemed thro' His in-fi-nite mer - cy, His child, and for-ev - er, I am.
I know that the light of His pres-ence With me doth con-tin-ual - ly dwell.
I sing, for I can-not be si - lent; His love is the theme of my song.
Who lov - ing- ly guardeth my footsteps, And giv-eth me songs in the night.
REFRAIN
Re - deemed, re - deemed, Redeemed by the blood of the Lamb;
Redeemed, redeemed,
Re - deemed, re - deemed, His child, and for - ev - er, I am.
Redeemed, redeemed,

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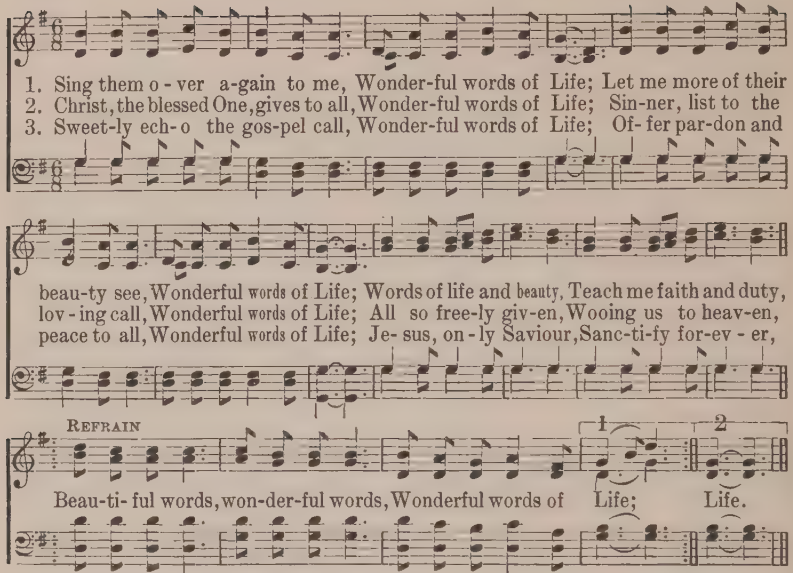
No. 82 Wonderful Words of Life

P. P. B. P. P. Bliss


1. Sing them o - ver a-gain to me, Wonder-ful words of Life; Let me more of their
2. Christ, the blessed One, gives to all, Wonder-ful words of Life; Sin-ner, list to the
3. Sweet-ly ech-o the gos-pel call, Wonder-ful words of Life; Of-fer par-don and
beau-ty see, Wonderful words of Life; Words of life and beauty, Teach me faith and duty,
lov-ing call, Wonderful words of Life; All so free-ly giv-en, Wooing us to heav-en,
peace to all, Wonderful words of Life; Je-sus, on-ly Saviour, Sanc-ti-fy for-ev-er,
Refrain
1
2
Beau-ti-ful words, won-der-ful words, Wonderful words of Life; Life.

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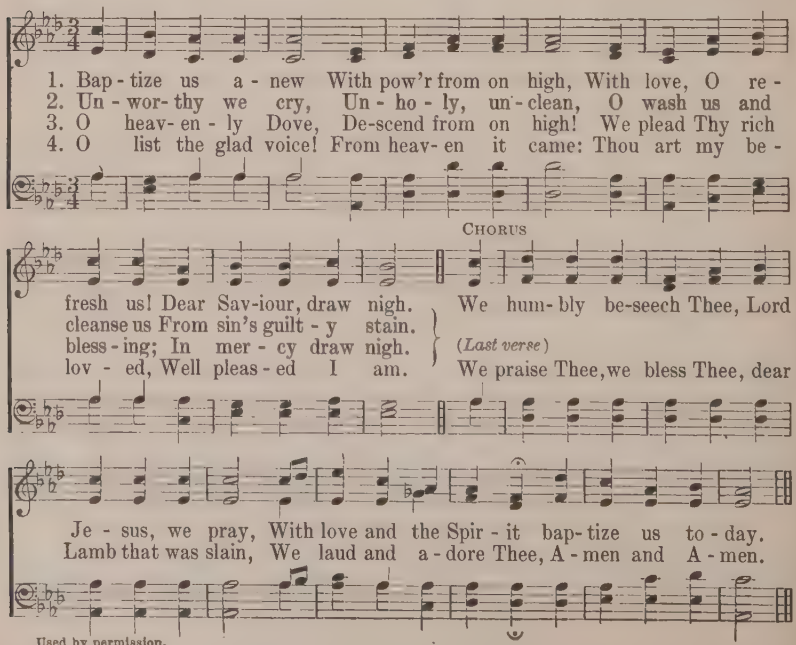
No. 83 Baptize Us Anew

W. A. O. W. A. Ogden


1. Bap-tize us a-new With pow'r from on high, With love, O re-
2. Un-wor-thy we cry, Un-ho-ly, un-clean, O wash us and
3. O heav-en-ly Dove, De-scend from on high! We plead Thy rich
4. O list the glad voice! From heav-en it came: Thou art my be-
Chorus
fresh us! Dear Sav-iour, draw nigh.
cleanse us From sin's guilt-y stain.
bless-ing; In mer-cy draw nigh.
lov-ed, Well pleas-ed I am.
We hum-bly be-seech Thee, Lord
(Last verse)
We praise Thee, we bless Thee, dear
Je-sus, we pray, With love and the Spir-it bap-tize us to-day.
Lamb that was slain, We laud and a-dore Thee, A-men and A-men.

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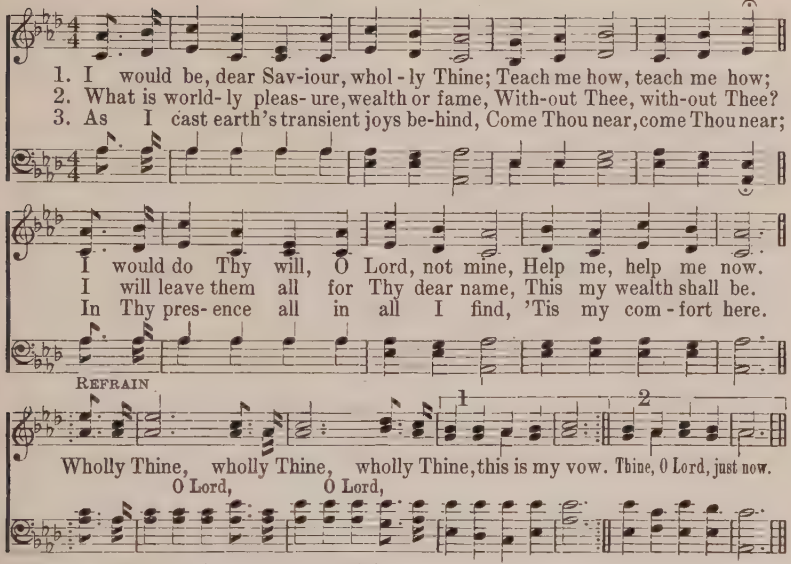
No. 84 Wholly Thine

F. E. B. F. E. BELDEN


1. I would be, dear Sav-iour, whol-ly Thine; Teach me how, teach me how;
2. What is world-ly pleas-ure, wealth or fame, With-out Thee, with-out Thee?
3. As I cast earth's transient joys be-hind, Come Thou near, come Thou near;
I would do Thy will, O Lord, not mine, Help me, help me now.
I will leave them all for Thy dear name, This my wealth shall be.
In Thy pres-ence all in all I find, 'Tis my com-fort here.
REFRAIN
1
2
Wholly Thine, wholly Thine, wholly Thine, this is my vow. Thine, O Lord, just now.
O Lord, O Lord,

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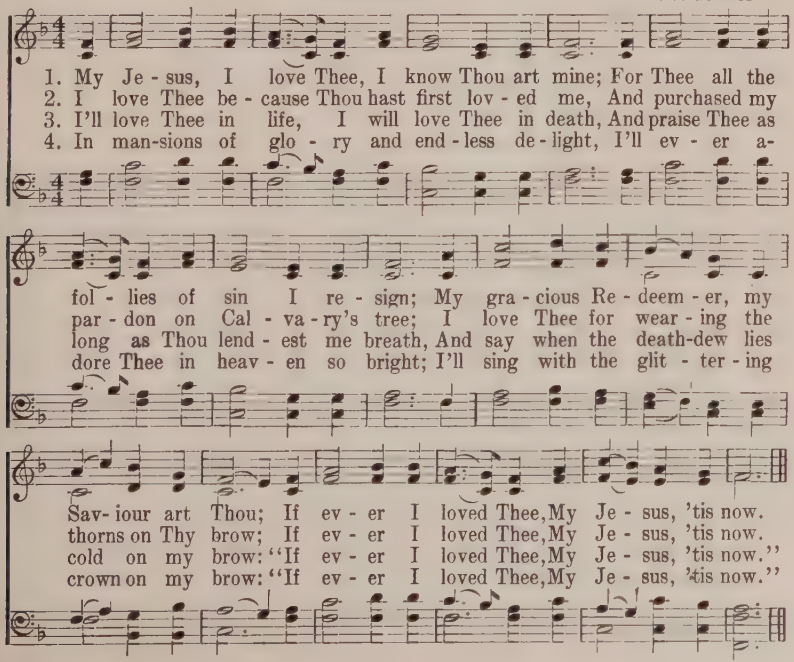
No. 85 My Jesus, I Love Thee

(GORDON. 11s.)

A. J. GORDON

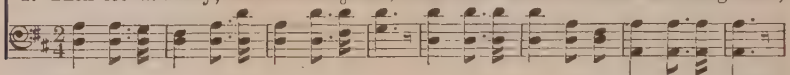

1. My Je-sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine; For Thee all the
2. I love Thee be-cause Thou hast first lov-ed me, And purchased my
3. I'll love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death, And praise Thee as
4. In man-sions of glo-ry and end-less de-light, I'll ev-er a-
fol-lies of sin I re-sign; My gra-cious Re-deem-er, my
par-don on Cal-va-ry's tree; I love Thee for wear-ing the
long as Thou lend-est me breath, And say when the death-dew lies
dore Thee in heav-en so bright; I'll sing with the glit-ter-ing
Sav-iour art Thou; If ev-er I loved Thee, My Je-sus, 'tis now.
thorns on Thy brow; If ev-er I loved Thee, My Je-sus, 'tis now.
cold on my brow: "If ev-er I loved Thee, My Je-sus, 'tis now."
crown on my brow: "If ev-er I loved Thee, My Je-sus, 'tis now."

No. 86 Come, Saviour, Come

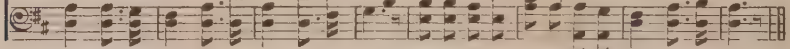
"And there shall be signs in the sun, and in the moon, and in the stars; and upon the earth distress of nations, with perplexity; the sea and the waves roaring; men's hearts failing them for fear, and for looking after those things which are coming on the earth."—Luke 21: 25, 26

W. C. GAGE HENRY C. WORK

1. O'er all the land have the signs now appeared, Telling us soon our dear Saviour will come;
2. Signs in the sun and the moon and the stars, Faithfully show that the great day is near;
3. These, to the pilgrim, are o-mens of cheer, Toiling and sighing in life's gloomy way;
4. Then let us ral-ly, and fresh courage take; Soon will we hear our dear Lord's loving voice;

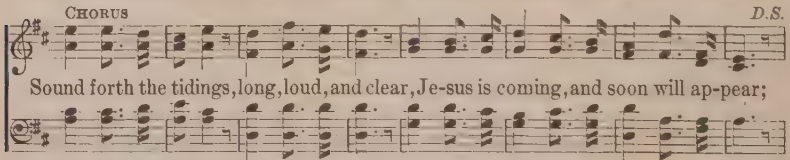


Long has the worn pilgrim watched, hoped, and feared, Waiting for that blessed hope; O come, Saviour, come.
Nations distressed by the rumors of wars, And the hearts of wicked men are failing for fear.
All, all proclaim that the Saviour is near, And the light is dawning of that soon-coming day.
Those who will now all their errors forsake, Soon the pearly gates will enter;—sing and rejoice.



D. S.—All hearts respond as we long for our home, "Quickly come, O blessed Jesus, come, Saviour, come."

CHORUS *D.S.*

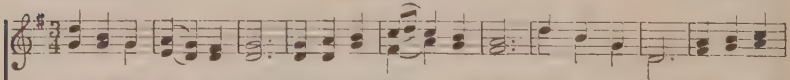


Sound forth the tidings, long, loud, and clear, Je-sus is coming, and soon will ap-pear;

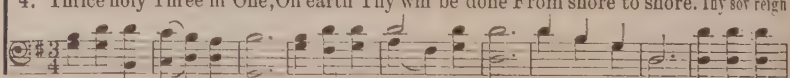
Music by permission S. Brainard's Sons Co.

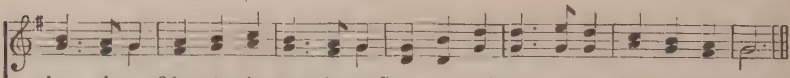
No. 87 Come, Thou Almighty King

C. WESLEY (ITALY, 6s 4s.) GIARDINI

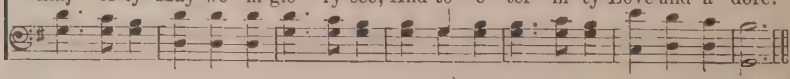


1. Come, Thou Almighty King, Help us Thy name to sing, Help us to praise. Father all-
2. Come, Thou incarnate Word, Gird on thy mighty sword, Our pray'r attend. Come and Thy
3. Come, holy Com-fort-er, Thy sacred wit - ness bear In this glad hour. Thou who al-
4. Thrice holy Three in One, On earth Thy will be done From shore to shore. Thy sov'reign



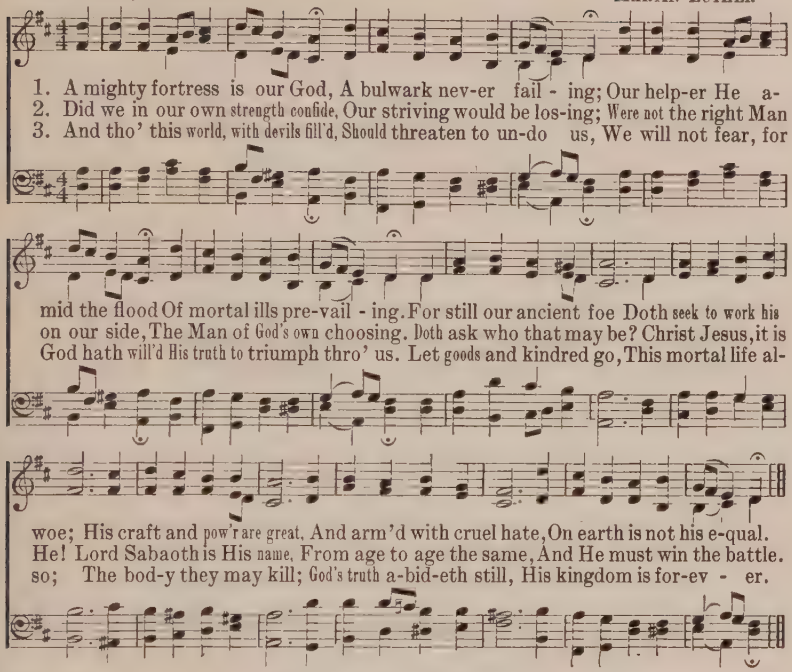


glo - ri-ous, O'er all vic-to - ri-ous, Come, and reign o-ver us, An-cient of Days.
peo-ple bless, And give Thy Word success; Spirit of ho - li-ness, On us de-scend.
might-y art, Rule now in ev-'ry heart, And ne'er from us depart, Spir-it of pow'r.
maj - es-ty May we in glo - ry see, And to e - ter - ni-ty Love and a - dore.



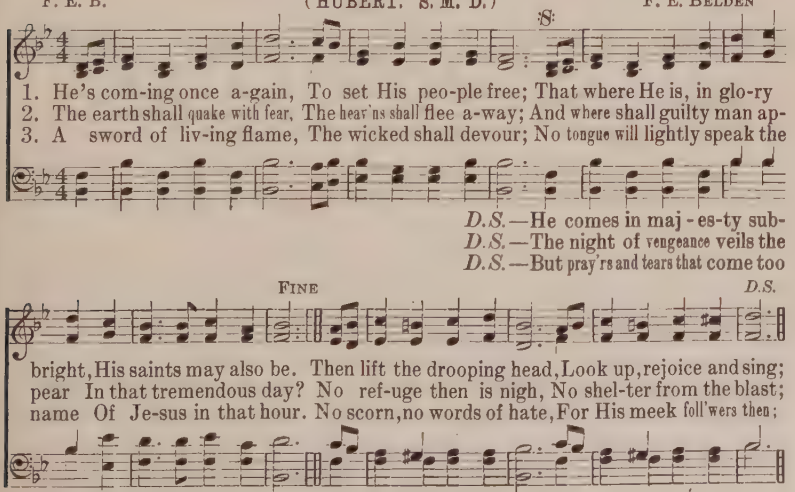
No. 88 A Mighty Fortress

M. L. Tr. by F. H. HEDGE — MARTIN LUTHER


1. A mighty fortress is our God, A bulwark nev-er fail - ing; Our help-er He a-
2. Did we in our own strength confide, Our striving would be los-ing; Were not the right Man
3. And tho' this world, with devils fill'd, Should threaten to un-do us, We will not fear, for
mid the flood Of mortal ills pre-vail - ing. For still our ancient foe Doth seek to work his
on our side, The Man of God's own choosing. Doth ask who that may be? Christ Jesus, it is
God hath will'd His truth to triumph thro' us. Let goods and kindred go, This mortal life al-
woe; His craft and pow'r are great, And arm'd with cruel hate, On earth is not his e-qual.
He! Lord Sabaoth is His name, From age to age the same, And He must win the battle.
so; The bod-y they may kill; God's truth a-bid-eth still, His kingdom is for-ev - er.

No. 89 Coming Once Again

F. E. B. — (HUBERT. S. M. D.) — F. E. BELDEN


S.
1. He's com-ing once a-gain, To set His peo-ple free; That where He is, in glo-ry
2. The earth shall quake with fear, The heav'ns shall flee a-way; And where shall guilty man ap-
3. A sword of liv-ing flame, The wicked shall devour; No tongue will lightly speak the
D.S.—He comes in maj - es-ty sub-
D.S.—The night of vengeance veils the
D.S.—But pray'rs and tears that come too
FINE
D.S.
bright, His saints may also be. Then lift the drooping head, Look up, rejoice and sing;
pear In that tremendous day? No ref-uge then is nigh, No shel-ter from the blast;
name Of Je-sus in that hour. No scorn, no words of hate, For His meek foll'wers then;
lime, Sal-va-tion's glorious King!
sky When mercy's day is past.
late, Shall mark earth's mighty men.

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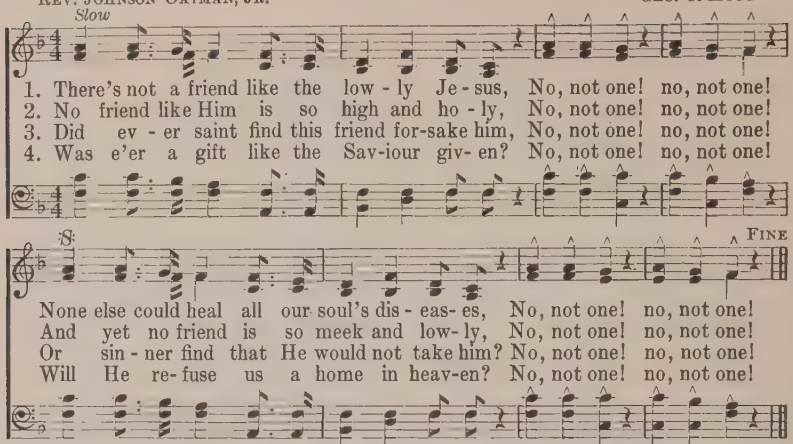
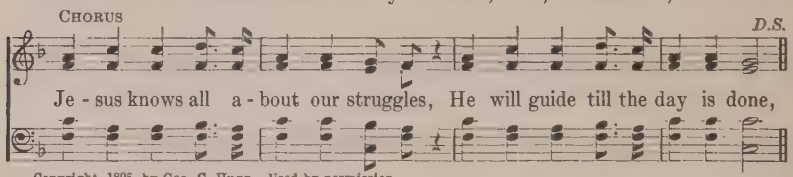
No. 90 No, Not One!

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. GEO. C. HUGG

Slow


1. There's not a friend like the low - ly Je - sus, No, not one! no, not one!
2. No friend like Him is so high and ho - ly, No, not one! no, not one!
3. Did ev - er saint find this friend for-sake him, No, not one! no, not one!
4. Was e'er a gift like the Sav-iour giv- en? No, not one! no, not one!
S.
FINE
None else could heal all our soul's dis - eas- es, No, not one! no, not one!
And yet no friend is so meek and low- ly, No, not one! no, not one!
Or sin - ner find that He would not take him? No, not one! no, not one!
Will He re- fuse us a home in heav-en? No, not one! no, not one!
D.S.–There's not a friend like the low - ly Je- sus, No, not one! no, not one!

CHORUS



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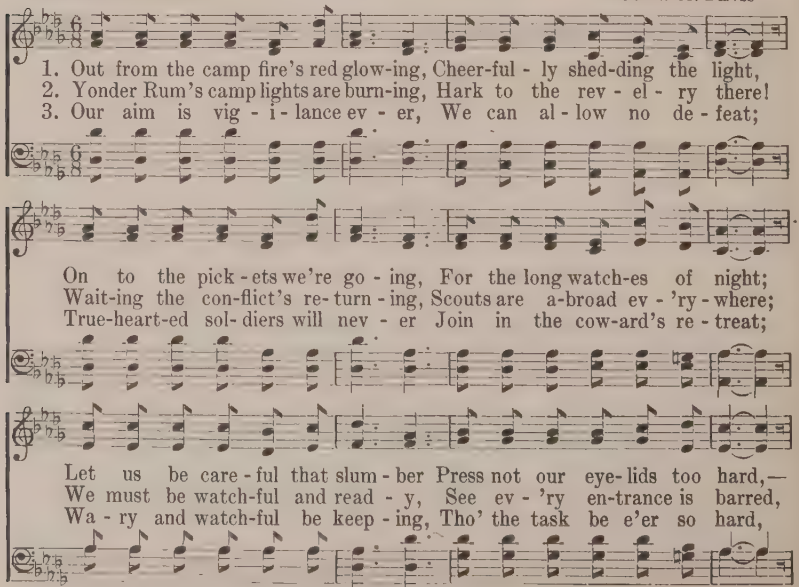
No. 91 Sleeping on Guard

ARTHUR W. FRENCH FRANK M. DAVIS


1. Out from the camp fire's red glow-ing, Cheer-ful - ly shed-ding the light,
2. Yonder Rum's camp lights are burn-ing, Hark to the rev - el - ry there!
3. Our aim is vig - i - lance ev - er, We can al - low no de - feat;
On to the pick - ets we're go - ing, For the long watch-es of night;
Wait-ing the con-flict's re- turn - ing, Scouts are a-broad ev - 'ry - where;
True-heart-ed sol- diers will nev - er Join in the cow-ard's re - treat;
Let us be care - ful that slum - ber Press not our eye- lids too hard,—
We must be watch-ful and read - y, See ev - 'ry en-trance is barred,
Wa - ry and watch-ful be keep - ing, Tho' the task be e'er so hard,

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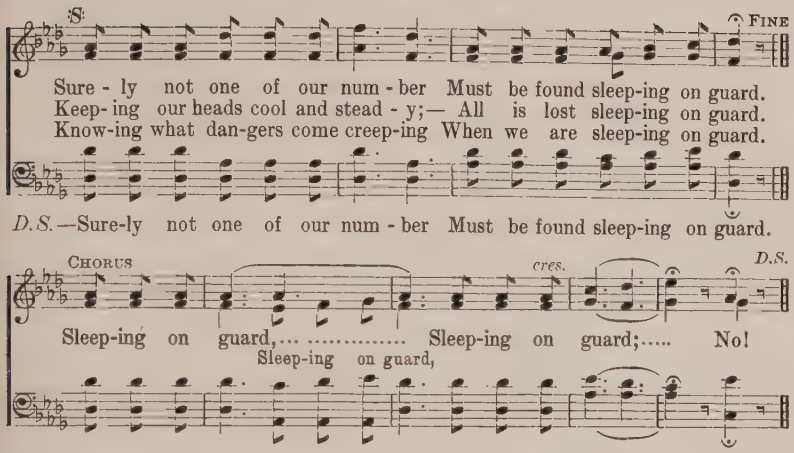
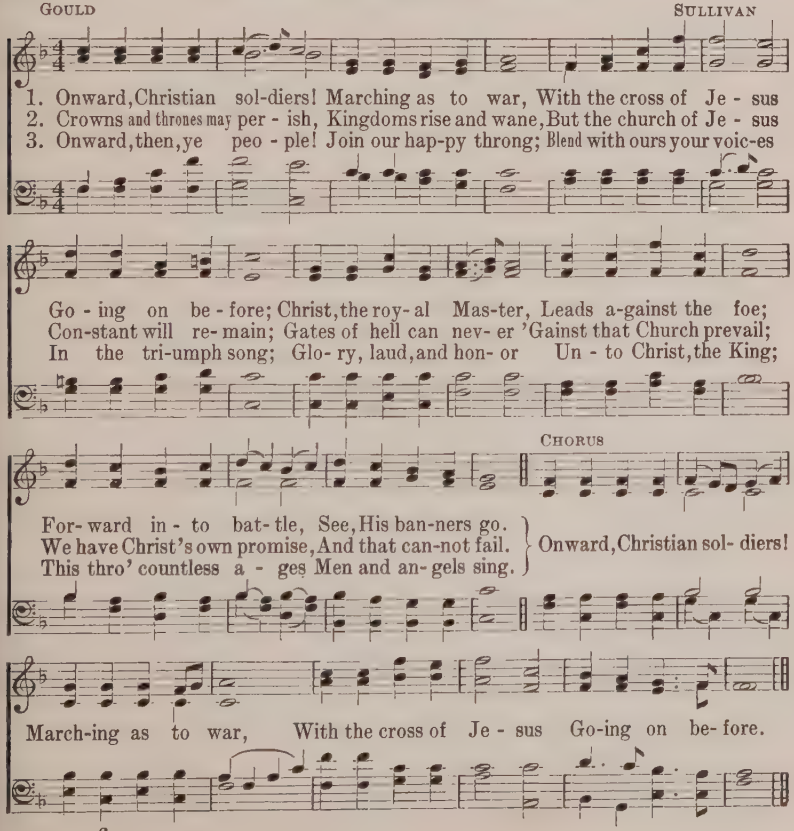
Sleeping on Guard—Concluded

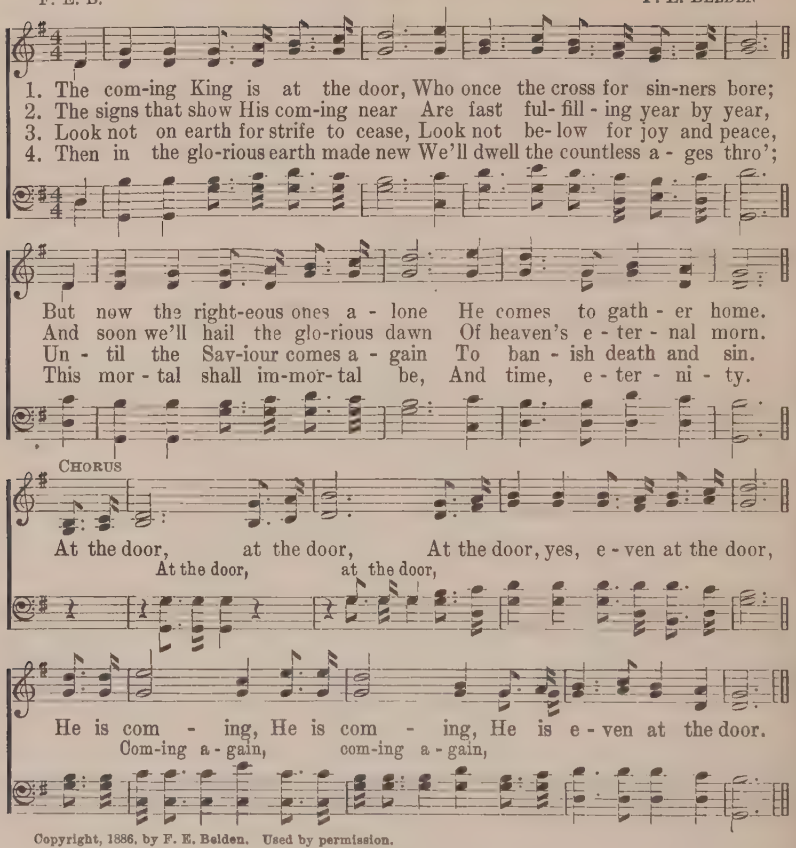

S.
FINE
Sure - ly not one of our num - ber Must be found sleep-ing on guard.
Keep- ing our heads cool and stead - y;— All is lost sleep-ing on guard.
Know-ing what dan-gers come creep-ing When we are sleep-ing on guard.
D.S.—Sure-ly not one of our num - ber Must be found sleep-ing on guard.
CHORUS
cres.
D.S.
Sleep-ing on guard,... ..... Sleep-ing on guard;..... No!
Sleep-ing on guard,

No. 92 Onward, Christian Soldiers!


GOULD
SULLIVAN
1. Onward, Christian sol-diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus
2. Crowns and thrones may per - ish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the church of Je - sus
3. Onward, then, ye peo - ple! Join our hap-py throng; Blend with ours your voic-es
Go - ing on be - fore; Christ, the roy- al Mas-ter, Leads a-gainst the foe;
Con-stant will re- main; Gates of hell can nev- er 'Gainst that Church prevail;
In the tri-umph song; Glo- ry, laud, and hon- or Un - to Christ, the King;
CHORUS
For- ward in - to bat- tle, See, His ban-ners go.
We have Christ's own promise, And that can-not fail.
This thro' countless a - ges Men and an- gels sing.
Onward, Christian sol- diers!
March-ing as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go-ing on be- fore.

No. 93 Even at the Door

F. E. B. F. E. BELDEN


1. The com-ing King is at the door, Who once the cross for sin-ners bore;
2. The signs that show His com-ing near Are fast ful-fill-ing year by year,
3. Look not on earth for strife to cease, Look not be-low for joy and peace,
4. Then in the glo-rious earth made new We'll dwell the countless a-ges thro';
But now the right-eous ones a-lone He comes to gath-er home.
And soon we'll hail the glo-rious dawn Of heaven's e-ter-nal morn.
Un-til the Sav-iour comes a-gain To ban-ish death and sin.
This mor-tal shall im-mor-tal be, And time, e-ter-ni-ty.
CHORUS
At the door, at the door, At the door, yes, e-ven at the door,
At the door, at the door,
He is com-ing, He is com-ing, He is e-ven at the door.
Com-ing a-gain, com-ing a-gain,

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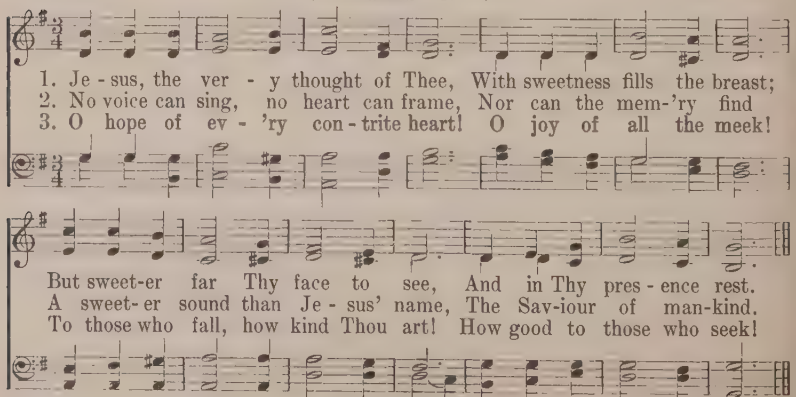
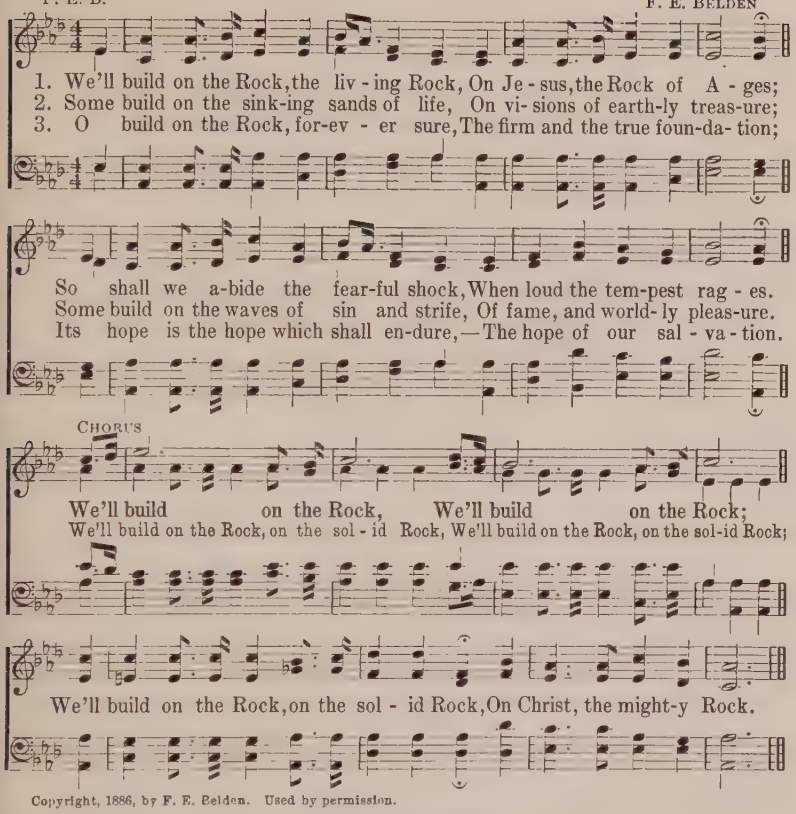
No. 94 The Thought of Thee

BERNARD (ST. AGNES. C. M.) J. B. DYKES


1. Je-sus, the ver-y thought of Thee, With sweetness fills the breast;
2. No voice can sing, no heart can frame, Nor can the mem-'ry find
3. O hope of ev-'ry con-trite heart! O joy of all the meek!
But sweet-er far Thy face to see, And in Thy pres-ence rest.
A sweet-er sound than Je-sus' name, The Sav-iour of man-kind.
To those who fall, how kind Thou art! How good to those who seek!

No. 95 Build on the Rock

F. E. B. F. E. Belden

1. We'll build on the Rock, the liv - ing Rock, On Je - sus, the Rock of A - ges;
2. Some build on the sink-ing sands of life, On vi - sions of earth-ly treas-ure;
3. O build on the Rock, for-ev - er sure, The firm and the true foun-da- tion;
So shall we a-bide the fear-ful shock, When loud the tem-pest rag - es.
Some build on the waves of sin and strife, Of fame, and world- ly pleas-ure.
Its hope is the hope which shall en-dure,—The hope of our sal - va - tion.
Chorus
We'll build on the Rock, We'll build on the Rock;
We'll build on the Rock, on the sol - id Rock, We'll build on the Rock, on the sol-id Rock;
We'll build on the Rock, on the sol - id Rock, On Christ, the might-y Rock.

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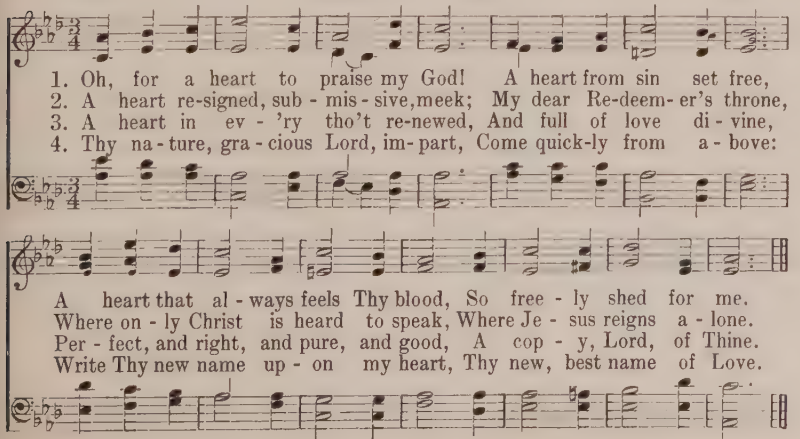
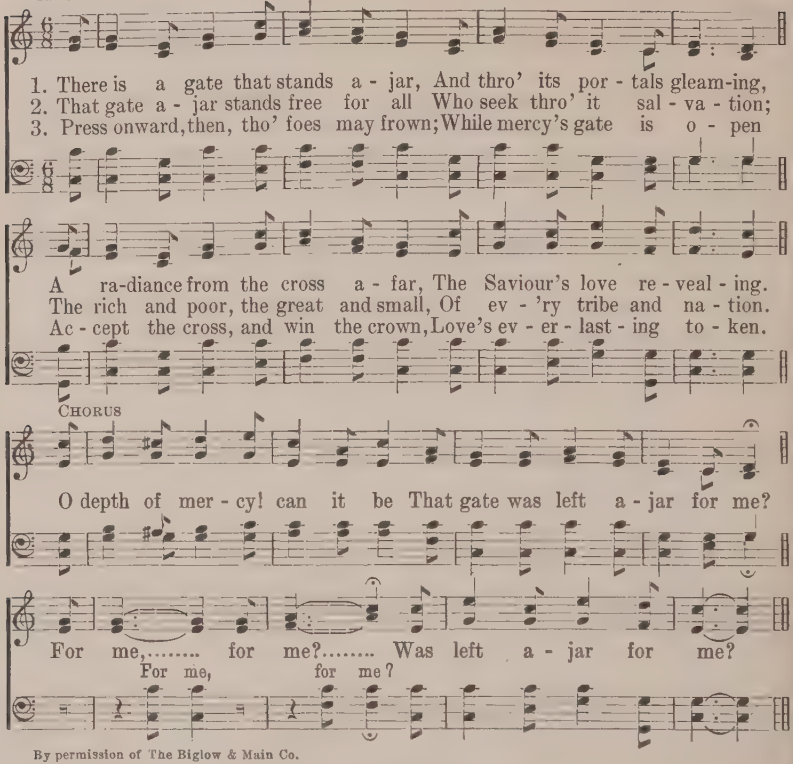
No. 96 A Heart of Praise

C. Wesley (BEATITUDO. C. M.) J. B Dykes


1. Oh, for a heart to praise my God! A heart from sin set free,
2. A heart re-signed, sub - mis - sive, meek; My dear Re-deem- er's throne,
3. A heart in ev - 'ry tho't re-newed, And full of love di - vine,
4. Thy na - ture, gra - cious Lord, im - part, Come quick-ly from a - bove:
A heart that al - ways feels Thy blood, So free - ly shed for me.
Where on - ly Christ is heard to speak, Where Je - sus reigns a - lone.
Per - fect, and right, and pure, and good, A cop - y, Lord, of Thine.
Write Thy new name up - on my heart, Thy new, best name of Love.

No. 97 The Gate Ajar for Me

MRS. LYDIA BAXTER S. J. VAIL


1. There is a gate that stands a - jar, And thro' its por - tals gleam-ing,
2. That gate a - jar stands free for all Who seek thro' it sal - va - tion;
3. Press onward, then, tho' foes may frown; While mercy's gate is o - pen
A ra-diance from the cross a - far, The Saviour's love re - veal - ing.
The rich and poor, the great and small, Of ev - 'ry tribe and na - tion.
Ac - cept the cross, and win the crown, Love's ev - er - last - ing to - ken.
CHORUS
O depth of mer - cy! can it be That gate was left a - jar for me?
For me,..... for me?..... Was left a - jar for me?
For me, for me?

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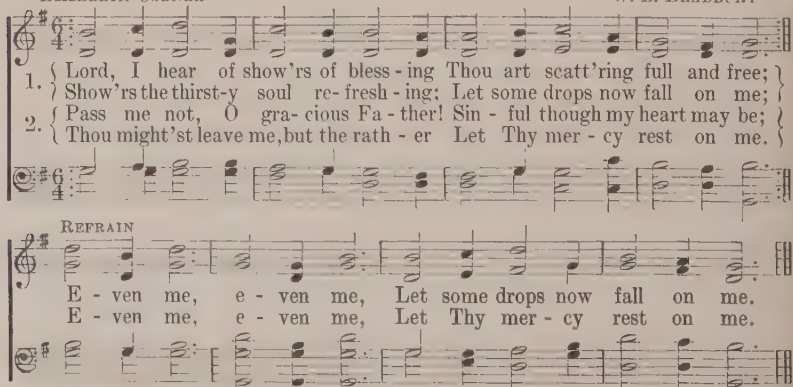
No. 98 Even Me

ELIZABETH CODNER W. B. BRADBURY


1. Lord, I hear of show'rs of bless - ing Thou art scatt'ring full and free;
Show'rs the thirst-y soul re- fresh - ing; Let some drops now fall on me;
2. Pass me not, O gra- cious Fa - ther! Sin - ful though my heart may be;
Thou might'st leave me, but the rath - er Let Thy mer - cy rest on me.
REFRAIN
E - ven me, e - ven me, Let some drops now fall on me.
E - ven me, e - ven me, Let Thy mer - cy rest on me.

3 Have I long in sin been sleeping?
Long been slighting, grieving Thee?
Has the world my heart been keeping?
O forgive and rescue me!

4 Pass me not, O Holy Spirit!
Thou canst make the blind to see;
Testify of Jesus' merit,
Speak the word of peace to me.

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No. 99 Revive Us Again

"O Lord, revive Thy work."—Hab. 3: 2

WM. PATON MACKAY — Arr. from the English

1. We praise Thee, O God, for the Son of Thy love,—For Je - sus who died, and is now gone a - bove.
2. We praise Thee, O God, for Thy Spir - it of light, Who has shown us our Sav - iour, and scattered our night.
3. All glo - ry and praise to the Lamb that was slain, Who has borne all our sins and has cleans'd ev-'ry stain.
4. All glo - ry and praise to the God of all grace, Who has bought us, and sought us, and guid - ed our ways.
5. Re - vive us a - gain; fill each heart with Thy love; May each soul be re - kin - dled with fire from a - bove.

CHORUS

Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glo-ry, Hal - le - lu - jah! a - men; Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glo-ry, Re - vive us a - gain.

No. 100 The Solid Rock

REV. EDWARD MOTE — (L. M. 6l.) — WM. B. BRADBURY

1. My hope is built on nothing less Than Je-sus' blood and righteousness; I dare not trust the sweet-est frame, But wholly lean on Jesus' name.
2. When darkness seems to veil His face, I rest on His un-changing grace; In ev - 'ry high and stormy gale, My anchor holds within the veil.
3. His oath, His cov - e- nant, and blood, Support me in the whelming flood; When all around my soul gives way, He then is all my hope and stay.
4. When He shall come with trumpet sound, O may I then in Him be found; Clad in His righteousness a-lone, Faultless to stand be-fore the throne.

REFRAIN

On Christ, the sol-id Rock, I stand; All other ground is sinking sand, All oth- er ground is sinking sand.

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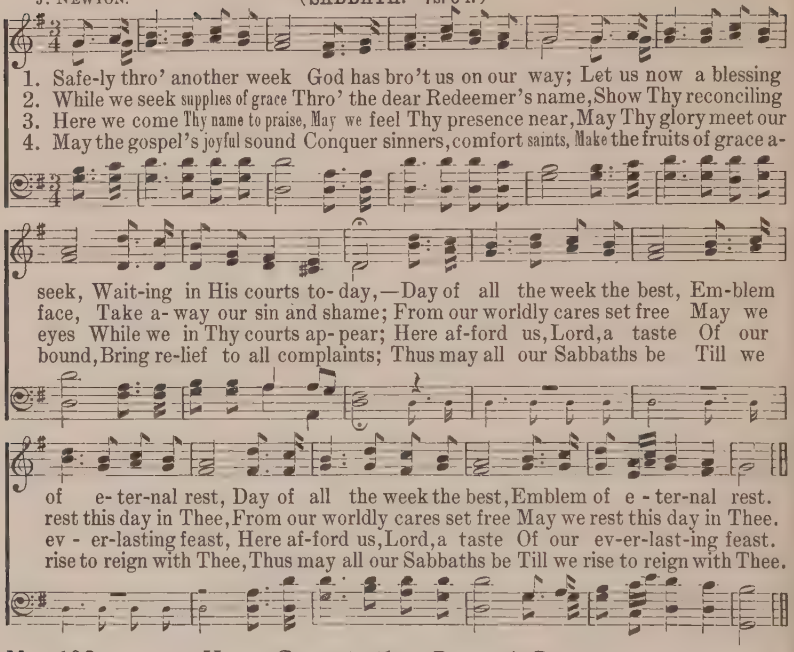
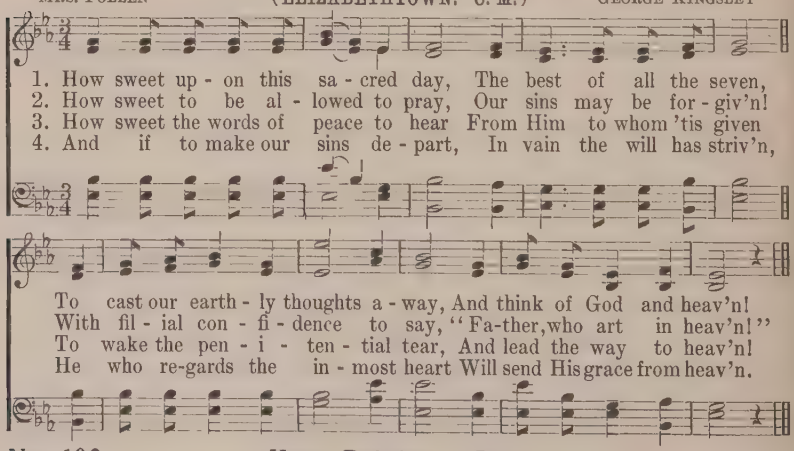
No. 101 Safely Through Another Week

J. NEWTON. (SABBATH. 7s. 6 l.) L. MASON


1. Safe-ly thro' another week God has bro't us on our way; Let us now a blessing
2. While we seek supplies of grace Thro' the dear Redeemer's name, Show Thy reconciling
3. Here we come Thy name to praise, May we feel Thy presence near, May Thy glory meet our
4. May the gospel's joyful sound Conquer sinners, comfort saints, Make the fruits of grace a-
seek, Wait-ing in His courts to-day,—Day of all the week the best, Em-blem
face, Take a-way our sin and shame; From our worldly cares set free May we
eyes While we in Thy courts ap-pear; Here af-ford us, Lord, a taste Of our
bound, Bring re-lief to all complaints; Thus may all our Sabbaths be Till we
of e-ter-nal rest, Day of all the week the best, Emblem of e-ter-nal rest.
rest this day in Thee, From our worldly cares set free May we rest this day in Thee.
ev-er-lasting feast, Here af-ford us, Lord, a taste Of our ev-er-last-ing feast.
rise to reign with Thee, Thus may all our Sabbaths be Till we rise to reign with Thee.

No. 102 How Sweet the Sacred Day

MRS. FOLLEN (ELIZABETHTOWN. C. M.) GEORGE KINGSLEY


1. How sweet up-on this sa-cred day, The best of all the seven,
2. How sweet to be al-lowed to pray, Our sins may be for-giv'n!
3. How sweet the words of peace to hear From Him to whom 'tis given
4. And if to make our sins de-part, In vain the will has striv'n,
To cast our earth-ly thoughts a-way, And think of God and heav'n!
With fil-ial con-fi-dence to say, "Fa-ther, who art in heav'n!"
To wake the pen-i-ten-tial tear, And lead the way to heav'n!
He who re-gards the in-most heart Will send His grace from heav'n.

No. 103 How Bright a Day

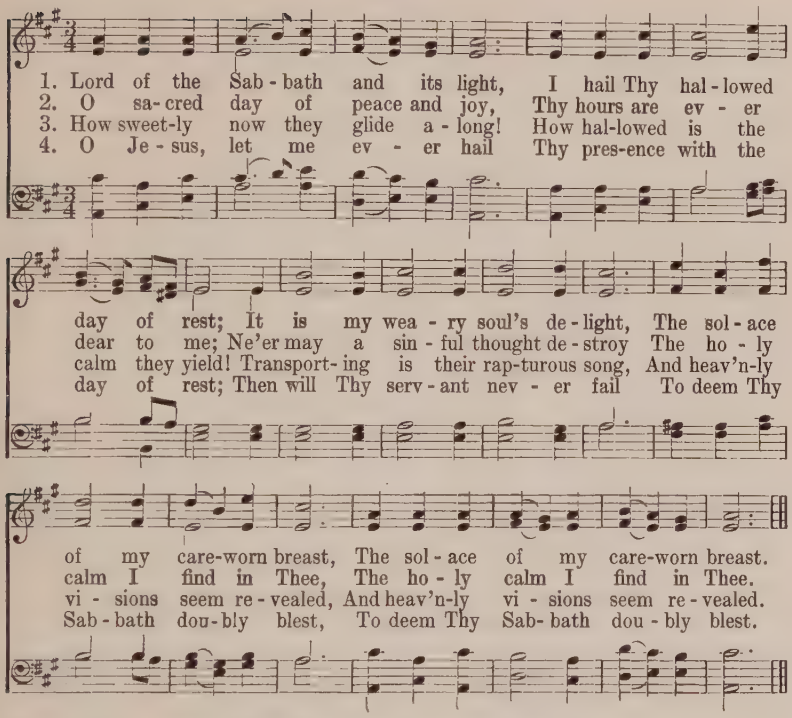
1 How bright a day was that which saw
Creation's work complete!
All nature owned her Maker's law,
And worshiped at His feet.

2 O Lord, bring back the reign of peace,
Let brighter days begin;
And teach vain creatures how to cease
From folly and from sin.

3 Let sinners be again made Thine,
Though once with vengeance cursed;
And let the holy Sabbath shine,
As glorious as at first. ANON.

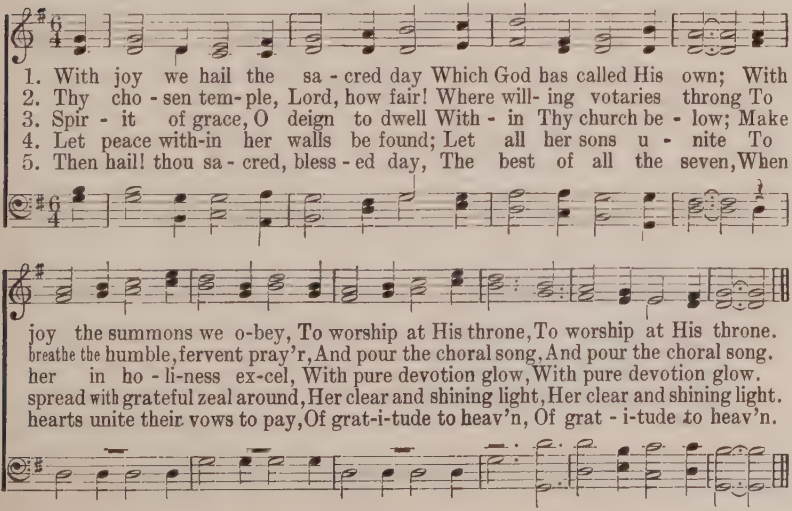
No. 104 Lord of the Sabbath

ANON. (PARK STREET. L. M.) FREDERICK M. A. VENNA


1. Lord of the Sab - bath and its light, I hail Thy hal - lowed day of rest; It is my wea - ry soul's de - light, The sol - ace of my care-worn breast,
2. O sa-cred day of peace and joy, Thy hours are ev - er dear to me; Ne'er may a sin - ful thought de - stroy The ho - ly calm I find in Thee,
3. How sweet-ly now they glide a - long! How hal-lowed is the calm they yield! Transport- ing is their rap-turous song, And heav'n-ly vi - sions seem re - vealed,
4. O Je - sus, let me ev - er hail Thy pres-ence with the day of rest; Then will Thy serv - ant nev - er fail To deem Thy Sab - bath dou - bly blest,

No. 105 We Hail the Sacred Day

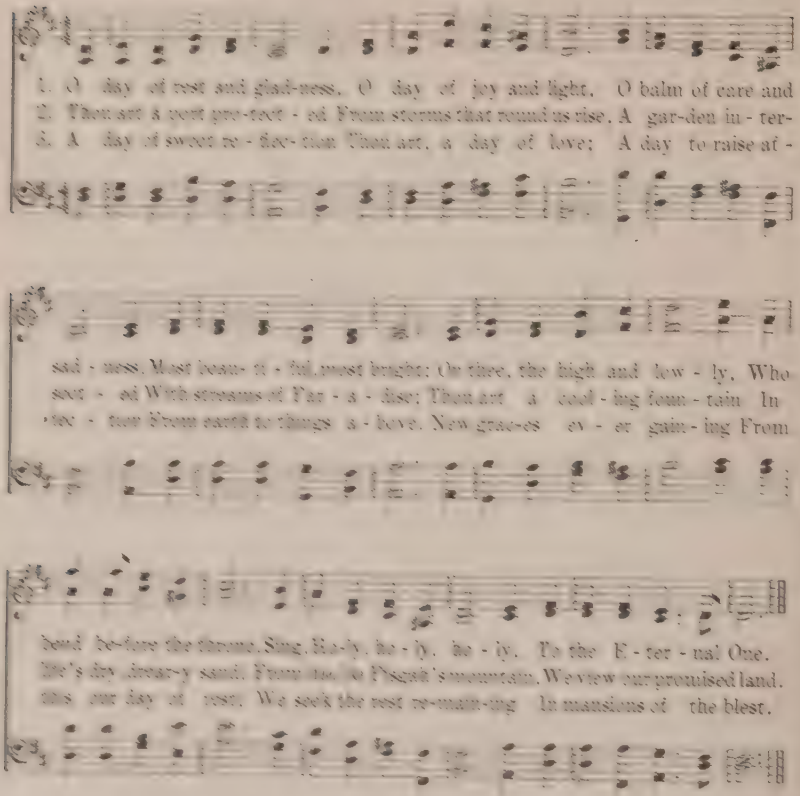
HENRY F. LYTE (HERBERT. C. M.) LOWELL MASON


1. With joy we hail the sa - cred day Which God has called His own; With joy the summons we o-bey, To worship at His throne, To worship at His throne.
2. Thy cho - sen tem-ple, Lord, how fair! Where will- ing votaries throng To breathe the humble, fervent pray'r, And pour the choral song, And pour the choral song.
3. Spir - it of grace, O deign to dwell With - in Thy church be - low; Make her in ho - li-ness ex-cel, With pure devotion glow, With pure devotion glow.
4. Let peace with-in her walls be found; Let all her sons u - nite To spread with grateful zeal around, Her clear and shining light, Her clear and shining light.
5. Then hail! thou sa - cred, bless - ed day, The best of all the seven, When hearts unite their vows to pay, Of grat-i-tude to heav'n, Of grat - i-tude to heav'n.

No. 106 O Day of Rest and Gladness

(EWING. 7s & 6s. D.)

CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH — ALEX. EWING


1. O day of rest and glad-ness, O day of joy and light, O balm of care and
2. Thou art a quiet pre-cinct - ed From storms that round us rise, A gar-den in - ter-
3. A day of sweet re - flec-tion Thou art, a day of love; A day to raise af -
sad - ness, Most beau- ti - ful, most bright: On thee, the high and low - ly, Who
sect - ed With streams of Par - a - dise; Thou art a cool - ing foun - tain In
flec - tion From earth to things a - bove. New grac-es ev - er gain - ing From
bend be-fore the throne, Sing Ho-ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, To the E - ter - nal One.
life's dry dreary sand, From thee, as Pisgah's mountain, We view our promised land.
this our day of rest, We seek the rest re-main-ing In mansions of the blest.

No. 107 Jerusalem, the Golden

1 Jerusalem, the golden,
With milk and honey blest,
Beneath thy contemplation
Sick heart and voice confessed:
I know not, O I know not
What joys await us there;
What radiancy of glory,
What bliss beyond compare.

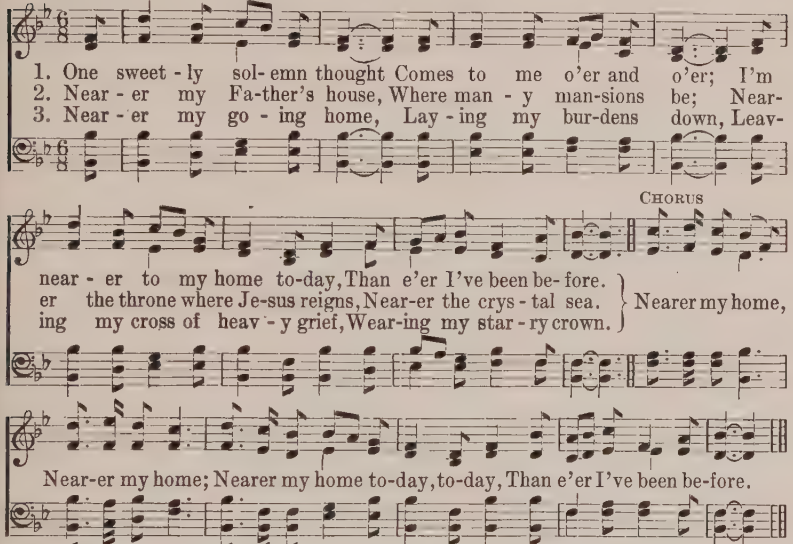
2 There's the throne of David,
And there, from care released,
The song of them that triumph,
The shout of them that feast;
And they who with their Leader,
Have conquered in the fight,
Forever and forever
Are clad in robes of white.

3 O sweet and blessed country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessed country,
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
Who art with God the Father,
And Spirit ever blest.

No. 108 One Sweetly Solemn Thought

"Now they desire a better country, that is, an heavenly."—Heb. 11 : 16

PHŒBE CARY PHILIP PHILLIPS


1. One sweet - ly sol- emn thought Comes to me o'er and o'er; I'm
2. Near - er my Fa-ther's house, Where man - y man-sions be; Near-
3. Near - er my go - ing home, Lay - ing my bur-dens down, Leav-
CHORUS
near - er to my home to-day, Than e'er I've been be- fore.
er the throne where Je-sus reigns, Near-er the crys - tal sea.
ing my cross of heav - y grief, Wear-ing my star - ry crown.
Nearer my home,
Near-er my home; Nearer my home to-day, to-day, Than e'er I've been be-fore.

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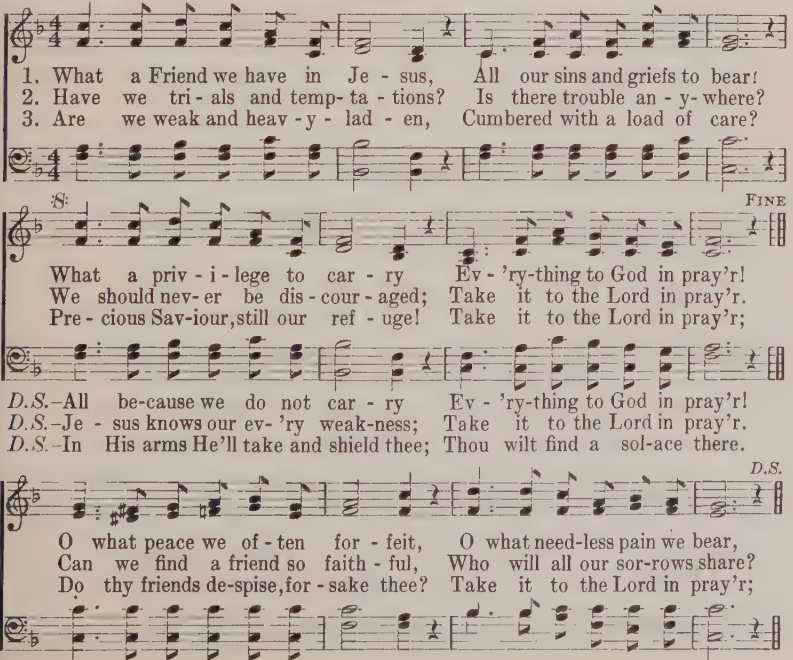
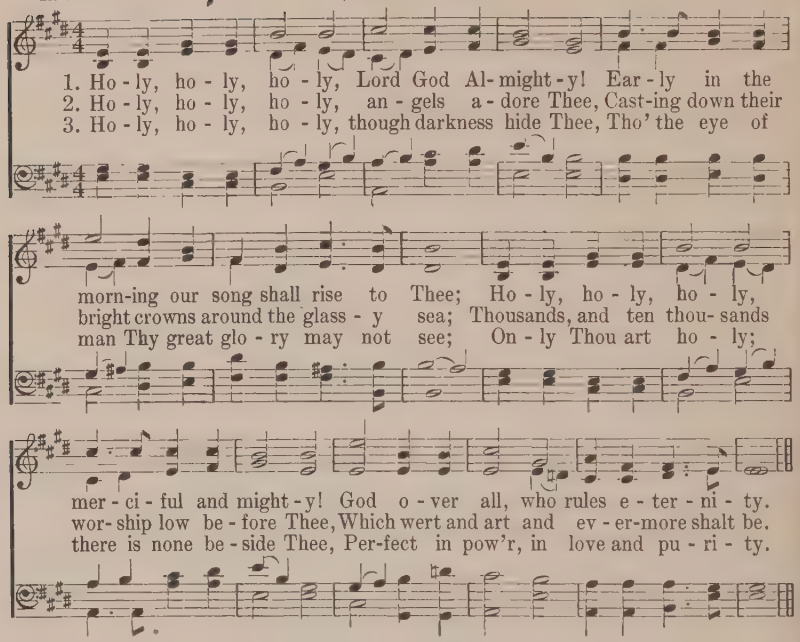
No. 109 What a Friend We Have in Jesus

HORATIUS BONAR (CONVERSE. 8s & 7s. D.) C. C. CONVERSE


1. What a Friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear!
2. Have we tri - als and temp- ta - tions? Is there trouble an - y- where?
3. Are we weak and heav - y - lad - en, Cumbered with a load of care?
S.
FINE
What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to God in pray'r!
We should nev- er be dis - cour - aged; Take it to the Lord in pray'r.
Pre - cious Sav-iour, still our ref - uge! Take it to the Lord in pray'r;
D.S.—All be-cause we do not car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to God in pray'r!
D.S.—Je - sus knows our ev- 'ry weak-ness; Take it to the Lord in pray'r.
D.S.—In His arms He'll take and shield thee; Thou wilt find a sol-ace there.
D.S.
O what peace we of - ten for - feit, O what need-less pain we bear,
Can we find a friend so faith - ful, Who will all our sor-rows share?
Do thy friends de-spise, for - sake thee? Take it to the Lord in pray'r;

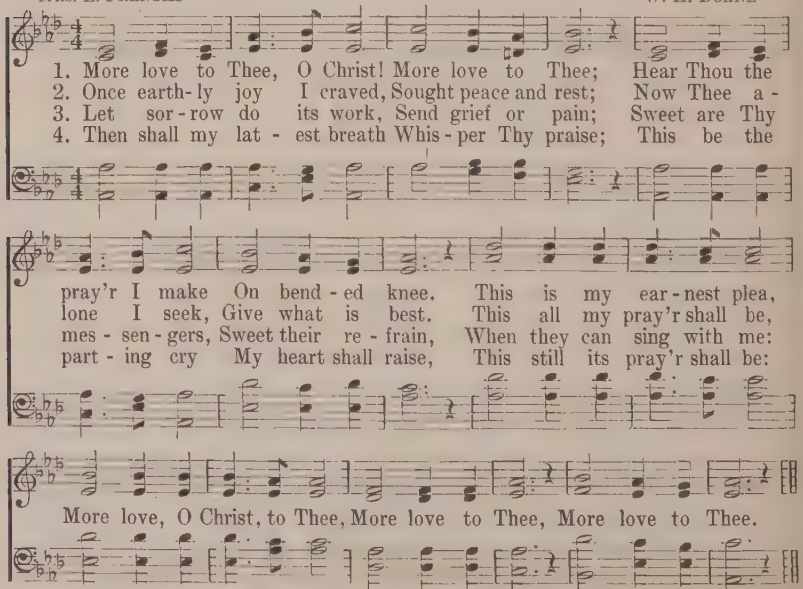
No. 110 Holy, Holy, Holy

R. HEBER (NICÆA. P. M.) JOHN B. DYKES


1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God Al- might - y! Ear - ly in the
2. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, an - gels a - dore Thee, Cast-ing down their
3. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, though darkness hide Thee, Tho' the eye of
morn-ing our song shall rise to Thee; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly,
bright crowns around the glass - y sea; Thousands, and ten thou- sands
man Thy great glo - ry may not see; On - ly Thou art ho - ly;
mer - ci - ful and might - y! God o - ver all, who rules e - ter - ni - ty.
wor- ship low be - fore Thee, Which wert and art and ev - er-more shalt be.
there is none be - side Thee, Per-fect in pow'r, in love and pu - ri - ty.

No. 111 More Love to Thee

MRS. E. PRENTISS W. H. DOANE


1. More love to Thee, O Christ! More love to Thee; Hear Thou the
2. Once earth- ly joy I craved, Sought peace and rest; Now Thee a -
3. Let sor - row do its work, Send grief or pain; Sweet are Thy
4. Then shall my lat - est breath Whis - per Thy praise; This be the
pray'r I make On bend - ed knee. This is my ear - nest plea,
lone I seek, Give what is best. This all my pray'r shall be,
mes - sen - gers, Sweet their re - frain, When they can sing with me:
part - ing cry My heart shall raise, This still its pray'r shall be:
More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee, More love to Thee.

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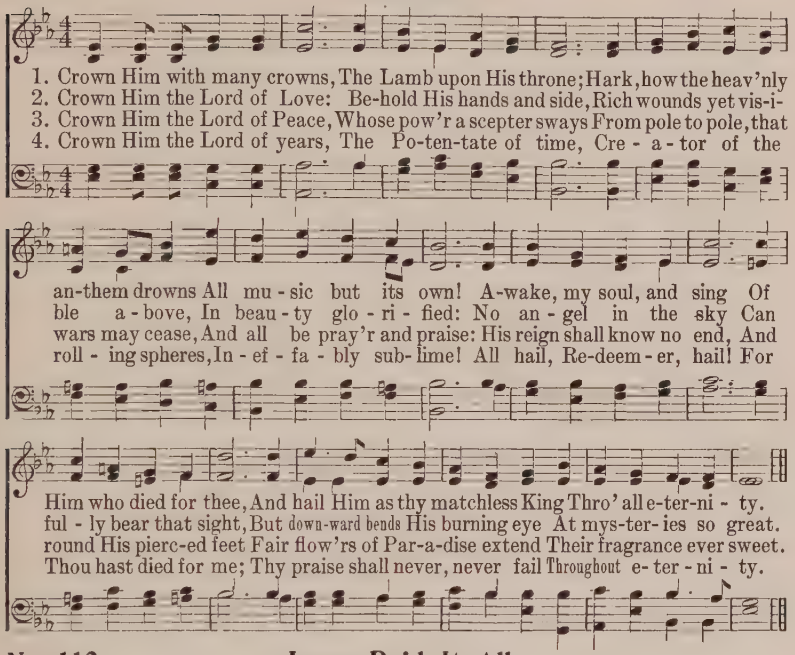
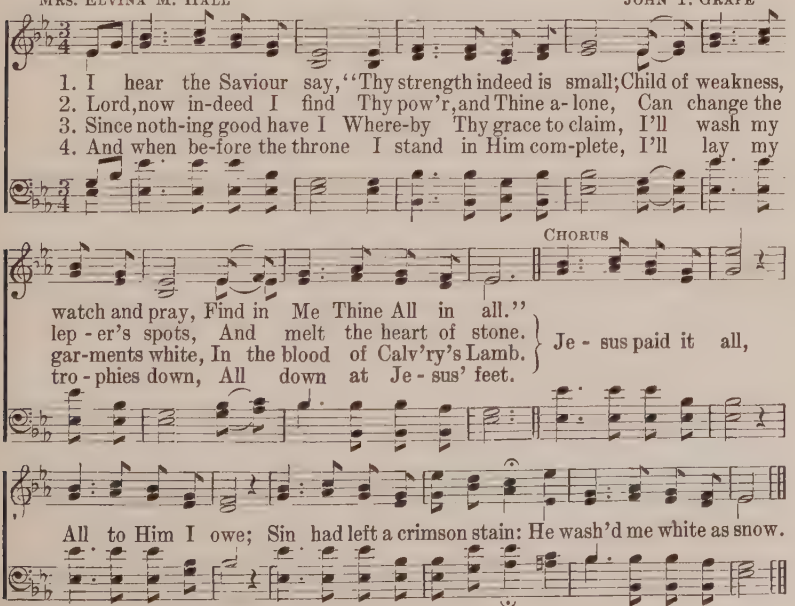
No. 112 Crown Him With Many Crowns

M. BRIDGES (DIADEMATA.) G. J. ELVEY


1. Crown Him with many crowns, The Lamb upon His throne; Hark, how the heav'nly
2. Crown Him the Lord of Love: Be-hold His hands and side, Rich wounds yet vis-i-
3. Crown Him the Lord of Peace, Whose pow'r a scepter sways From pole to pole, that
4. Crown Him the Lord of years, The Po-ten-tate of time, Cre - a - tor of the
an-them drowns All mu - sic but its own! A-wake, my soul, and sing Of
ble a - bove, In beau - ty glo - ri - fied: No an - gel in the sky Can
wars may cease, And all be pray'r and praise: His reign shall know no end, And
roll - ing spheres, In - ef - fa - bly sub - lime! All hail, Re-deem - er, hail! For
Him who died for thee, And hail Him as thy matchless King Thro' all e-ter-ni - ty.
ful - ly bear that sight, But down-ward bends His burning eye At mys-ter-ies so great.
round His pierc-ed feet Fair flow'rs of Par-a-dise extend Their fragrance ever sweet.
Thou hast died for me; Thy praise shall never, never fail Throughout e - ter - ni - ty.

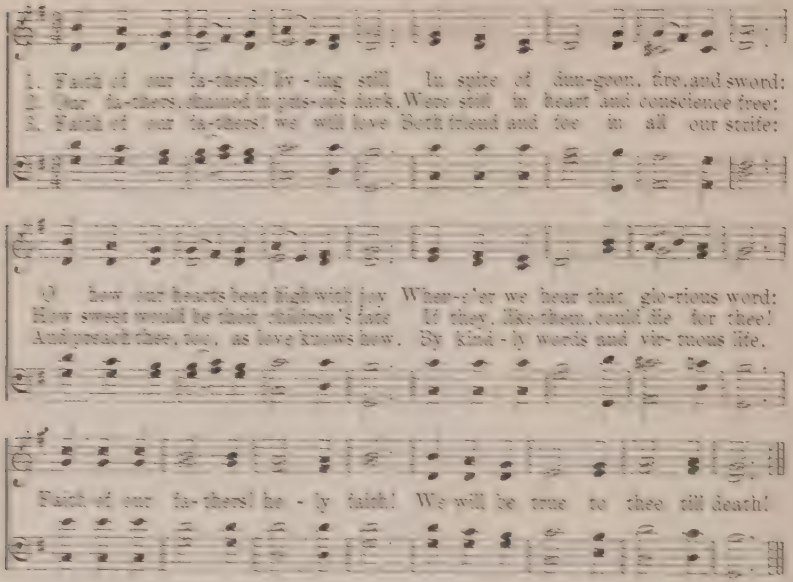
No. 113 Jesus Paid It All

MRS. ELVINA M. HALL JOHN T. GRAPE


1. I hear the Saviour say, "Thy strength indeed is small; Child of weakness,
2. Lord, now in-deed I find Thy pow'r, and Thine a - lone, Can change the
3. Since noth-ing good have I Where-by Thy grace to claim, I'll wash my
4. And when be-fore the throne I stand in Him com-plete, I'll lay my
CHORUS
watch and pray, Find in Me Thine All in all."
lep - er's spots, And melt the heart of stone.
gar-ments white, In the blood of Calv'ry's Lamb.
tro - phies down, All down at Je - sus' feet.
Je - sus paid it all,
All to Him I owe; Sin had left a crimson stain: He wash'd me white as snow.

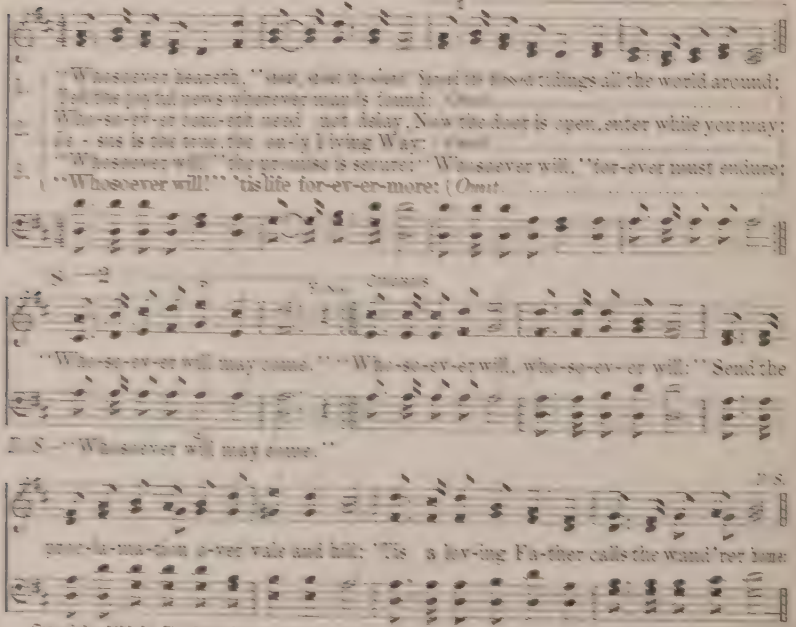
No. 114 Faith of Our Fathers

F. W. FABER (ST. CATHERINE. L. M. 6 l.) H. F. HEMY, alt.


1. Faith of our fa-thers! liv-ing still In spite of dun-geon, fire, and sword:
2. Our fa-thers, chained in pris-ons dark, Were still in heart and conscience free:
3. Faith of our fa-thers! we will love Both friend and foe in all our strife:
O how our hearts beat high with joy When-e'er we hear that glo-rious word:
How sweet would be their children's fate If they, like them, could die for thee!
And preach thee, too, as love knows how, By kind-ly words and vir-tuous life.
Faith of our fa-thers! ho-ly faith! We will be true to thee till death!

No. 115 "Whosoever Will"

P. P. B. P. P. BLISS


1. "Whosoever heareth," "whosoever will," Send the proclamation on;
2. Tell the joyful news wherever man is found; "Whosoever will," may come."
3. Whoso-ev-er cometh need not delay, Now the door is open, enter while you may;
4. Je - sus is the true, the on-ly living Way; "Whosoever will," may come."
5. "Whosoever will," the promise is secure; "Whosoever will," "for-ever" must endure;
"Whosoever will!" 'tis life for-ev-er-more! Omit
"Whoso-ev-er will may come." "Whoso-ev-er will, whoso-ev-er will:" Send the
D. S.—"Whosoever will may come."
proc-la-ma-tion o-ver vale and hill: 'Tis a lov-ing Fa-ther calls the wand'rer home:

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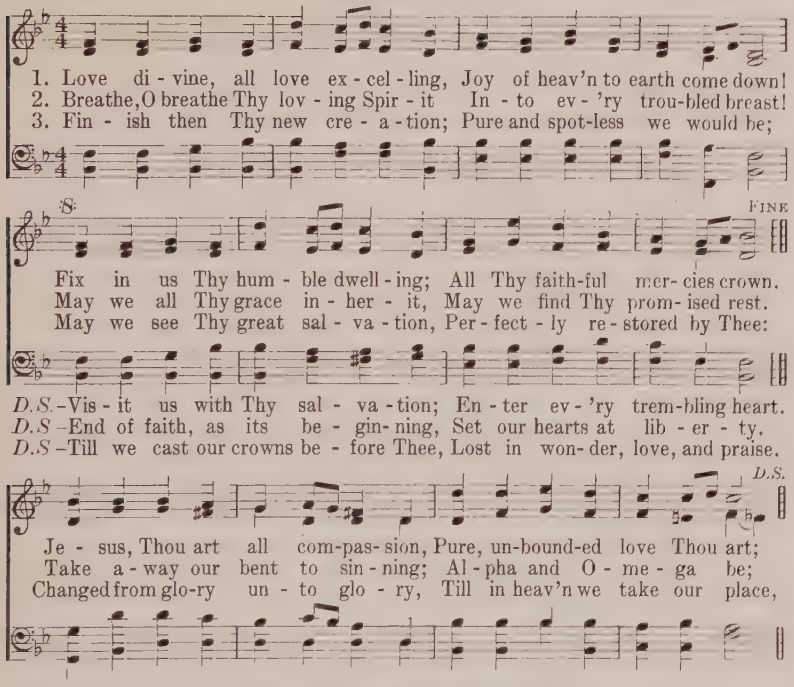
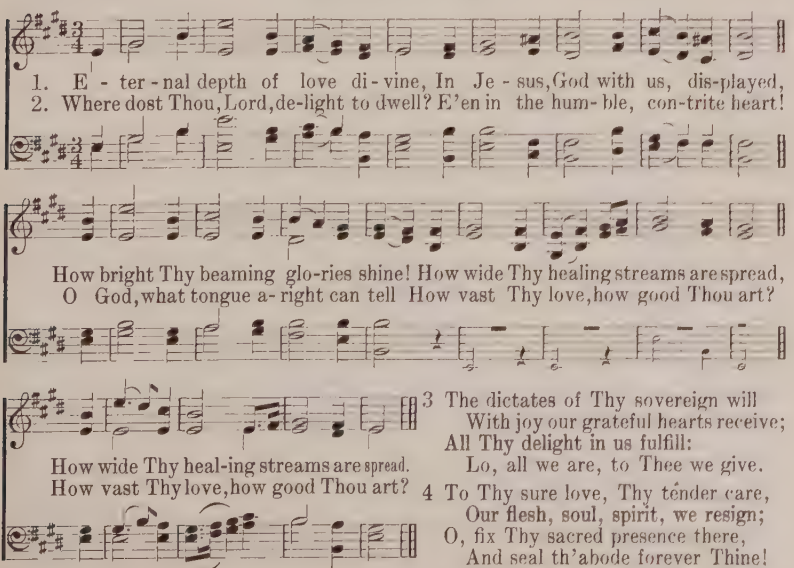
No. 116 Love Divine

C. Wesley (BEECHER. 8s 7s, D.) John Zundel


1. Love di - vine, all love ex - cel - ling, Joy of heav'n to earth come down!
2. Breathe, O breathe Thy lov - ing Spir - it In - to ev - 'ry trou-bled breast!
3. Fin - ish then Thy new cre - a - tion; Pure and spot-less we would be;
8
FINE
Fix in us Thy hum - ble dwell - ing; All Thy faith-ful mer - cies crown.
May we all Thy grace in - her - it, May we find Thy prom - ised rest.
May we see Thy great sal - va - tion, Per - fect - ly re - stored by Thee:
D.S.–Vis - it us with Thy sal - va - tion; En - ter ev - 'ry trem-bling heart.
D.S.–End of faith, as its be - gin-ning, Set our hearts at lib - er - ty.
D.S.–Till we cast our crowns be - fore Thee, Lost in won-der, love, and praise.
D.S.
Je - sus, Thou art all com-pas - sion, Pure, un-bound-ed love Thou art;
Take a - way our bent to sin - ning; Al - pha and O - me - ga be;
Changed from glo-ry un - to glo - ry, Till in heav'n we take our place,

No. 117 Eternal Depth of Love

Zinzendorf (ROTHWELL. L. M.) W. Tansur

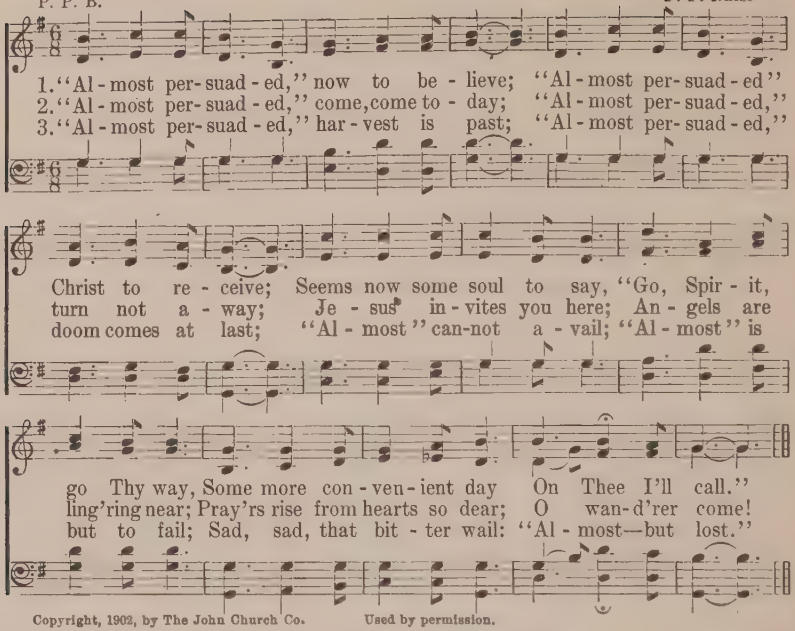

1. E - ter - nal depth of love di - vine, In Je - sus, God with us, dis-played,
2. Where dost Thou, Lord, de-light to dwell? E'en in the hum - ble, con-trite heart!
How bright Thy beaming glo-ries shine! How wide Thy healing streams are spread,
O God, what tongue a-right can tell How vast Thy love, how good Thou art?
How wide Thy heal-ing streams are spread.
How vast Thy love, how good Thou art?

3 The dictates of Thy sovereign will
With joy our grateful hearts receive;
All Thy delight in us fulfill:
Lo, all we are, to Thee we give.

4 To Thy sure love, Thy tender care,
Our flesh, soul, spirit, we resign;
O, fix Thy sacred presence there,
And seal th'abode forever Thine!

No. 118 Almost Persuaded

P. P. B. P. P. BLISS


1. "Al - most per - suad - ed," now to be - lieve; "Al - most per - suad - ed"
2. "Al - most per - suad - ed," come, come to - day; "Al - most per - suad - ed,"
3. "Al - most per - suad - ed," har - vest is past; "Al - most per - suad - ed,"
Christ to re - ceive; Seems now some soul to say, "Go, Spir - it,
turn not a - way; Je - sus in - vites you here; An - gels are
doom comes at last; "Al - most" can-not a - vail; "Al - most" is
go Thy way, Some more con - ven - ient day On Thee I'll call."
ling'ring near; Pray'rs rise from hearts so dear; O wan - d'rer come!
but to fail; Sad, sad, that bit - ter wail: "Al - most—but lost."

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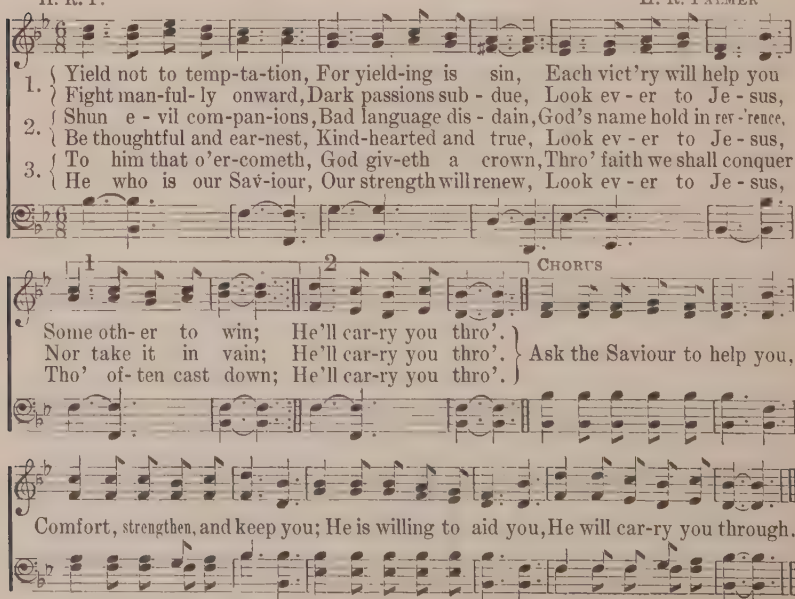
No. 119 Yield Not to Temptation

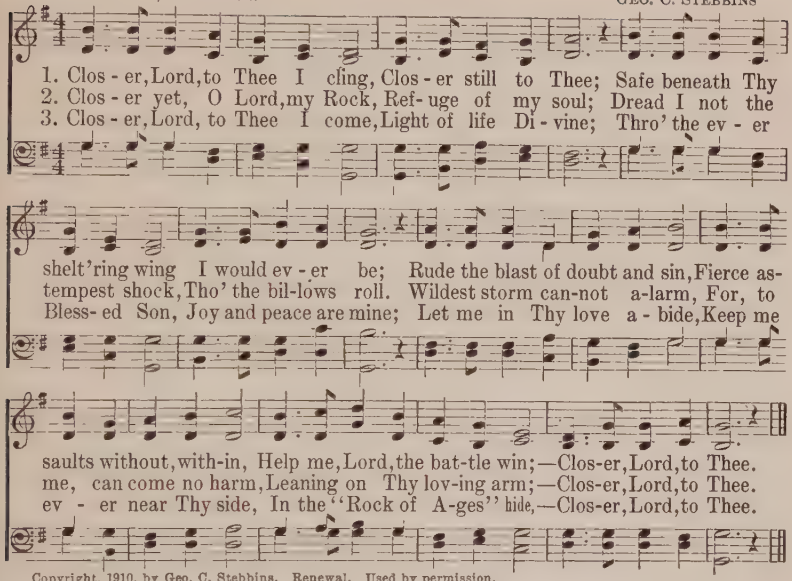
H. R. P. H. R. PALMER


1. Yield not to temp-ta-tion, For yield-ing is sin, Each vict'ry will help you
Fight man-ful-ly onward, Dark passions sub - due, Look ev - er to Je - sus,
2. Shun e - vil com-pan-ions, Bad language dis - dain, God's name hold in rev - 'rence,
Be thoughtful and ear-nest, Kind-hearted and true, Look ev - er to Je - sus,
3. To him that o'er-cometh, God giv-eth a crown, Thro' faith we shall conquer
He who is our Sav-iour, Our strength will renew, Look ev - er to Je - sus,
1 2
CHORUS
Some oth-er to win; He'll car-ry you thro'.
Nor take it in vain; He'll car-ry you thro'.
Tho' of-ten cast down; He'll car-ry you thro'.
Ask the Saviour to help you,
Comfort, strengthen, and keep you; He is willing to aid you, He will car-ry you through.

By permission of Mrs. H. R. Palmer.

No. 120 Closer, Lord, to Thee

E. G. TAYLOR, D. D. Alt. GEO. C. STEBBINS


1. Clos - er, Lord, to Thee I cling, Clos - er still to Thee; Safe beneath Thy
2. Clos - er yet, O Lord, my Rock, Ref - uge of my soul; Dread I not the
3. Clos - er, Lord, to Thee I come, Light of life Di - vine; Thro' the ev - er
shelt'ring wing I would ev - er be; Rude the blast of doubt and sin, Fierce as-
tempest shock, Tho' the bil-lows roll. Wildest storm can-not a-larm, For, to
Bless- ed Son, Joy and peace are mine; Let me in Thy love a - bide, Keep me
saults without, with-in, Help me, Lord, the bat-tle win; —Clos-er, Lord, to Thee.
me, can come no harm, Leaning on Thy lov-ing arm; —Clos-er, Lord, to Thee.
ev - er near Thy side, In the "Rock of A-ges" hide, —Clos-er, Lord, to Thee.

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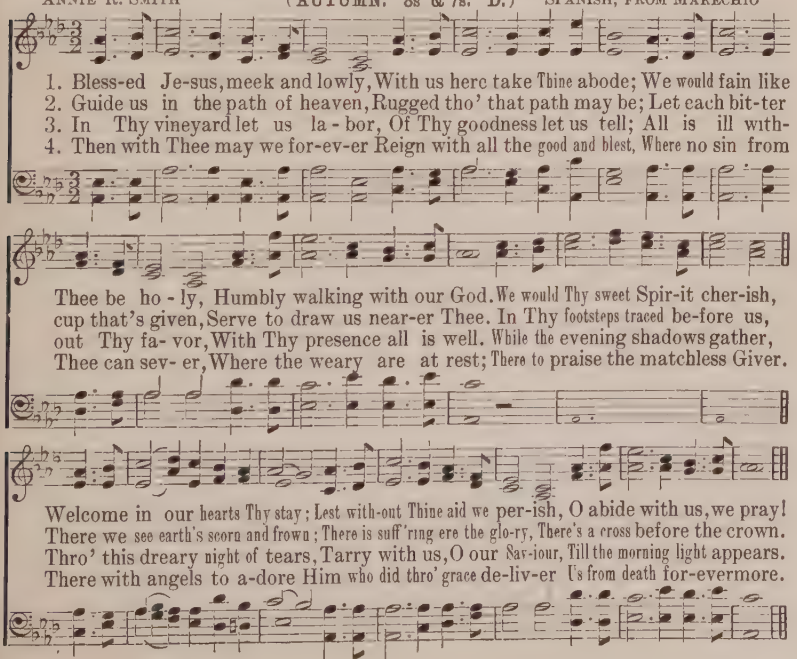
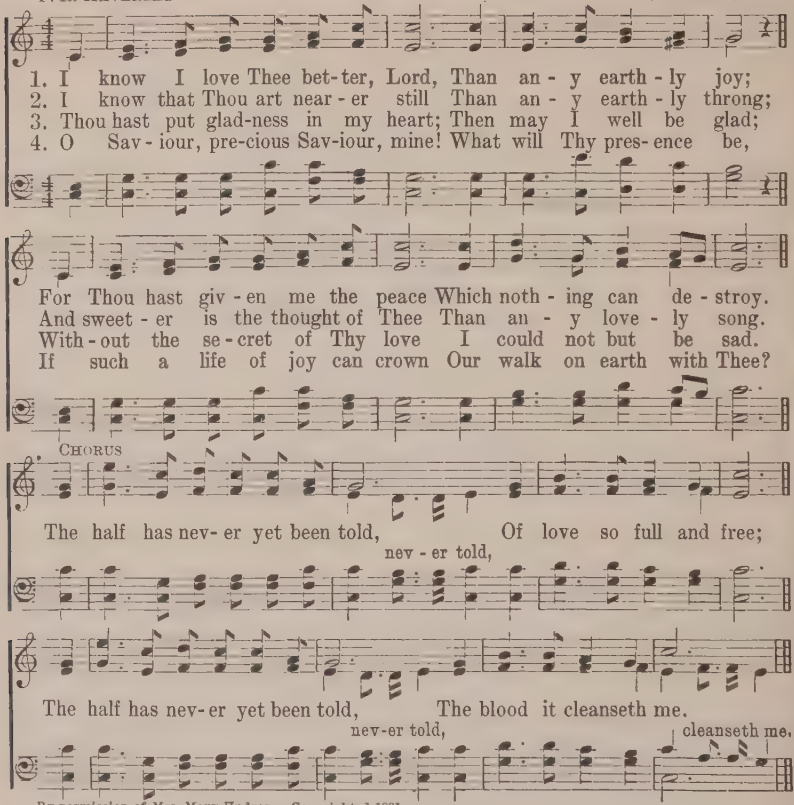
No. 121 Blessed Jesus, Meek and Lowly

ANNIE R. SMITH (AUTUMN. 8s & 7s. D.) SPANISH, FROM MARECHIO


1. Bless-ed Je-sus, meek and lowly, With us here take Thine abode; We would fain like
2. Guide us in the path of heaven, Rugged tho' that path may be; Let each bit-ter
3. In Thy vineyard let us la - bor, Of Thy goodness let us tell; All is ill with-
4. Then with Thee may we for-ev-er Reign with all the good and blest, Where no sin from
Thee be ho - ly, Humbly walking with our God. We would Thy sweet Spir-it cher-ish,
cup that's given, Serve to draw us near-er Thee. In Thy footsteps traced be-fore us,
out Thy fa- vor, With Thy presence all is well. While the evening shadows gather,
Thee can sev- er, Where the weary are at rest; There to praise the matchless Giver.
Welcome in our hearts Thy stay; Lest with-out Thine aid we per-ish, O abide with us, we pray!
There we see earth's scorn and frown; There is suff'ring ere the glo-ry, There's a cross before the crown.
Thro' this dreary night of tears, Tarry with us, O our Sav-iour, Till the morning light appears.
There with angels to a-dore Him who did thro' grace de-liv-er Us from death for-evermore.

No. 122 I Love Thee Better, Lord

F. R. HAVERGAL R. E. HUDSON


1. I know I love Thee bet-ter, Lord, Than an - y earth - ly joy;
2. I know that Thou art near - er still Than an - y earth - ly throng;
3. Thou hast put glad-ness in my heart; Then may I well be glad;
4. O Sav - iour, pre-cious Sav-iour, mine! What will Thy pres-ence be,
For Thou hast giv - en me the peace Which noth - ing can de - stroy.
And sweet - er is the thought of Thee Than an - y love - ly song.
With - out the se - cret of Thy love I could not but be sad.
If such a life of joy can crown Our walk on earth with Thee?
CHORUS
The half has nev- er yet been told, Of love so full and free;
nev - er told,
The half has nev- er yet been told, The blood it cleanseth me.
nev-er told, cleanseth me.

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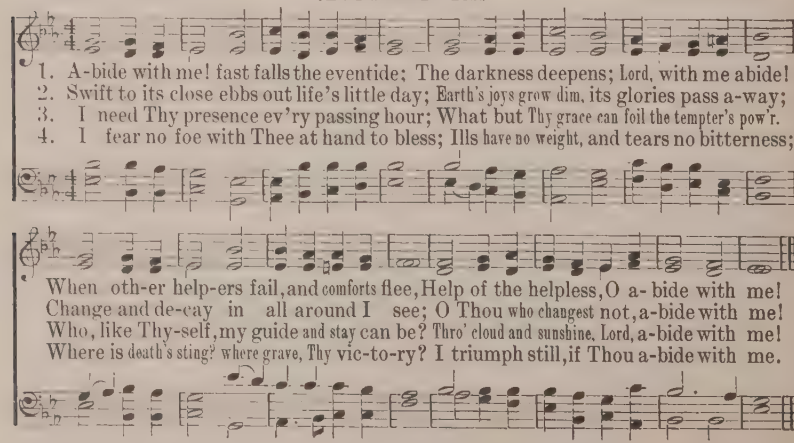
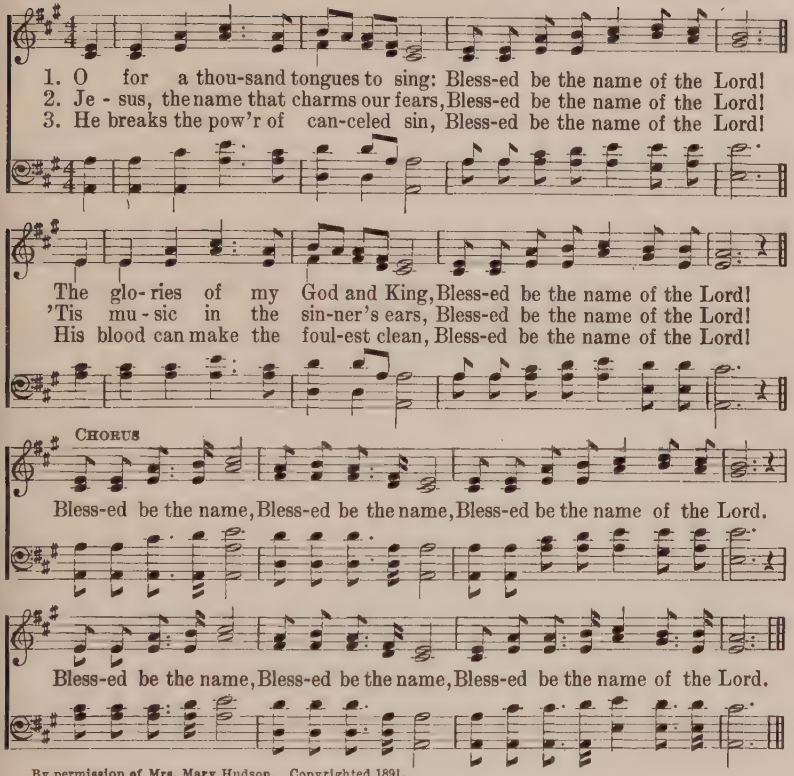
No. 123 Abide With Me

HENRY F. LYTE (EVENTIDE. 10s.) WM. H. MONK


1. A-bide with me! fast falls the eventide; The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide!
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day; Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass a-way;
3. I need Thy presence ev'ry passing hour; What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's pow'r.
4. I fear no foe with Thee at hand to bless; Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;
When oth-er help-ers fail, and comforts flee, Help of the helpless, O a- bide with me!
Change and de-cay in all around I see; O Thou who changest not, a-bide with me!
Who, like Thy-self, my guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sunshine, Lord, a-bide with me!
Where is death's sting? where grave, Thy vic-to-ry? I triumph still, if Thou a-bide with me.

No. 124 Blessed Be the Name

CHAS. WESLEY. Alt. R. E. HUDSON


1. O for a thou-sand tongues to sing: Bless-ed be the name of the Lord!
2. Je - sus, the name that charms our fears, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord!
3. He breaks the pow'r of can-celed sin, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord!
The glo-ries of my God and King, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord!
'Tis mu-sic in the sin-ner's ears, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord!
His blood can make the foul-est clean, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord!
CHORUS
Bless-ed be the name, Bless-ed be the name, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord.
Bless-ed be the name, Bless-ed be the name, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord.

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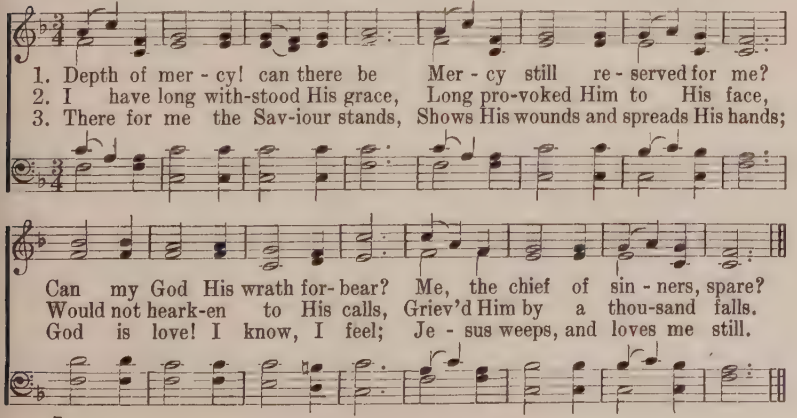
No. 125 Depth of Mercy

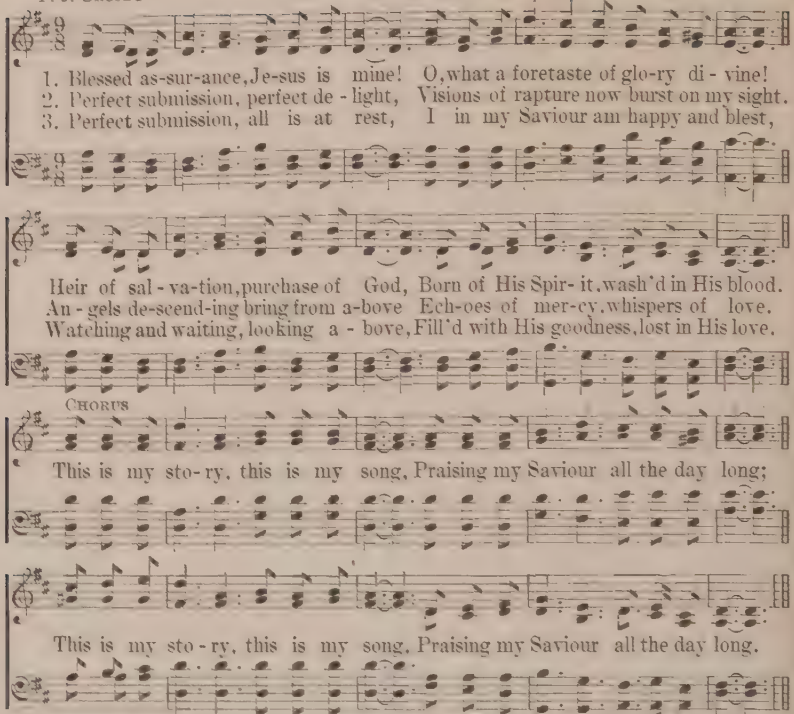
(ALETTA. 7s.)

C. WESLEY WM. B. BRADBURY


1. Depth of mer - cy! can there be Mer - cy still re - served for me?
2. I have long with-stood His grace, Long pro-voked Him to His face,
3. There for me the Sav-iour stands, Shows His wounds and spreads His hands;
Can my God His wrath for-bear? Me, the chief of sin - ners, spare?
Would not heark-en to His calls, Griev'd Him by a thou-sand falls.
God is love! I know, I feel; Je - sus weeps, and loves me still.

No. 126 Blessed Assurance

F. J. CROSBY — MRS. JOS. F. KNAPP


1. Blessed as-sur-ance, Je-sus is mine! O, what a foretaste of glo-ry di - vine!
2. Perfect submission, perfect de - light, Visions of rapture now burst on my sight.
3. Perfect submission, all is at rest, I in my Saviour am happy and blest,
Heir of sal - va-tion, purchase of God, Born of His Spir- it, wash'd in His blood.
An - gels de-scend-ing bring from a-bove Ech-oes of mer-cy, whispers of love.
Watching and waiting, looking a - bove, Fill'd with His goodness, lost in His love.
CHORUS
This is my sto-ry, this is my song, Praising my Saviour all the day long;
This is my sto - ry, this is my song, Praising my Saviour all the day long.

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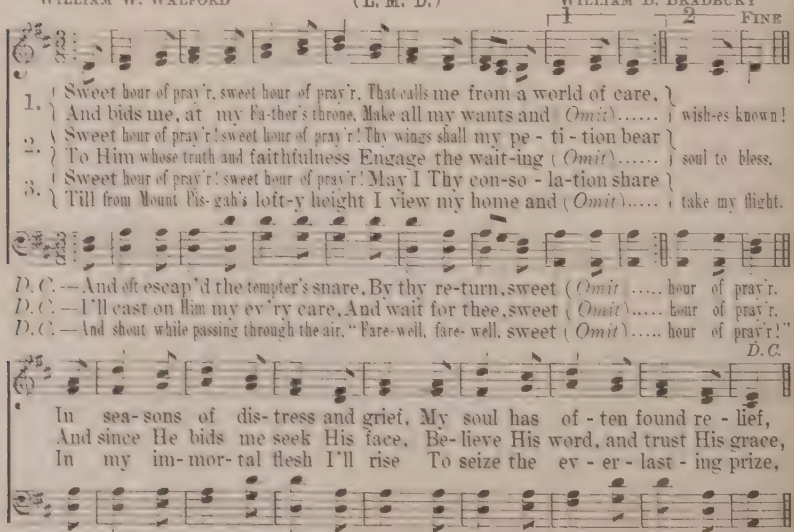
No. 127 Sweet Hour of Prayer

WILLIAM W. WALFORD (L. M. D.) WILLIAM B. BRADBURY


1 2 FINE
1. Sweet hour of pray'r, sweet hour of pray'r, That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me, at my Fa-ther's throne, Make all my wants and (Omit)..... wish-es known!
2. Sweet hour of pray'r! sweet hour of pray'r! Thy wings shall my pe - ti - tion bear
To Him whose truth and faithfulness Engage the wait-ing (Omit)..... soul to bless.
3. Sweet hour of pray'r! sweet hour of pray'r! May I Thy con-so - la-tion share
Till from Mount Pis-gah's loft-y height I view my home and (Omit)..... take my flight.
D. C. — And oft escap'd the tempter's snare, By thy re-turn, sweet (Omit ..... hour of pray'r.
D. C. — I'll cast on Him my ev'ry care, And wait for thee, sweet (Omit)..... hour of pray'r.
D. C. — And shout while passing through the air, "Fare-well, fare- well, sweet (Omit)..... hour of pray'r!"
D. C.
In sea-sons of dis-tress and grief, My soul has of - ten found re - lief,
And since He bids me seek His face, Be-lieve His word, and trust His grace,
In my im-mor-tal flesh I'll rise To seize the ev - er - last - ing prize,

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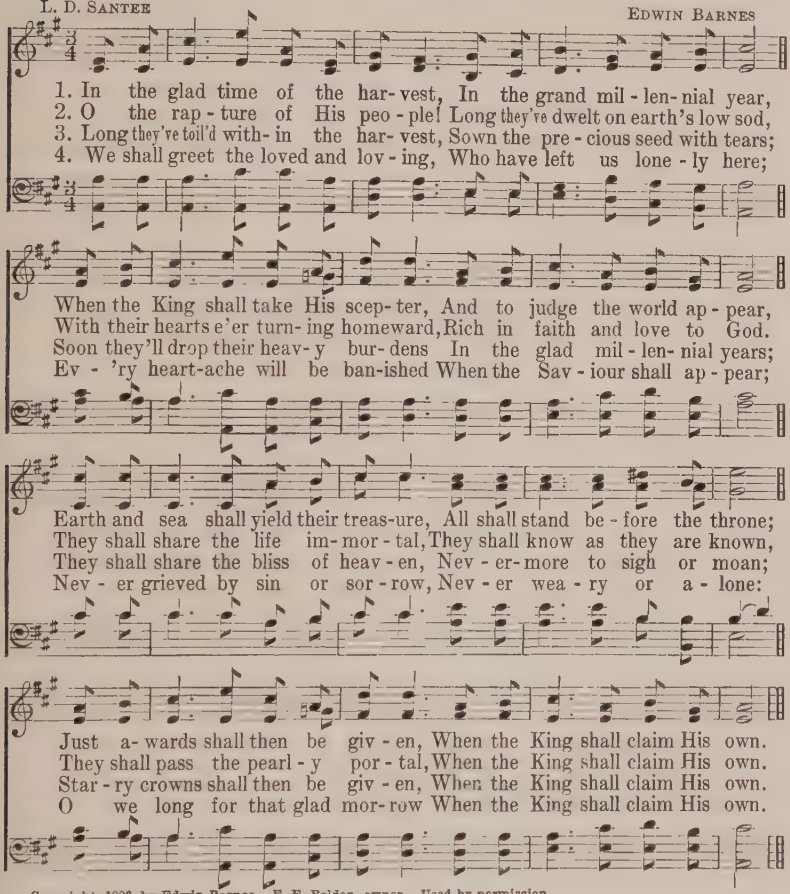
No. 128 When the King Shall Claim His Own

"For the Son of man shall come in the glory of His Father with His angels; and then He shall reward every man according to his works."—Matt. 16: 27

L. D. SANTEE — EDWIN BARNES


1. In the glad time of the har- vest, In the grand mil - len- nial year,
2. O the rap - ture of His peo - ple! Long they've dwelt on earth's low sod,
3. Long they've toil'd with- in the har- vest, Sown the pre - cious seed with tears;
4. We shall greet the loved and lov - ing, Who have left us lone - ly here;
When the King shall take His scep- ter, And to judge the world ap - pear,
With their hearts e'er turn- ing homeward, Rich in faith and love to God.
Soon they'll drop their heav- y bur- dens In the glad mil - len- nial years;
Ev - 'ry heart-ache will be ban-ished When the Sav - iour shall ap - pear;
Earth and sea shall yield their treas-ure, All shall stand be - fore the throne;
They shall share the life im- mor - tal, They shall know as they are known,
They shall share the bliss of heav - en, Nev - er- more to sigh or moan;
Nev - er grieved by sin or sor - row, Nev - er wea - ry or a - lone:
Just a- wards shall then be giv - en, When the King shall claim His own.
They shall pass the pearl - y por - tal, When the King shall claim His own.
Star - ry crowns shall then be giv - en, When the King shall claim His own.
O we long for that glad mor- row When the King shall claim His own.

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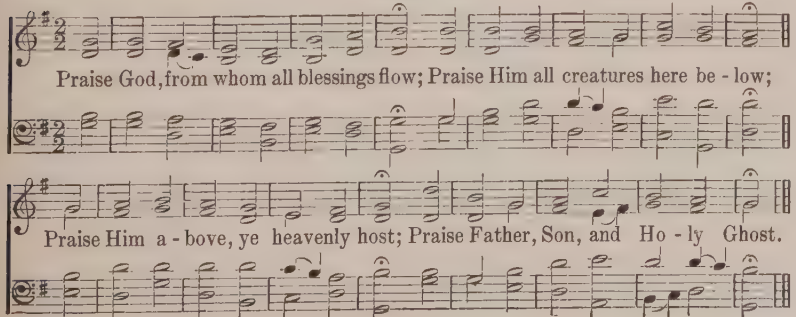
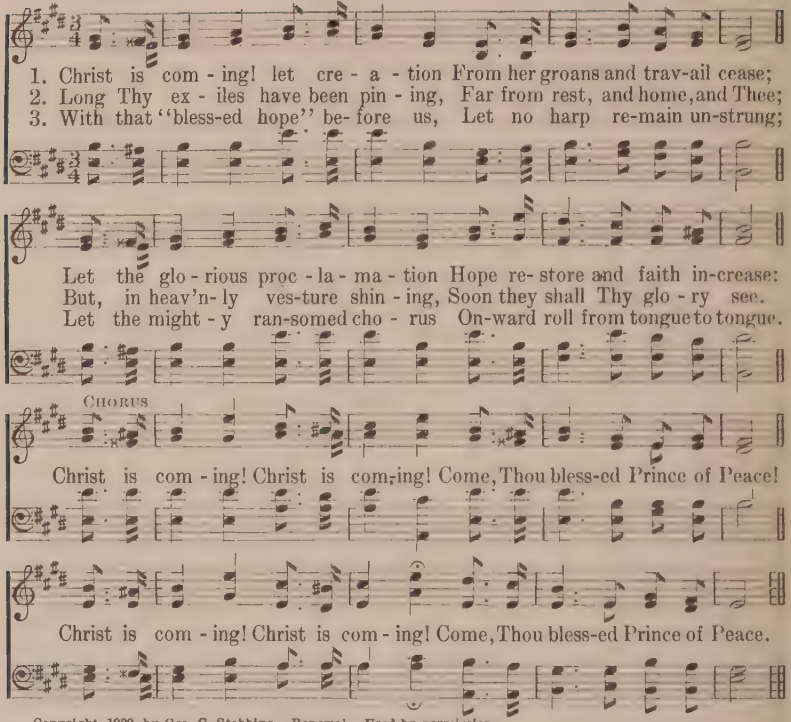
No. 129 Old Hundred

(L. M.) — GUILLAUME FRANC


Praise God, from whom all blessings flow; Praise Him all creatures here be - low;
Praise Him a - bove, ye heavenly host; Praise Father, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.

No. 130 Christ Is Coming

J. R. MACDUFF — GEO. C. STEBBINS


1. Christ is com - ing! let cre - a - tion From her groans and trav-ail cease;
2. Long Thy ex - iles have been pin - ing, Far from rest, and home, and Thee;
3. With that "bless-ed hope" be- fore us, Let no harp re-main un-strung;
Let the glo - rious proc - la - ma - tion Hope re- store and faith in-crease:
But, in heav'n- ly ves-ture shin - ing, Soon they shall Thy glo - ry see.
Let the might - y ran-somed cho - rus On-ward roll from tongue to tongue.
CHORUS
Christ is com - ing! Christ is com-ing! Come, Thou bless-ed Prince of Peace!
Christ is com - ing! Christ is com - ing! Come, Thou bless-ed Prince of Peace.

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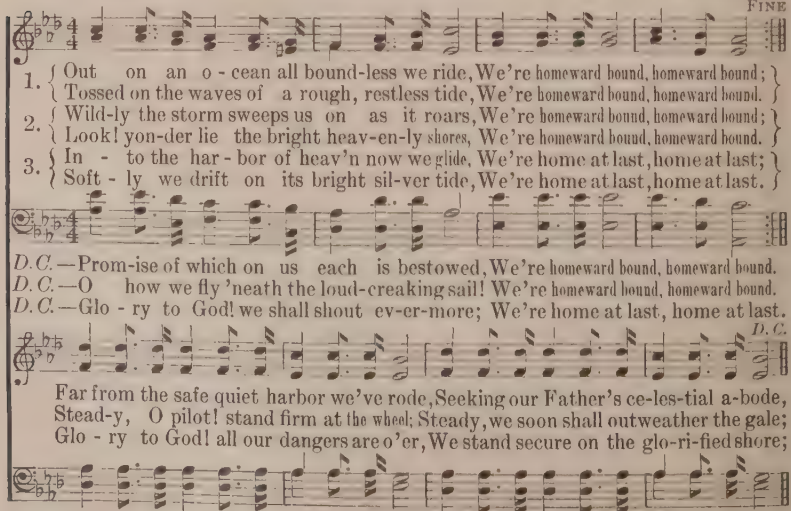
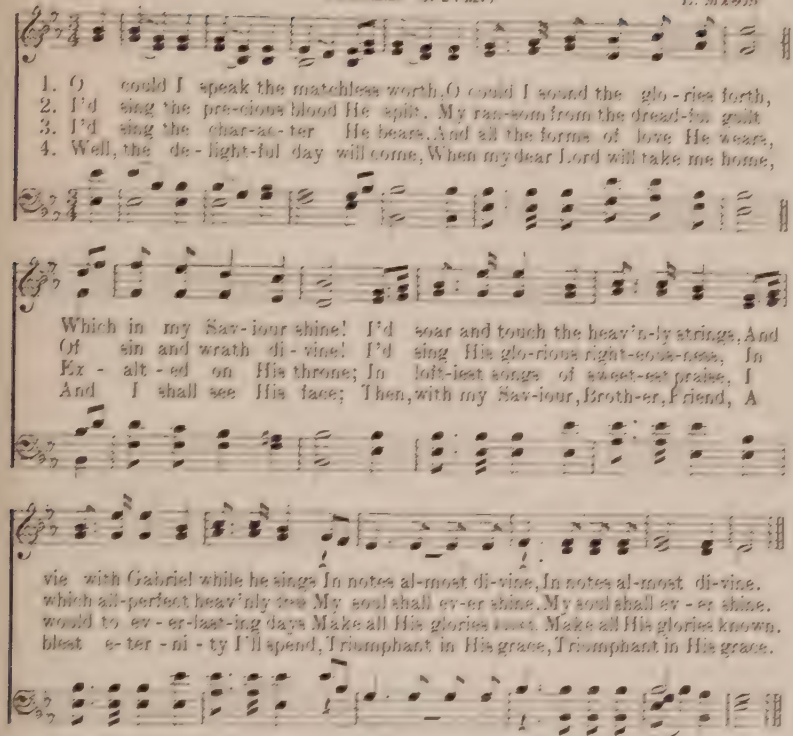
No. 131 Homeward Bound

W. F. WARREN — (10s & 7s. P.) — J. W. DADMUN


FINE
1. Out on an o - cean all bound-less we ride, We're homeward bound, homeward bound;
Tossed on the waves of a rough, restless tide, We're homeward bound, homeward bound.
2. Wild-ly the storm sweeps us on as it roars, We're homeward bound, homeward bound;
Look! yon-der lie the bright heav-en-ly shores, We're homeward bound, homeward bound.
3. In - to the har - bor of heav'n now we glide, We're home at last, home at last;
Soft - ly we drift on its bright sil-ver tide, We're home at last, home at last.
D.C.—Prom-ise of which on us each is bestowed, We're homeward bound, homeward bound.
D.C.—O how we fly 'neath the loud-creaking sail! We're homeward bound, homeward bound.
D.C.—Glo - ry to God! we shall shout ev-er-more; We're home at last, home at last.
D.C.
Far from the safe quiet harbor we've rode, Seeking our Father's ce-les-tial a-bode,
Stead-y, O pilot! stand firm at the wheel; Steady, we soon shall outweather the gale;
Glo - ry to God! all our dangers are o'er, We stand secure on the glo-ri-fied shore;

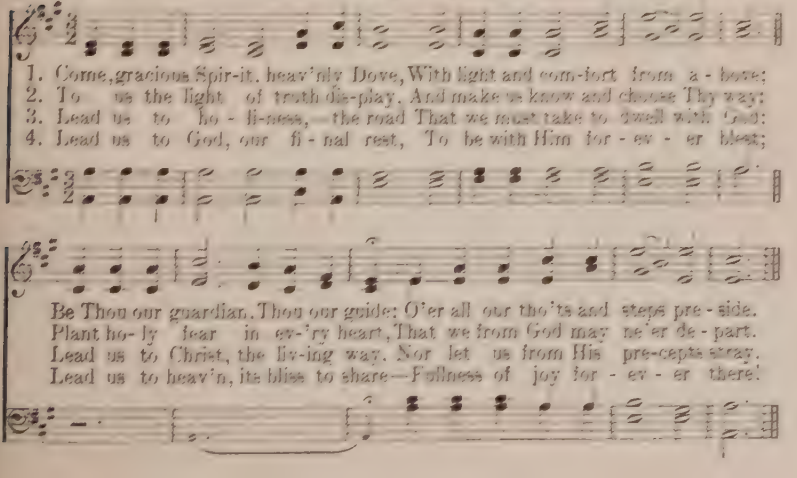
No. 132 The Matchless Worth

S. MEDLEY (ARIEL. C. P. M.) L. MASON


1. O could I speak the matchless worth, O could I sound the glo - ries forth,
Which in my Sav - iour shine! I'd soar and touch the heav'n-ly strings, And
vie with Gabriel while he sings In notes al-most di-vine, In notes al-most di-vine.
2. I'd sing the pre-cious blood He spilt, My ran-som from the dread-ful guilt
Of sin and wrath di - vine! I'd sing His glo-rious right-eous-ness, In
which all-perfect heav'nly dress My soul shall ev-er shine. My soul shall ev - er shine.
3. I'd sing the char-ac-ter He bears, And all the forms of love He wears,
Ex - alt - ed on His throne; In loft-iest songs of sweet-est praise, I
would to ev - er-last-ing days Make all His glories known. Make all His glories known.
4. Well, the de - light-ful day will come, When my dear Lord will take me home,
And I shall see His face; Then, with my Sav-iour, Broth-er, Friend, A
blest e-ter - ni - ty I'll spend, Triumphant in His grace, Triumphant in His grace.

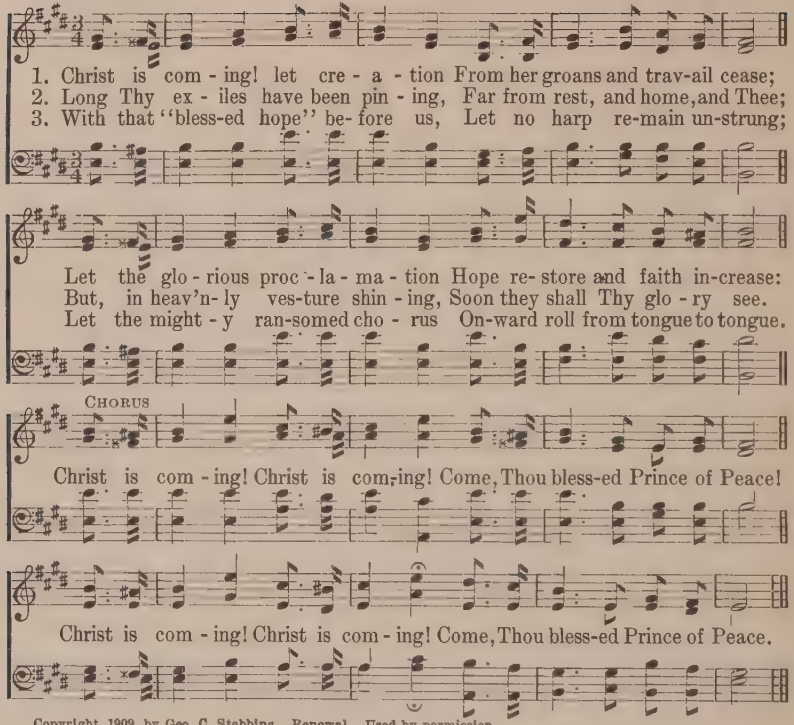
No. 133 Come, Gracious Spirit

SIMON BROWNE (WARE. L. M.) GEORGE KINGSLEY


1. Come, gracious Spir-it, heav'nly Dove, With light and com-fort from a - bove;
Be Thou our guardian, Thou our guide; O'er all our tho'ts and steps pre - side.
2. To us the light of truth dis-play, And make us know and choose Thy way;
Plant ho-ly fear in ev-'ry heart, That we from God may ne'er de - part.
3. Lead us to ho - li-ness, the road That we must take to dwell with God;
Lead us to Christ, the liv-ing way, Nor let us from His pre-cepts stray.
4. Lead us to God, our fi - nal rest, To be with Him for - ev - er blest;
Lead us to heav'n, its bliss to share—Fullness of joy for - ev - er there!

No. 130 Christ Is Coming

J. R. MACDUFF — GEO. C. STEBBINS


1. Christ is com - ing! let cre - a - tion From her groans and trav-ail cease;
2. Long Thy ex - iles have been pin - ing, Far from rest, and home, and Thee;
3. With that "bless-ed hope" be- fore us, Let no harp re-main un-strung;
Let the glo - rious proc - la - ma - tion Hope re- store and faith in-crease:
But, in heav'n- ly ves-ture shin - ing, Soon they shall Thy glo - ry see.
Let the might - y ran-somed cho - rus On-ward roll from tongue to tongue.
CHORUS
Christ is com - ing! Christ is com-ing! Come, Thou bless-ed Prince of Peace!
Christ is com - ing! Christ is com - ing! Come, Thou bless-ed Prince of Peace.

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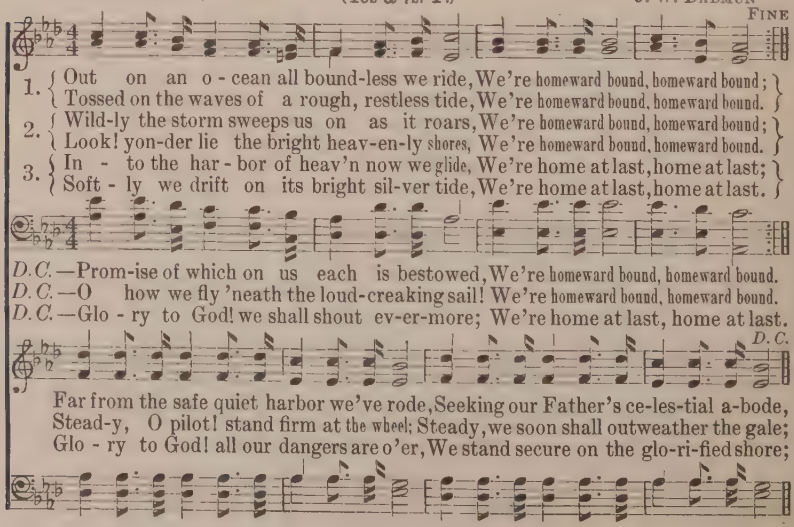
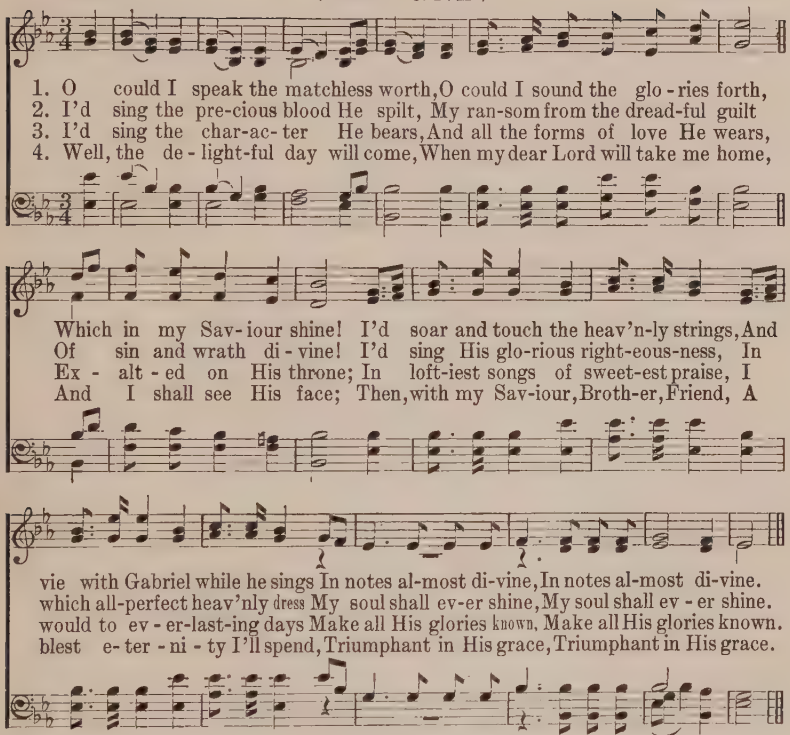
No. 131 Homeward Bound

W. F. WARREN — (10s & 7s. P.) — J. W. DADMUN


FINE
1. Out on an o - cean all bound-less we ride, We're homeward bound, homeward bound;
Tossed on the waves of a rough, restless tide, We're homeward bound, homeward bound.
2. Wild-ly the storm sweeps us on as it roars, We're homeward bound, homeward bound;
Look! yon-der lie the bright heav-en-ly shores, We're homeward bound, homeward bound.
3. In - to the har - bor of heav'n now we glide, We're home at last, home at last;
Soft - ly we drift on its bright sil-ver tide, We're home at last, home at last.
D. C. —Prom-ise of which on us each is bestowed, We're homeward bound, homeward bound.
D. C. —O how we fly 'neath the loud-creaking sail! We're homeward bound, homeward bound.
D. C. —Glo - ry to God! we shall shout ev-er-more; We're home at last, home at last.
D. C.
Far from the safe quiet harbor we've rode, Seeking our Father's ce-les-tial a-bode,
Stead-y, O pilot! stand firm at the wheel; Steady, we soon shall outweather the gale;
Glo - ry to God! all our dangers are o'er, We stand secure on the glo-ri-fied shore;

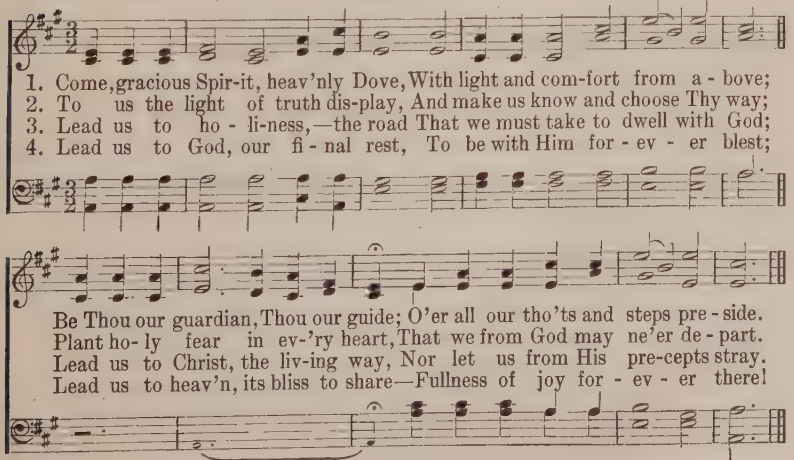
No. 132 The Matchless Worth

S. MEDLEY (ARIEL. C. P. M.) L. MASON


1. O could I speak the matchless worth, O could I sound the glo - ries forth,
2. I'd sing the pre-cious blood He spilt, My ran-som from the dread-ful guilt
3. I'd sing the char-ac-ter He bears, And all the forms of love He wears,
4. Well, the de - light-ful day will come, When my dear Lord will take me home,
Which in my Sav-iour shine! I'd soar and touch the heav'n-ly strings, And
Of sin and wrath di-vine! I'd sing His glo-rious right-eous-ness, In
Ex - alt - ed on His throne; In loft-iest songs of sweet-est praise, I
And I shall see His face; Then, with my Sav-iour, Broth-er, Friend, A
vie with Gabriel while he sings In notes al-most di-vine, In notes al-most di-vine.
which all-perfect heav'nly dress My soul shall ev-er shine, My soul shall ev - er shine.
would to ev - er-last-ing days Make all His glories known, Make all His glories known.
blest e-ter - ni - ty I'll spend, Triumphant in His grace, Triumphant in His grace.

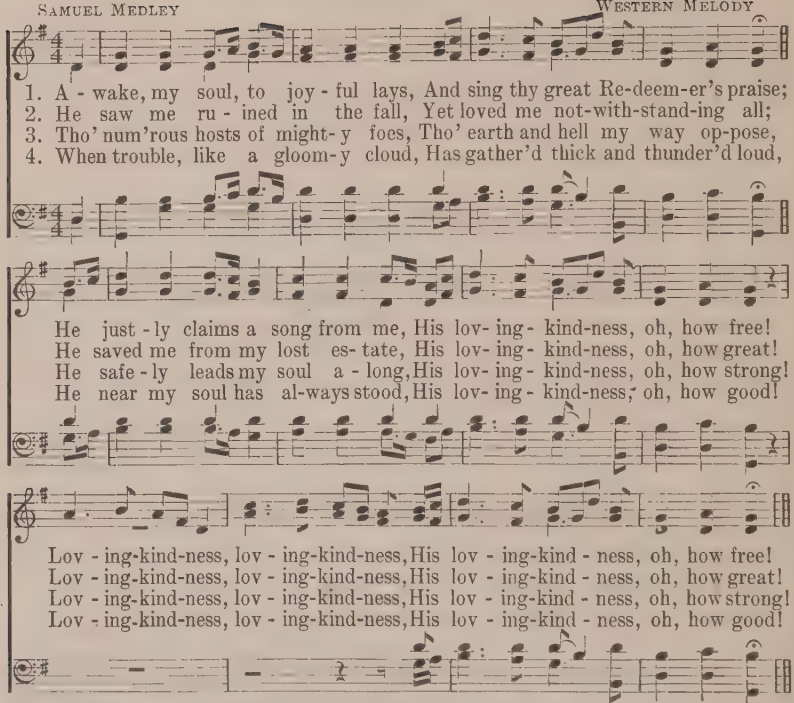
No. 133 Come, Gracious Spirit

SIMON BROWNE (WARE. L. M.) GEORGE KINGSLEY


1. Come, gracious Spir-it, heav'nly Dove, With light and com-fort from a - bove;
2. To us the light of truth dis-play, And make us know and choose Thy way;
3. Lead us to ho - li-ness,—the road That we must take to dwell with God;
4. Lead us to God, our fi - nal rest, To be with Him for - ev - er blest;
Be Thou our guardian, Thou our guide; O'er all our tho'ts and steps pre - side.
Plant ho- ly fear in ev-'ry heart, That we from God may ne'er de - part.
Lead us to Christ, the liv-ing way, Nor let us from His pre-cepts stray.
Lead us to heav'n, its bliss to share—Fullness of joy for - ev - er there!

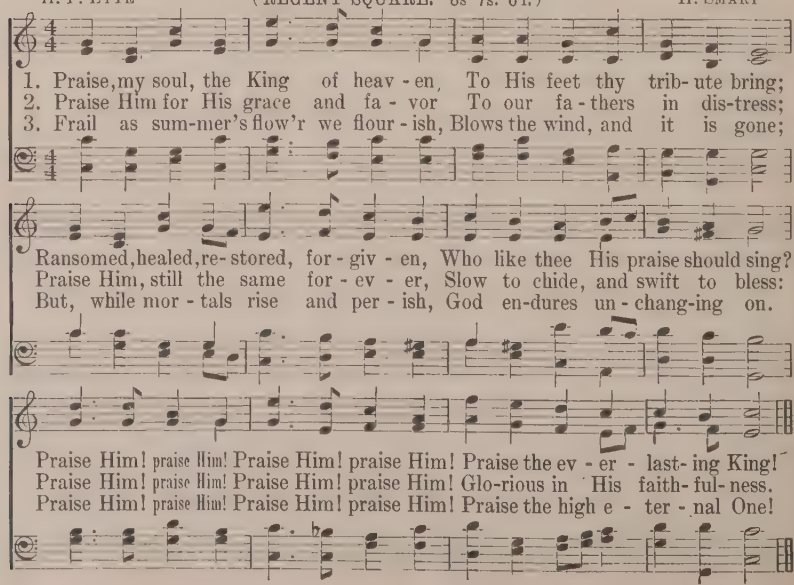
No. 134 His Loving-Kindness

SAMUEL MEDLEY — WESTERN MELODY


1. A - wake, my soul, to joy - ful lays, And sing thy great Re-deem-er's praise;
2. He saw me ru - ined in the fall, Yet loved me not-with-stand-ing all;
3. Tho' num'rous hosts of might-y foes, Tho' earth and hell my way op-pose,
4. When trouble, like a gloom-y cloud, Has gather'd thick and thunder'd loud,
He just - ly claims a song from me, His lov- ing- kind-ness, oh, how free!
He saved me from my lost es- tate, His lov- ing- kind-ness, oh, how great!
He safe - ly leads my soul a - long, His lov- ing- kind-ness, oh, how strong!
He near my soul has al-ways stood, His lov- ing- kind-ness, oh, how good!
Lov - ing-kind-ness, lov - ing-kind-ness, His lov - ing-kind - ness, oh, how free!
Lov - ing-kind-ness, lov - ing-kind-ness, His lov - ing-kind - ness, oh, how great!
Lov - ing-kind-ness, lov - ing-kind-ness, His lov - ing-kind - ness, oh, how strong!
Lov - ing-kind-ness, lov - ing-kind-ness, His lov - ing-kind - ness, oh, how good!

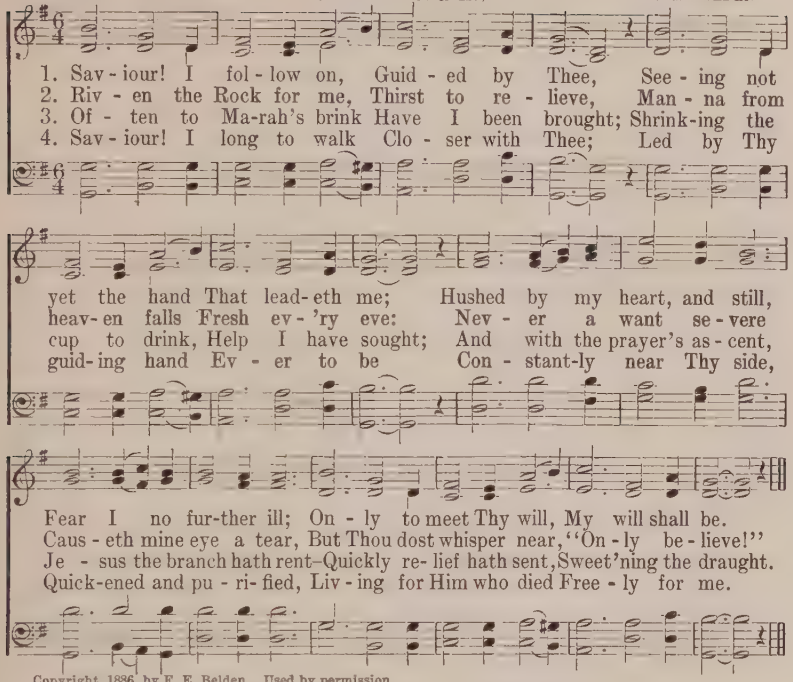
No. 135 Praise the King of Heaven

H. F. LYTE — (REGENT SQUARE. 8s 7s. 61.) — H. SMART


1. Praise, my soul, the King of heav - en, To His feet thy trib- ute bring;
2. Praise Him for His grace and fa - vor To our fa - thers in dis-tress;
3. Frail as sum-mer's flow'r we flour - ish, Blows the wind, and it is gone;
Ransomed, healed, re- stored, for - giv - en, Who like thee His praise should sing?
Praise Him, still the same for - ev - er, Slow to chide, and swift to bless:
But, while mor - tals rise and per - ish, God en-dures un - chang-ing on.
Praise Him! praise Him! Praise Him! praise Him! Praise the ev - er - last- ing King!
Praise Him! praise Him! Praise Him! praise Him! Glo-rious in His faith- ful- ness.
Praise Him! praise Him! Praise Him! praise Him! Praise the high e - ter - nal One!

No. 136 I Follow On

C. S. ROBINSON (DOANE. 6s & 4s.) F. E. BELDEN


1. Sav - iour! I fol - low on, Guid - ed by Thee, See - ing not yet the hand That lead - eth me; Hushed by my heart, and still,
2. Riv - en the Rock for me, Thirst to re - lieve, Man - na from heav - en falls Fresh ev - 'ry eve: Nev - er a want se - vere
3. Of - ten to Ma-rah's brink Have I been brought; Shrink-ing the cup to drink, Help I have sought; And with the prayer's as - cent,
4. Sav - iour! I long to walk Clo - ser with Thee; Led by Thy guid - ing hand Ev - er to be Con - stant-ly near Thy side,
Fear I no fur-ther ill; On - ly to meet Thy will, My will shall be.
Caus - eth mine eye a tear, But Thou dost whisper near, "On - ly be - lieve!"
Je - sus the branch hath rent–Quickly re- lief hath sent, Sweet'ning the draught.
Quick-ened and pu - ri- fied, Liv - ing for Him who died Free - ly for me.

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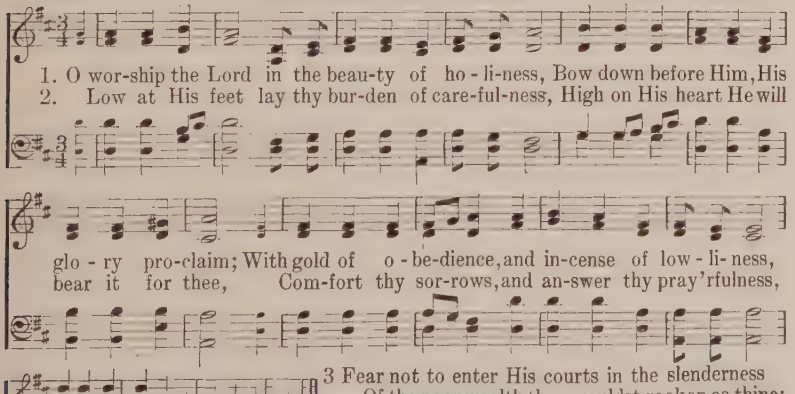
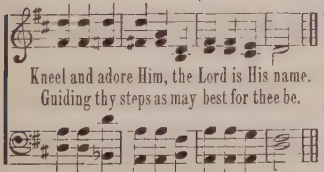
No. 137 In the Beauty of Holiness

ANON. (SOUTHAMPTON. 12 & 10s.) EDWIN BARNES


1. O wor-ship the Lord in the beau-ty of ho - li-ness, Bow down before Him, His glo - ry pro-claim; With gold of o - be-dience, and in-cense of low - li- ness,
2. Low at His feet lay thy bur-den of care-ful-ness, High on His heart He will bear it for thee, Com-fort thy sor-rows, and an-swer thy pray'rfulness,



3 Fear not to enter His courts in the slenderness
Of the poor wealth thou wouldst reckon as thine:
Truth in its beauty, and love in its tenderness,
These are the offerings to lay on His shrine.

4 These, though we bring them in trembling and fearfulness,
He will accept for the Name that is dear;
Mornings of joy give for evenings of tearfulness,
Trust for our trembling, and hope for our fear.

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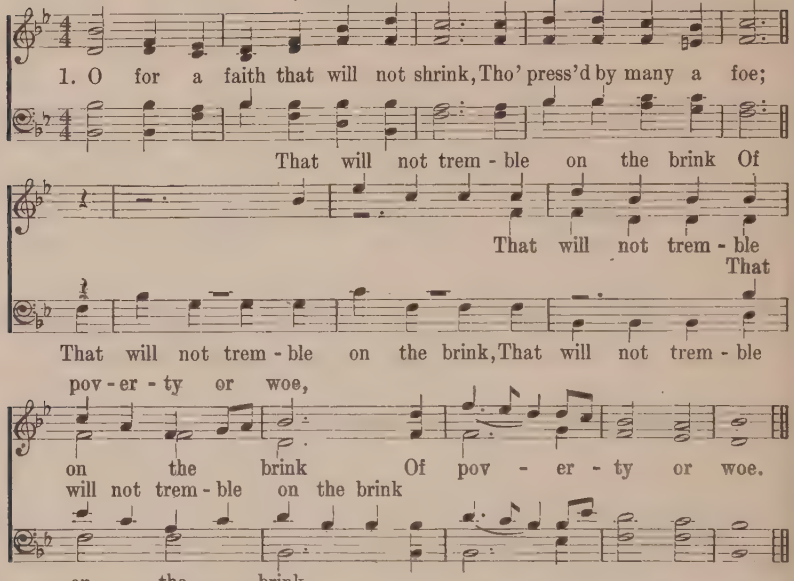
No. 138 O for a Faith!

WILLIAM H. BATHURST (NORTHFIELD. C. M.) JEREMIAH INGALLS


1. O for a faith that will not shrink, Tho' press'd by many a foe;
That will not trem - ble on the brink Of
That will not trem - ble
That
That will not trem - ble on the brink, That will not trem - ble
pov - er - ty or woe,
on the brink Of pov - er - ty or woe.
will not trem - ble on the brink
on the brink

2 That will not murmur or complain
Beneath the chast'ning rod,
But in the hour of grief or pain
Can lean upon its God.

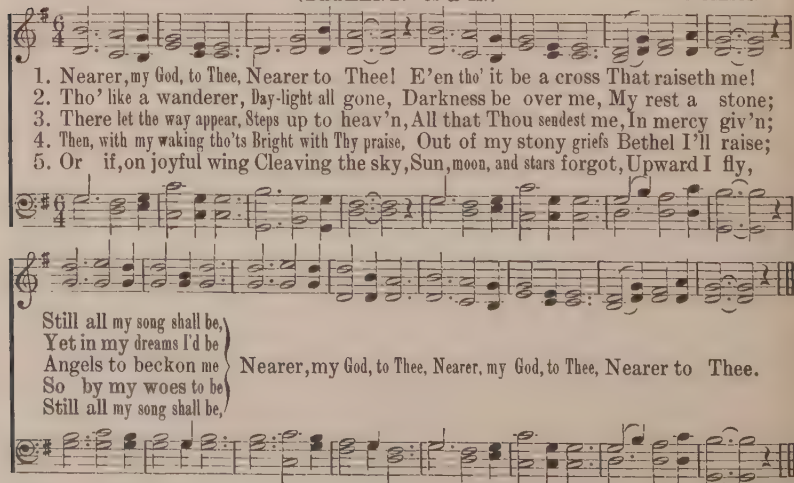
3 A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without;
That when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt;

4 That bears unmoved the world's dread frown,
Nor heeds its scornful smile;
That sin's wild ocean cannot drown,
Nor its soft arts beguile.

5 Lord, give me such a faith as this,
And then, whate'er may come,
I'll taste e'en here the hallowed bliss
Of an eternal home.

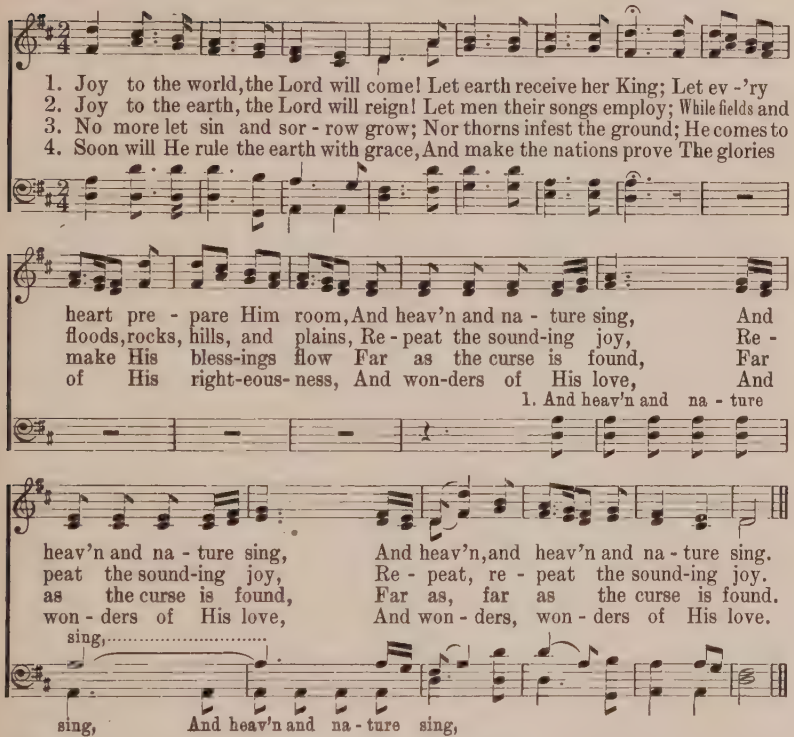
No. 139 Nearer, My God, to Thee

SARAH F. ADAMS (BETHANY. 6s & 4s.) LOWELL MASON


1. Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee! E'en tho' it be a cross That raiseth me!
2. Tho' like a wanderer, Day-light all gone, Darkness be over me, My rest a stone;
3. There let the way appear, Steps up to heav'n, All that Thou sendest me, In mercy giv'n;
4. Then, with my waking tho'ts Bright with Thy praise, Out of my stony griefs Bethel I'll raise;
5. Or if, on joyful wing Cleaving the sky, Sun, moon, and stars forgot, Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Angels to beckon me
So by my woes to be
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee.

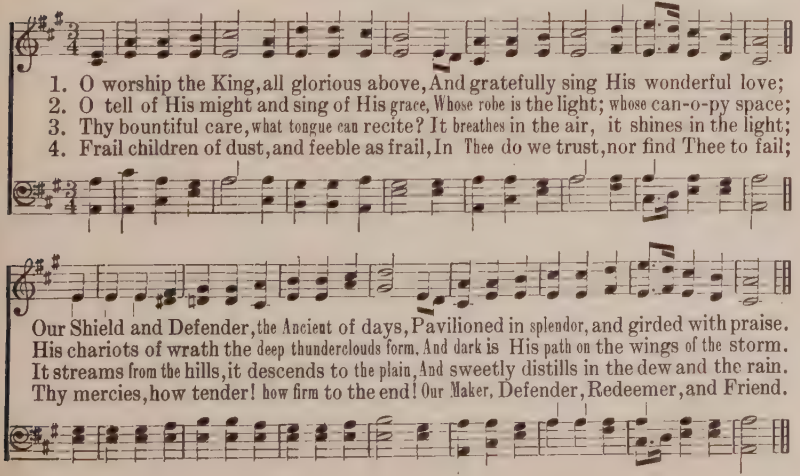
No. 140 Joy to the World

ISAAC WATTS (ANTIOCH. C. M.) GEORGE F. HANDEL


1. Joy to the world, the Lord will come! Let earth receive her King; Let ev -'ry
2. Joy to the earth, the Lord will reign! Let men their songs employ; While fields and
3. No more let sin and sor - row grow; Nor thorns infest the ground; He comes to
4. Soon will He rule the earth with grace, And make the nations prove The glories
heart pre - pare Him room, And heav'n and na - ture sing, And
floods, rocks, hills, and plains, Re - peat the sound-ing joy, Re -
make His bless-ings flow Far as the curse is found, Far
of His right-eous-ness, And won-ders of His love, And
1. And heav'n and na - ture
heav'n and na - ture sing, And heav'n, and heav'n and na - ture sing.
peat the sound-ing joy, Re - peat, re - peat the sound-ing joy.
as the curse is found, Far as, far as the curse is found.
won - ders of His love, And won - ders, won - ders of His love.
sing,
sing, And heav'n and na - ture sing,

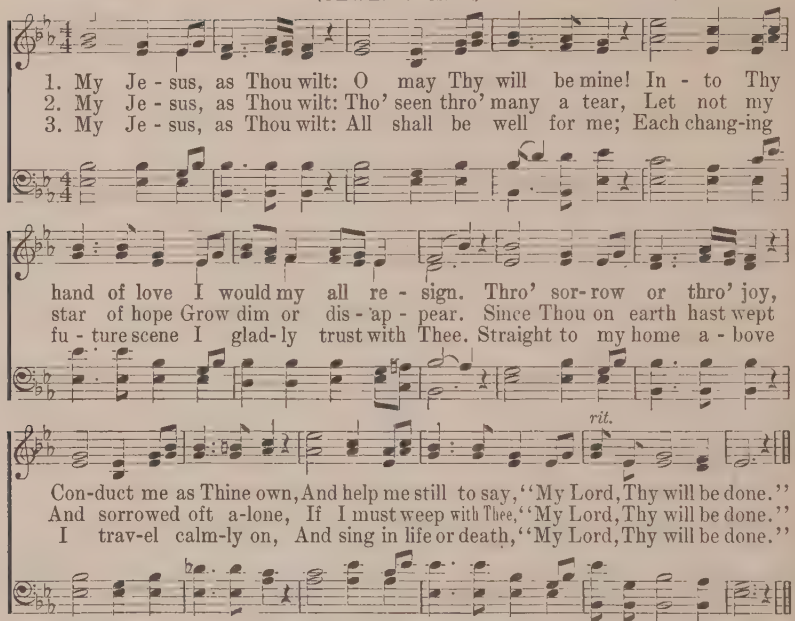
No. 141 O Worship the King

ROBERT GRANT (LYONS. 10s & 11s.) FRANCIS J. HAYDN


1. O worship the King, all glorious above, And gratefully sing His wonderful love;
2. O tell of His might and sing of His grace, Whose robe is the light; whose can-o-py space;
3. Thy bountiful care, what tongue can recite? It breathes in the air, it shines in the light;
4. Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail, In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail;
Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of days, Pavilioned in splendor, and girded with praise.
His chariots of wrath the deep thunderclouds form. And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.
It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain, And sweetly distills in the dew and the rain.
Thy mercies, how tender! how firm to the end! Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend.

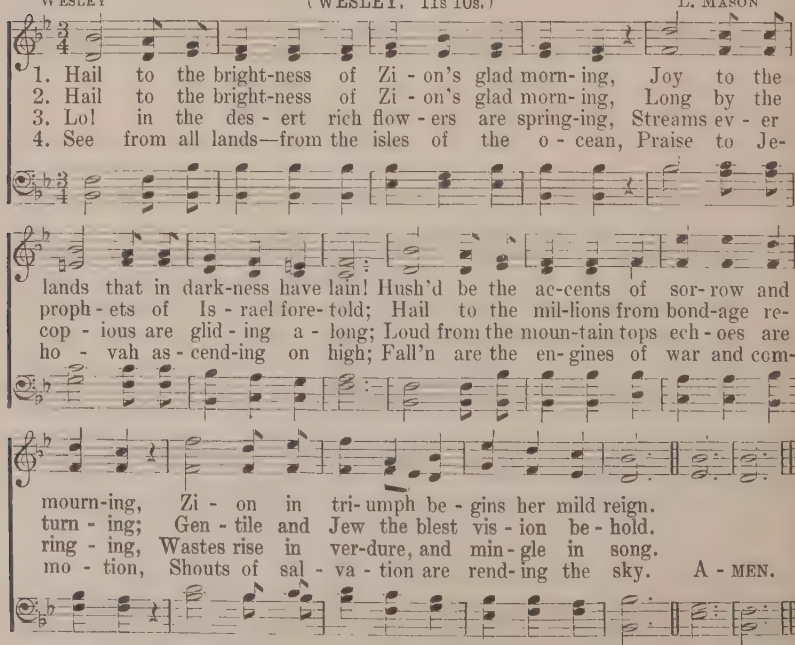
No. 142 As Thou Wilt

B. SCHMOLKE (JEWETT. 6s. D.) C. M. VON WEBER Arr. by F. E. B.


1. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt: O may Thy will be mine! In - to Thy
2. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt: Tho' seen thro' many a tear, Let not my
3. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt: All shall be well for me; Each chang-ing
hand of love I would my all re - sign. Thro' sor-row or thro' joy,
star of hope Grow dim or dis - ap - pear. Since Thou on earth hast wept
fu - ture scene I glad- ly trust with Thee. Straight to my home a - bove
rit.
Con-duct me as Thine own, And help me still to say, "My Lord, Thy will be done."
And sorrowed oft a-lone, If I must weep with Thee, "My Lord, Thy will be done."
I trav-el calm-ly on, And sing in life or death, "My Lord, Thy will be done."

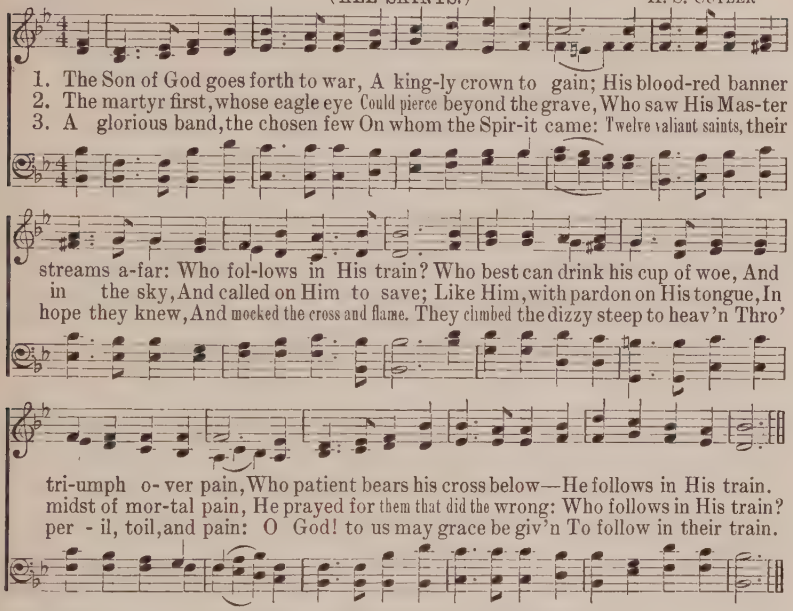
No. 143 Zion's Glad Morning

WESLEY (WESLEY. 11s 10s.) L. MASON


1. Hail to the bright-ness of Zi - on's glad morn- ing, Joy to the
2. Hail to the bright-ness of Zi - on's glad morn- ing, Long by the
3. Lo! in the des - ert rich flow - ers are spring-ing, Streams ev - er
4. See from all lands—from the isles of the o - cean, Praise to Je-
lands that in dark-ness have lain! Hush'd be the ac-cents of sor-row and
proph - ets of Is - rael fore- told; Hail to the mil-lions from bond-age re-
cop - ious are glid - ing a - long; Loud from the moun-tain tops ech - oes are
ho - vah as - cend-ing on high; Fall'n are the en-gines of war and com-
mourn-ing, Zi - on in tri- umph be - gins her mild reign.
turn - ing; Gen - tile and Jew the blest vis - ion be - hold.
ring - ing, Wastes rise in ver-dure, and min - gle in song.
mo - tion, Shouts of sal - va - tion are rend- ing the sky. A - MEN.

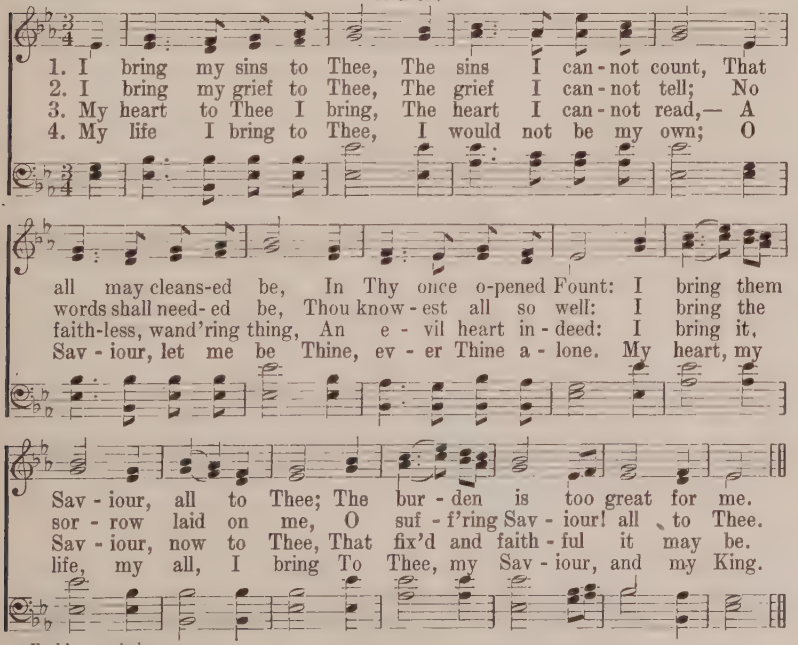
No. 144 The Son of God Goes Forth to War

REGINALD HEBER (ALL SAINTS.) H. S. CUTLER


1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A king-ly crown to gain; His blood-red banner
2. The martyr first, whose eagle eye Could pierce beyond the grave, Who saw His Mas-ter
3. A glorious band, the chosen few On whom the Spir-it came: Twelve valiant saints, their
streams a-far: Who fol-lows in His train? Who best can drink his cup of woe, And
in the sky, And called on Him to save; Like Him, with pardon on His tongue, In
hope they knew, And mocked the cross and flame. They climbed the dizzy steep to heav'n Thro'
tri-umph o-ver pain, Who patient bears his cross below—He follows in His train.
midst of mor-tal pain, He prayed for them that did the wrong: Who follows in His train?
per - il, toil, and pain: O God! to us may grace be giv'n To follow in their train.

No. 145 I Bring My Sins to Thee

F. R. HAVERGAL (6s & 8s.) T. C. O'KANE


1. I bring my sins to Thee, The sins I can-not count, That
2. I bring my grief to Thee, The grief I can-not tell; No
3. My heart to Thee I bring, The heart I can-not read,— A
4. My life I bring to Thee, I would not be my own; O
all may cleans-ed be, In Thy once o-pened Fount: I bring them
words shall need-ed be, Thou know-est all so well: I bring the
faith-less, wand'ring thing, An e - vil heart in-deed: I bring it,
Sav - iour, let me be Thine, ev - er Thine a - lone. My heart, my
Sav - iour, all to Thee; The bur - den is too great for me.
sor - row laid on me, O suf - f'ring Sav - iour! all to Thee.
Sav - iour, now to Thee, That fix'd and faith - ful it may be.
life, my all, I bring To Thee, my Sav - iour, and my King.

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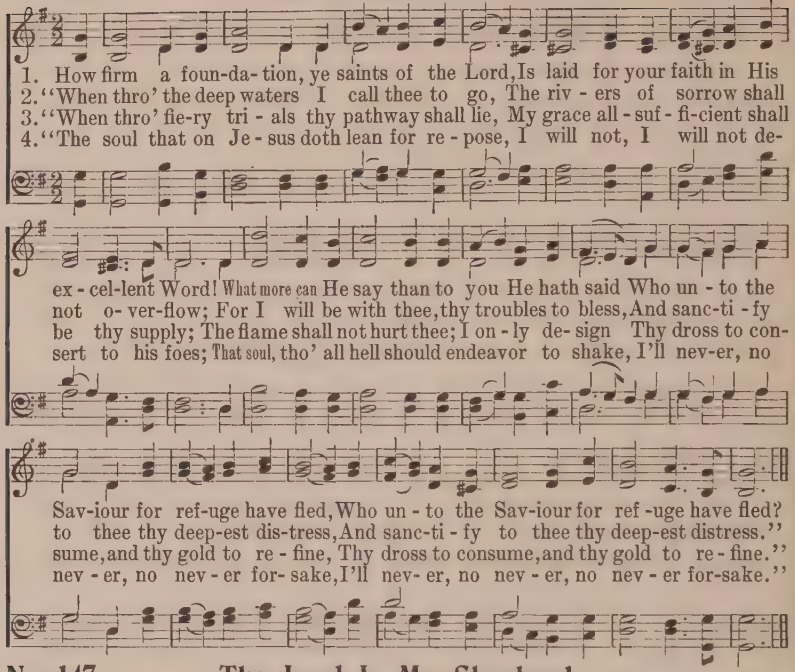
No. 146 How Firm a Foundation

G. KEITH (PORTUGUESE HYMN. 11s.) J. READING


1. How firm a foun-da-tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in His
2. "When thro' the deep waters I call thee to go, The riv-ers of sorrow shall
3. "When thro' fie-ry tri-als thy pathway shall lie, My grace all-suf-fi-cient shall
4. "The soul that on Je-sus doth lean for re-pose, I will not, I will not de-
ex-cel-lent Word! What more can He say than to you He hath said Who un-to the
not o-ver-flow; For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless, And sanc-ti-fy
be thy supply; The flame shall not hurt thee; I on-ly de-sign Thy dross to con-
sert to his foes; That soul, tho' all hell should endeavor to shake, I'll nev-er, no
Sav-iour for ref-uge have fled, Who un-to the Sav-iour for ref-uge have fled?
to thee thy deep-est dis-tress, And sanc-ti-fy to thee thy deep-est distress."
sume, and thy gold to re-fine, Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to re-fine."
nev-er, no nev-er for-sake, I'll nev-er, no nev-er, no nev-er for-sake."

No. 147 The Lord Is My Shepherd

1 The Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know;
I feed in green pastures, safe-folded I rest;
He leadeth my soul where the still waters flow,
Restores me when wand'ring, redeems when oppressed.

2 Thro' the valley and shadow of death though I stray,
Since Thou art my Guardian, no evil I fear;
Thy rod shall defend me, Thy staff be my stay,
No harm can befall, with my Comforter near.

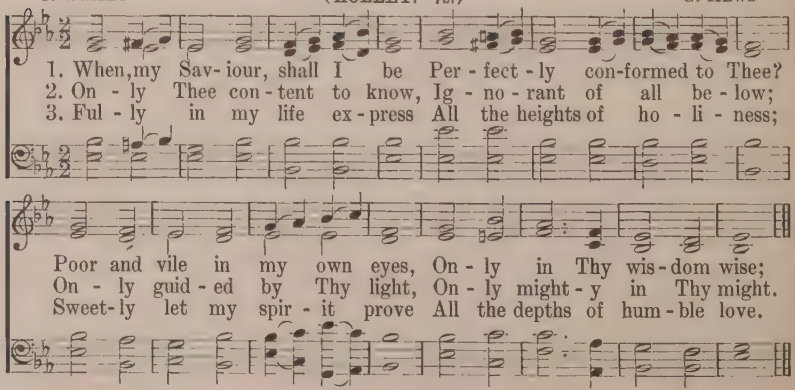
3 In the midst of affliction my table is spread,
With blessings unmeasured my cup runneth o'er;
With perfume and oil Thou anointest my head;
O, what shall I ask of Thy providence more?

4 Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful God,
Still follow my steps till I meet Thee above;
I seek— by the path which my forefathers trod,
Thro' the land of their sojourn—Thy kingdom of love.

J. MONTGOMERY

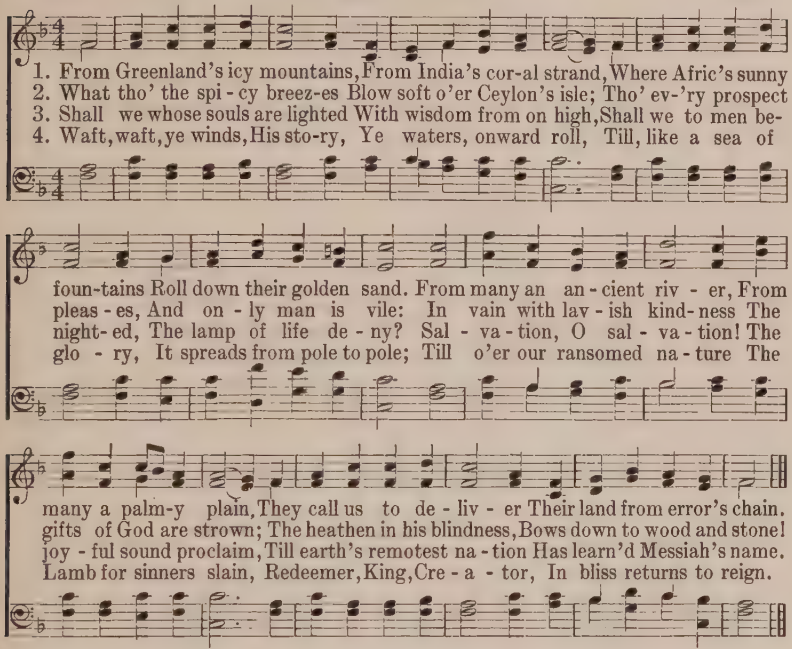
No. 148 Conformed to Thee

C. WESLEY (HOLLEY. 7s.) G. HEWS


1. When, my Sav-iour, shall I be Per-fect-ly con-formed to Thee?
2. On-ly Thee con-tent to know, Ig-no-rant of all be-low;
3. Ful-ly in my life ex-press All the heights of ho-li-ness;
Poor and vile in my own eyes, On-ly in Thy wis-dom wise;
On-ly guid-ed by Thy light, On-ly might-y in Thy might.
Sweet-ly let my spir-it prove All the depths of hum-ble love.

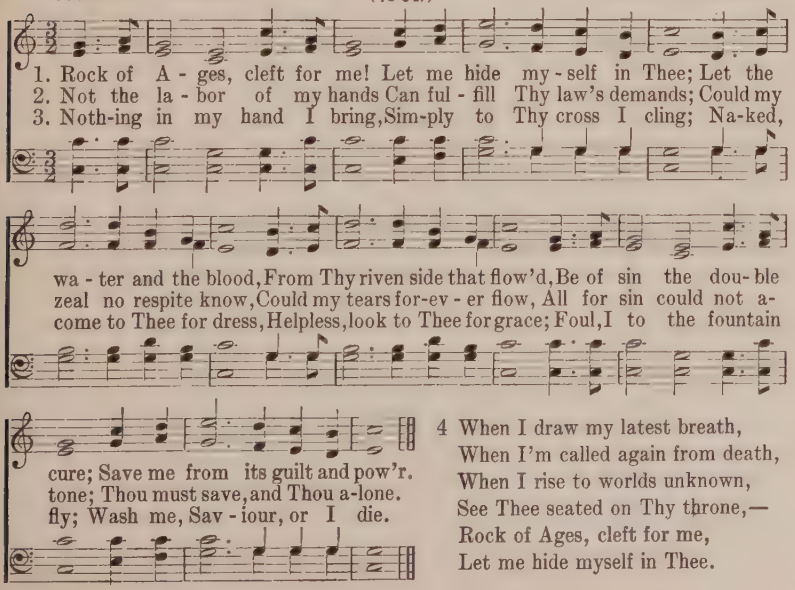
No. 149 From Greenland's Icy Mountains

REGINALD HEBER (MISSIONARY HYMN. 7s 6s.) L. MASON


1. From Greenland's icy mountains, From India's cor-al strand, Where Afric's sunny
2. What tho' the spi-cy breez-es Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle; Tho' ev-'ry prospect
3. Shall we whose souls are lighted With wisdom from on high, Shall we to men be-
4. Waft, waft, ye winds, His sto-ry, Ye waters, onward roll, Till, like a sea of
foun-tains Roll down their golden sand. From many an an-cient riv-er, From
pleas-es, And on-ly man is vile: In vain with lav-ish kind-ness The
night-ed, The lamp of life de-ny? Sal-va-tion, O sal-va-tion! The
glo-ry, It spreads from pole to pole; Till o'er our ransomed na-ture The
many a palm-y plain, They call us to de-liv-er Their land from error's chain.
gifts of God are strown; The heathen in his blindness, Bows down to wood and stone!
joy-ful sound proclaim, Till earth's remotest na-tion Has learn'd Messiah's name.
Lamb for sinners slain, Redeemer, King, Cre-a-tor, In bliss returns to reign.

No. 150 Rock of Ages

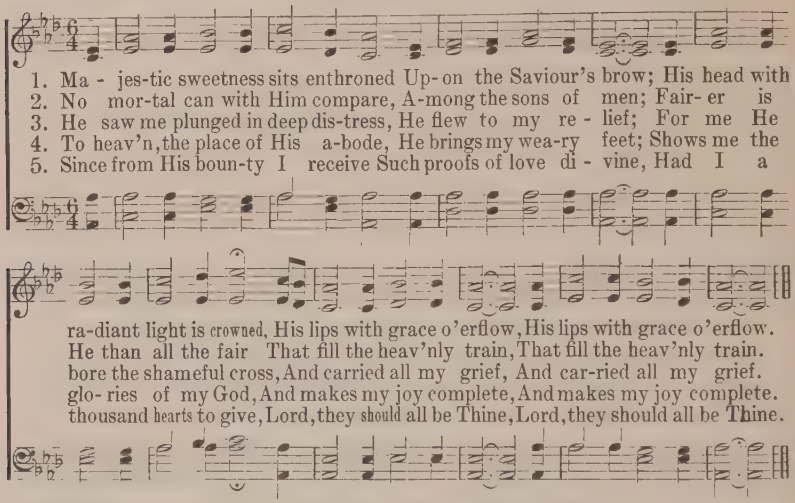
AUGUSTUS M. TOPLADY (7s 6l.) THOMAS HASTINGS


1. Rock of A-ges, cleft for me! Let me hide my-self in Thee; Let the
2. Not the la-bor of my hands Can ful-fill Thy law's demands; Could my
3. Noth-ing in my hand I bring, Sim-ply to Thy cross I cling; Na-ked,
wa-ter and the blood, From Thy riven side that flow'd, Be of sin the dou-ble
zeal no respite know, Could my tears for-ev-er flow, All for sin could not a-
come to Thee for dress, Helpless, look to Thee for grace; Foul, I to the fountain
cure; Save me from its guilt and pow'r.
tone; Thou must save, and Thou a-lone.
fly; Wash me, Sav-iour, or I die.

4 When I draw my latest breath,
When I'm called again from death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
See Thee seated on Thy throne,—
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

No. 151 Majestic Sweetness Sits Enthroned

SAMUEL STENNETT (ORTONVILLE. C. M.) THOMAS HASTINGS


1. Ma - jes-tic sweetness sits enthroned Up-on the Saviour's brow; His head with
2. No mor-tal can with Him compare, A-mong the sons of men; Fair-er is
3. He saw me plunged in deep dis-tress, He flew to my re-lief; For me He
4. To heav'n, the place of His a-bode, He brings my wea-ry feet; Shows me the
5. Since from His boun-ty I receive Such proofs of love di-vine, Had I a
ra-diant light is crowned, His lips with grace o'erflow, His lips with grace o'erflow.
He than all the fair That fill the heav'nly train, That fill the heav'nly train.
bore the shameful cross, And carried all my grief, And car-ried all my grief.
glo-ries of my God, And makes my joy complete, And makes my joy complete.
thousand hearts to give, Lord, they should all be Thine, Lord, they should all be Thine.

No. 152 A Glory in the Word We Find

1 A glory in the word we find
When grace restores our sight;
But sin has darkened all the mind,
‖: And veiled the heavenly light. :‖

2 When God's own Spirit clears our view,
How bright the doctrines shine!
Their holy fruits and sweetness show
‖: The author is divine. :‖

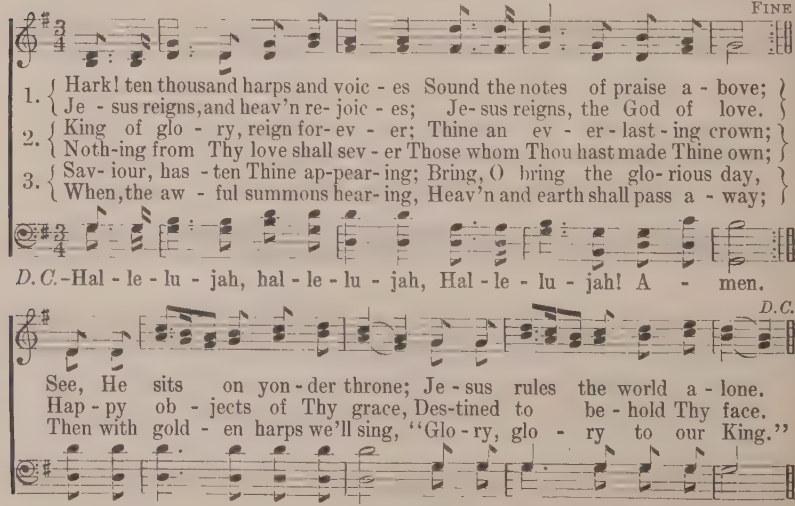
3 How blest are we, with open face
To view Thy glory, Lord,
And all Thy image here to trace,
‖: Reflected in Thy word! :‖

4 O teach us, as we look, to grow
In holiness and love,
That we may long to see and know
‖: Thy glorious face above. :‖

CAMPBELL'S COLLECTION.

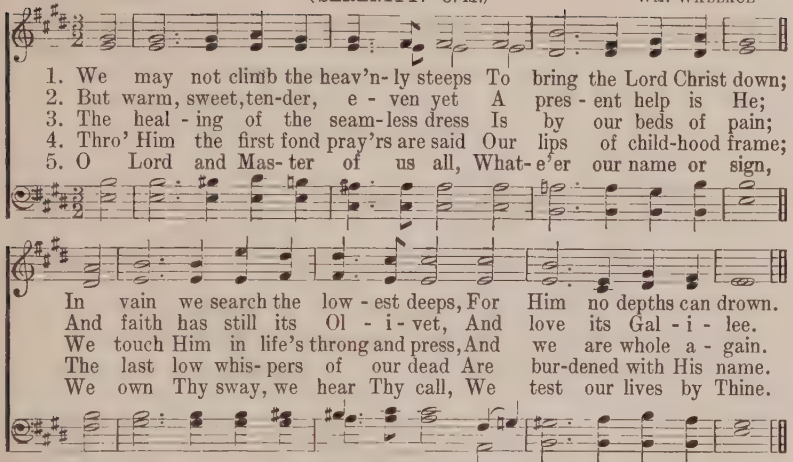
No. 153 Hark! Ten Thousand Harps

THOMAS KELLEY (HARWELL. 8s 7s.) LOWELL MASON


FINE
1. Hark! ten thousand harps and voic-es Sound the notes of praise a-bove;
Je-sus reigns, and heav'n re-joic-es; Je-sus reigns, the God of love.
2. King of glo-ry, reign for-ev-er; Thine an ev-er-last-ing crown;
Noth-ing from Thy love shall sev-er Those whom Thou hast made Thine own;
3. Sav-iour, has-ten Thine ap-pear-ing; Bring, O bring the glo-rious day,
When, the aw-ful summons hear-ing, Heav'n and earth shall pass a-way;
D.C.-Hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah! A-men.
D.C.
See, He sits on yon-der throne; Je-sus rules the world a-lone.
Hap-py ob-jects of Thy grace, Des-tined to be-hold Thy face.
Then with gold-en harps we'll sing, "Glo-ry, glo-ry to our King."

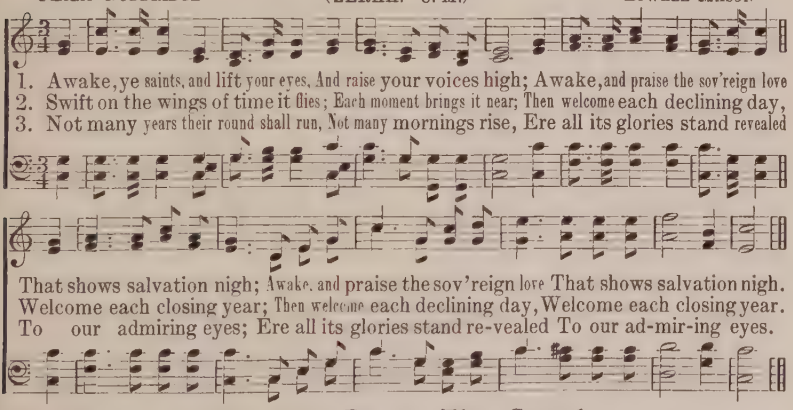
No. 154 A Present Help

J. G. WHITTIER (SERENITY. C. M.) WM. WALLACE


1. We may not climb the heav'n- ly steeps To bring the Lord Christ down;
2. But warm, sweet, ten-der, e - ven yet A pres - ent help is He;
3. The heal - ing of the seam-less dress Is by our beds of pain;
4. Thro' Him the first fond pray'rs are said Our lips of child-hood frame;
5. O Lord and Mas- ter of us all, What- e'er our name or sign,
In vain we search the low - est deeps, For Him no depths can drown.
And faith has still its Ol - i - vet, And love its Gal - i - lee.
We touch Him in life's throng and press, And we are whole a - gain.
The last low whis- pers of our dead Are bur-dened with His name.
We own Thy sway, we hear Thy call, We test our lives by Thine.

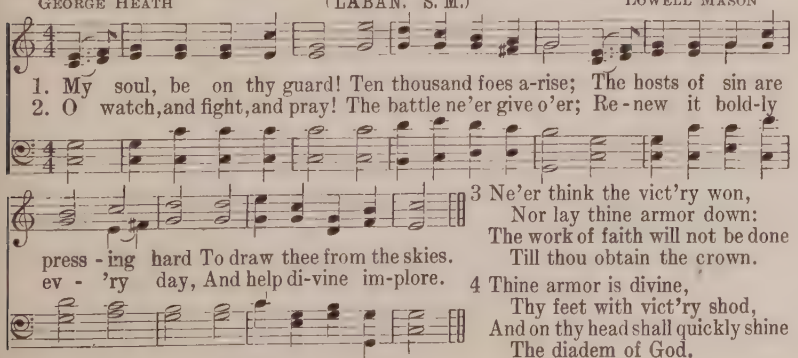
No. 155 Awake, Ye Saints

PHILIP DODDRIDGE (ZERAH. C. M.) LOWELL MASON


1. Awake, ye saints, and lift your eyes, And raise your voices high; Awake, and praise the sov'reign love
2. Swift on the wings of time it flies; Each moment brings it near; Then welcome each declining day,
3. Not many years their round shall run, Not many mornings rise, Ere all its glories stand revealed
That shows salvation nigh; Awake, and praise the sov'reign love That shows salvation nigh.
Welcome each closing year; Then welcome each declining day, Welcome each closing year.
To our admiring eyes; Ere all its glories stand re-vealed To our ad-mir-ing eyes.

No. 156 My Soul Be on Thy Guard

GEORGE HEATH (LABAN. S. M.) LOWELL MASON

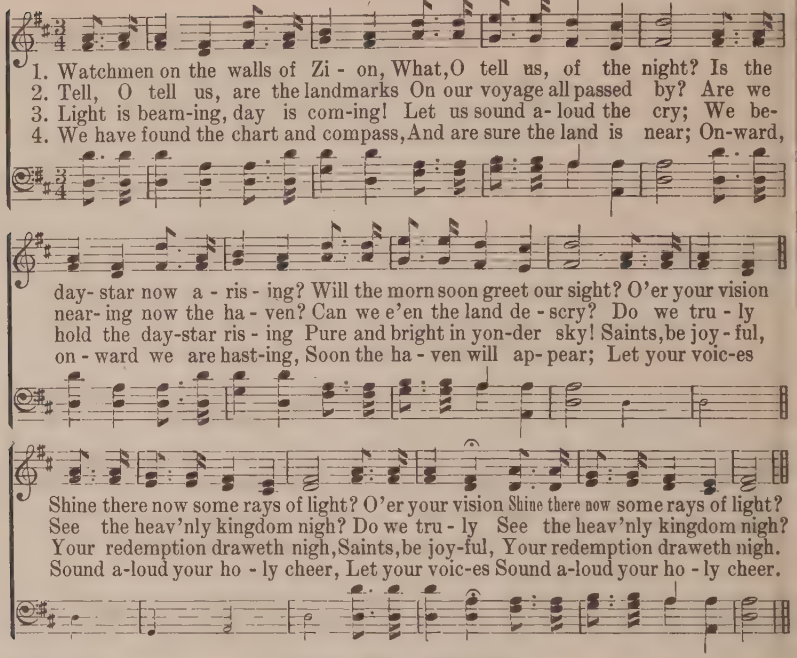

1. My soul, be on thy guard! Ten thousand foes a-rise; The hosts of sin are
2. O watch, and fight, and pray! The battle ne'er give o'er; Re - new it bold-ly
press - ing hard To draw thee from the skies.
ev - 'ry day, And help di-vine im-plore.

3 Ne'er think the vict'ry won,
Nor lay thine armor down:
The work of faith will not be done
Till thou obtain the crown.

4 Thine armor is divine,
Thy feet with vict'ry shod,
And on thy head shall quickly shine
The diadem of God.

No. 157 Watchmen, Tell Us of the Night

ANON. (ZION. 8s 7s & 4s.) THOMAS HASTINGS


1. Watchmen on the walls of Zi - on, What, O tell us, of the night? Is the
2. Tell, O tell us, are the landmarks On our voyage all passed by? Are we
3. Light is beam-ing, day is com-ing! Let us sound a-loud the cry; We be-
4. We have found the chart and compass, And are sure the land is near; On-ward,
day-star now a - ris - ing? Will the morn soon greet our sight? O'er your vision
near-ing now the ha - ven? Can we e'en the land de - scry? Do we tru - ly
hold the day-star ris - ing Pure and bright in yon-der sky! Saints, be joy - ful,
on - ward we are hast-ing, Soon the ha - ven will ap-pear; Let your voic-es
Shine there now some rays of light? O'er your vision Shine there now some rays of light?
See the heav'nly kingdom nigh? Do we tru - ly See the heav'nly kingdom nigh?
Your redemption draweth nigh, Saints, be joy-ful, Your redemption draweth nigh.
Sound a-loud your ho - ly cheer, Let your voic-es Sound a-loud your ho - ly cheer.

No. 158 Come, My Saviour

1 O'er the distant mountain breaking,
Comes the reddening dawn of day;
Rise, my soul, from sleep awaking,
Rise, and sing, and watch, and pray;
‖: 'Tis the Saviour
On His bright returning way. :‖

2 O Thou long-expected, weary
Waits my anxious soul for Thee;
Life is dark, and earth is dreary
Where Thy light I do not see:
‖: O my Saviour,
When wilt Thou return to me? :‖

3 Nearer is my soul's salvation,
Spent the night, the day at hand;
Keep me in my lowly station,
Watching for Thee, till I stand,
‖: O my Saviour,
In Thy bright and promised land. :‖

4 With my lamp well trimmed and burning,
Swift to hear, and slow to roam,
Watching for thy glad returning
To restore me to my home;
‖: Come, my Saviour,
O my Saviour, quickly come! :‖

JOHN S. B. MONSELL

No. 159 Lo! He Comes

1 Lo! He comes with clouds descending,
Once for favored sinners slain;
Countless angels, Him attending,
Swell the triumph of His train:
‖: Hallelujah!
Jesus comes, and comes to reign. :‖

2 Every eye shall now behold Him
Robed in dreadful majesty!
Those who set at naught and sold Him,
Pierced, and nailed Him to the tree,
‖: Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see! :‖

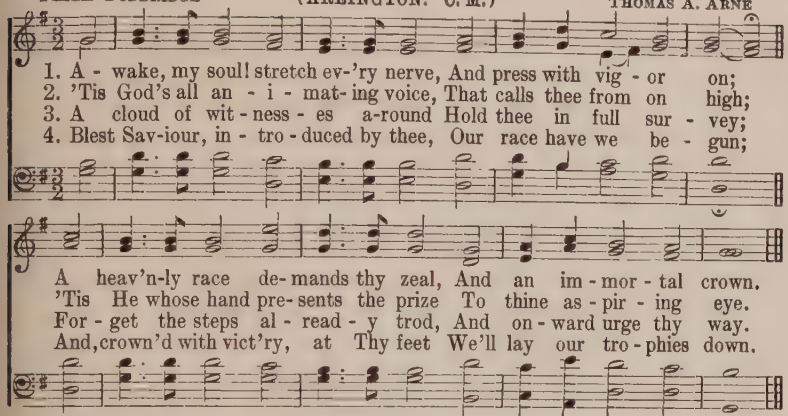
3 When the solemn trump has sounded,
Heaven and earth shall flee away;
All who hate Him, must, confounded,
Hear the summons of that day,—
‖: "Come to judgment!
Come to judgment! Come away!":‖

4 Yea, amen! let all adore Thee,
High on Thy eternal throne!
Saviour, take the power and glory,
Make Thy righteous sentence known;
‖: O come quickly,
Claim the kingdom for Thine own! :‖

CHARLES WESLEY

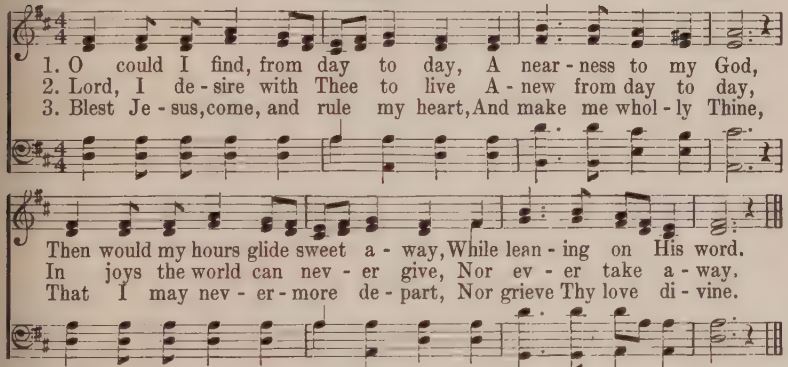
No. 160 Awake, My Soul

PHILIP DODDRIDGE (ARLINGTON. C. M.) THOMAS A. ARNE


1. A - wake, my soul! stretch ev-'ry nerve, And press with vig - or on;
2. 'Tis God's all an - i - mat-ing voice, That calls thee from on high;
3. A cloud of wit - ness - es a-round Hold thee in full sur - vey;
4. Blest Sav-iour, in - tro - duced by thee, Our race have we be - gun;
A heav'n-ly race de-mands thy zeal, And an im - mor - tal crown.
'Tis He whose hand pre-sents the prize To thine as - pir - ing eye.
For - get the steps al - read - y trod, And on - ward urge thy way.
And, crown'd with vict'ry, at Thy feet We'll lay our tro - phies down.

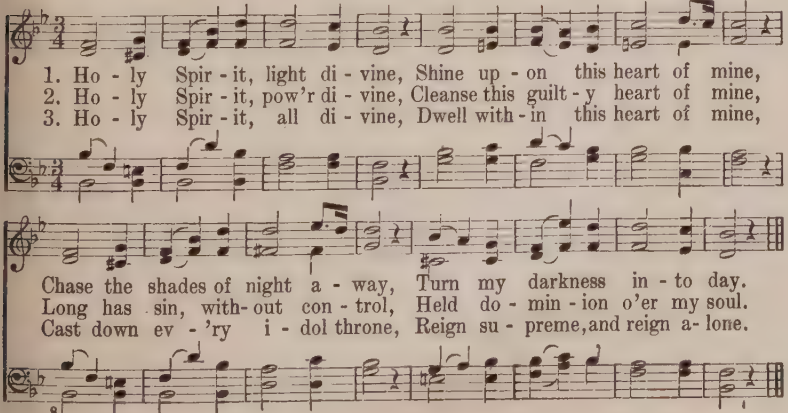
No. 161 Nearness to God

B. CLEVELAND (NAOMI. C. M.) NAEGELI


1. O could I find, from day to day, A near - ness to my God,
2. Lord, I de - sire with Thee to live A - new from day to day,
3. Blest Je - sus, come, and rule my heart, And make me whol - ly Thine,
Then would my hours glide sweet a - way, While lean - ing on His word.
In joys the world can nev - er give, Nor ev - er take a - way.
That I may nev - er - more de - part, Nor grieve Thy love di - vine.

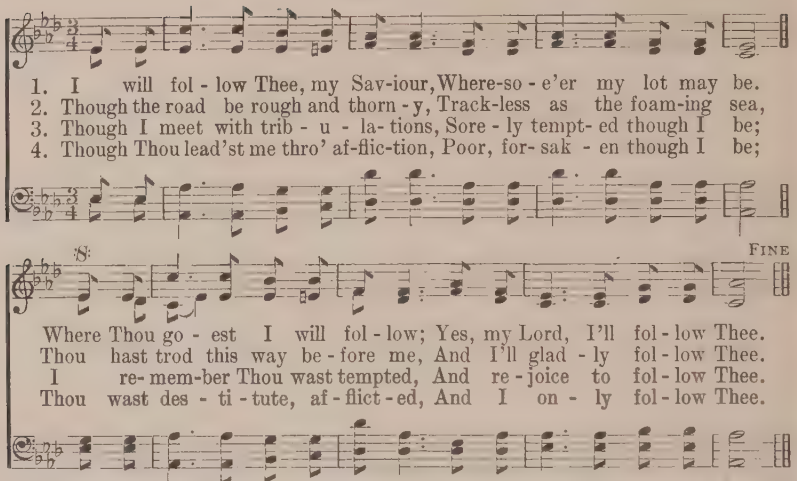
No. 162 Light Divine

ANDREW REED (MERCY. 7s.) GOTTSCHALK


1. Ho - ly Spir - it, light di - vine, Shine up - on this heart of mine,
2. Ho - ly Spir - it, pow'r di - vine, Cleanse this guilt - y heart of mine,
3. Ho - ly Spir - it, all di - vine, Dwell with - in this heart of mine,
Chase the shades of night a - way, Turn my darkness in - to day.
Long has sin, with - out con - trol, Held do - min - ion o'er my soul.
Cast down ev - 'ry i - dol throne, Reign su - preme, and reign a - lone.

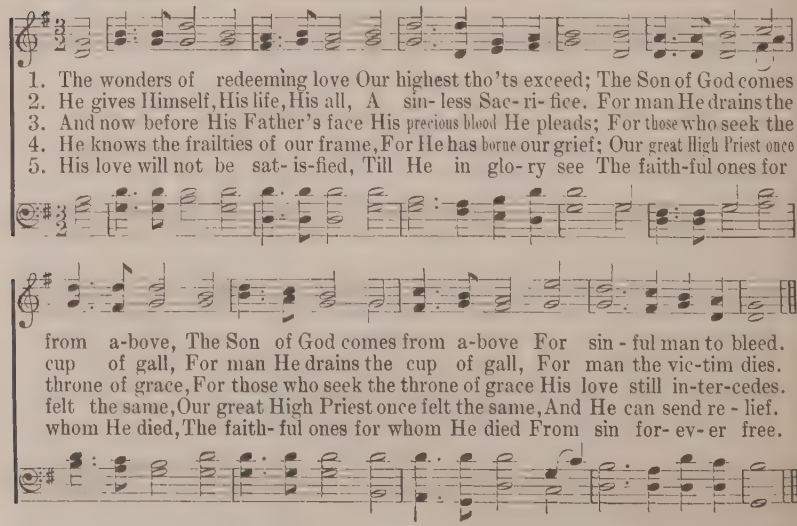
No. 163 I Will Follow Thee

J. L. E. (8s & 7s. P.) JAMES L ELGINBURG


1. I will fol - low Thee, my Sav-iour, Where-so - e'er my lot may be.
2. Though the road be rough and thorn - y, Track-less as the foam-ing sea,
3. Though I meet with trib - u - la-tions, Sore - ly tempt- ed though I be;
4. Though Thou lead'st me thro' af-flic-tion, Poor, for- sak - en though I be;
8:
FINE
Where Thou go - est I will fol - low; Yes, my Lord, I'll fol - low Thee.
Thou hast trod this way be - fore me, And I'll glad - ly fol - low Thee.
I re- mem-ber Thou wast tempted, And re - joice to fol - low Thee.
Thou wast des - ti - tute, af - flict - ed, And I on - ly fol - low Thee.
D.S.–And tho' all men should for-sake Thee, By Thy grace I'll fol - low Thee.
CHORUS
D.S.
I will fol - low Thee, my Sav-iour, Thou didst shed Thy blood for me;

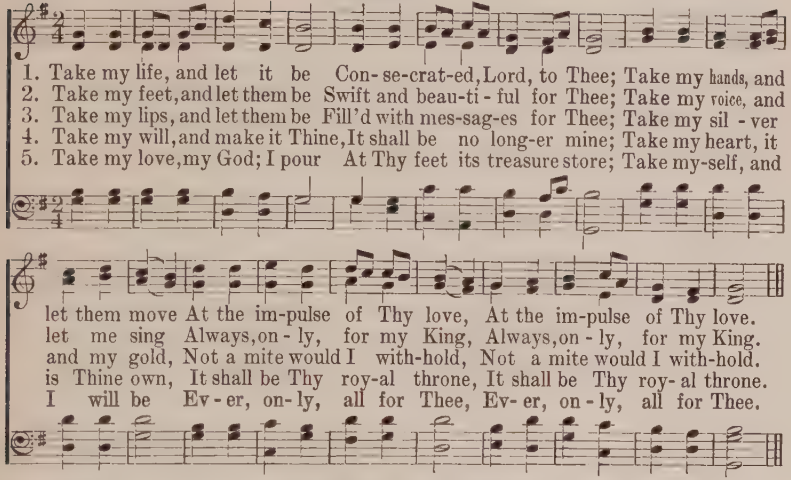
No. 164 Redeeming Love

R. F. COTTRELL (WOODLAND. C. M.) NATHANIEL D. GOULD


1. The wonders of redeeming love Our highest tho'ts exceed; The Son of God comes
2. He gives Himself, His life, His all, A sin- less Sac- ri- fice. For man He drains the
3. And now before His Father's face His precious blood He pleads; For those who seek the
4. He knows the frailties of our frame, For He has borne our grief; Our great High Priest once
5. His love will not be sat- is-fied, Till He in glo- ry see The faith-ful ones for
from a-bove, The Son of God comes from a-bove For sin - ful man to bleed.
cup of gall, For man He drains the cup of gall, For man the vic-tim dies.
throne of grace, For those who seek the throne of grace His love still in-ter-cedes.
felt the same, Our great High Priest once felt the same, And He can send re - lief.
whom He died, The faith- ful ones for whom He died From sin for- ev- er free.

No. 165 A Surrendered Life

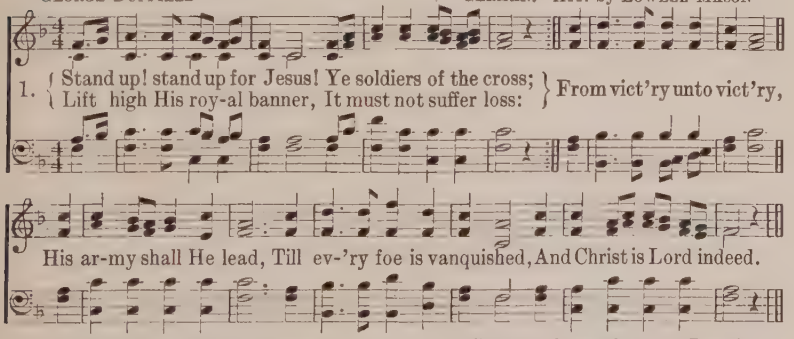
FRANCES R. HAVERGAL (HENDON. 7s.) C. H. A. MALAN


1. Take my life, and let it be Con- se-crat-ed, Lord, to Thee; Take my hands, and
2. Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beau-ti- ful for Thee; Take my voice, and
3. Take my lips, and let them be Fill'd with mes-sag-es for Thee; Take my sil - ver
4. Take my will, and make it Thine, It shall be no long-er mine; Take my heart, it
5. Take my love, my God; I pour At Thy feet its treasure store; Take my-self, and
let them move At the im-pulse of Thy love, At the im-pulse of Thy love.
let me sing Always, on - ly, for my King, Always, on - ly, for my King.
and my gold, Not a mite would I with-hold, Not a mite would I with-hold.
is Thine own, It shall be Thy roy-al throne, It shall be Thy roy- al throne.
I will be Ev - er, on - ly, all for Thee, Ev- er, on - ly, all for Thee.

No. 166 Stand Up for Jesus

(MENDEBRAS. 7s & 6s. D.)

GEORGE DUFFIELD GERMAN. Arr. by LOWELL MASON


1. Stand up! stand up for Jesus! Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high His roy-al banner, It must not suffer loss:
From vict'ry unto vict'ry,
His ar-my shall He lead, Till ev-'ry foe is vanquished, And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this His glorious day:
Ye that are men, now serve Him,
Against unnumbered foes:
Let courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song:
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally.

No. 167 My Strong Salvation

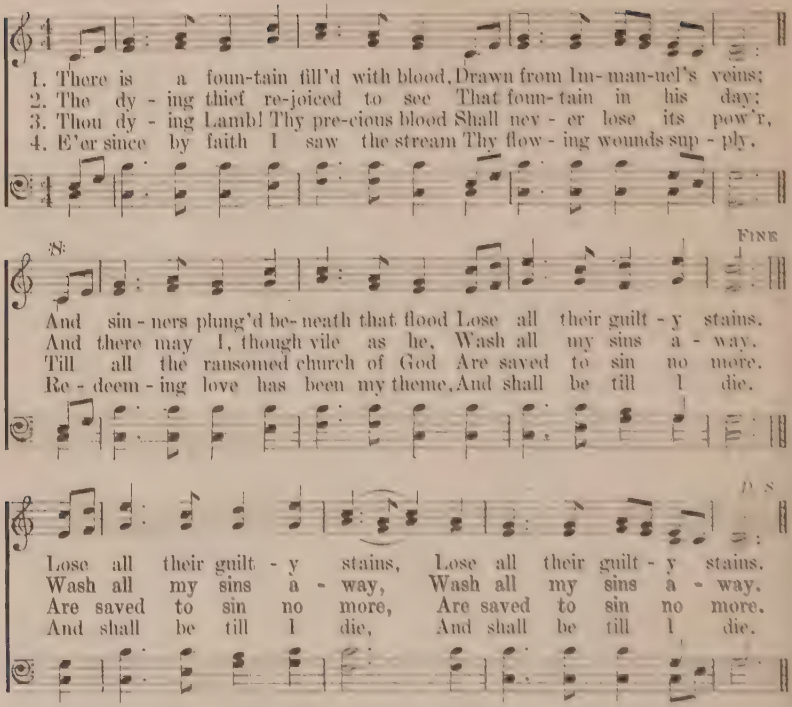
1 God is my strong salvation;
What foe have I to fear?
In darkness and temptation,
My Light, my Help is near;
Though hosts encamp around me,
Firm in the fight I stand;
What terror can confound me,
With God at my right hand?

2 Place on the Lord reliance;
My soul, with courage wait;
His truth be thine affiance,
When faint and desolate:
His might thy heart shall strengthen,
His love thy joy increase;
Mercy thy day shall lengthen;
The Lord will give thee peace!

JAMES MONTGOMERY

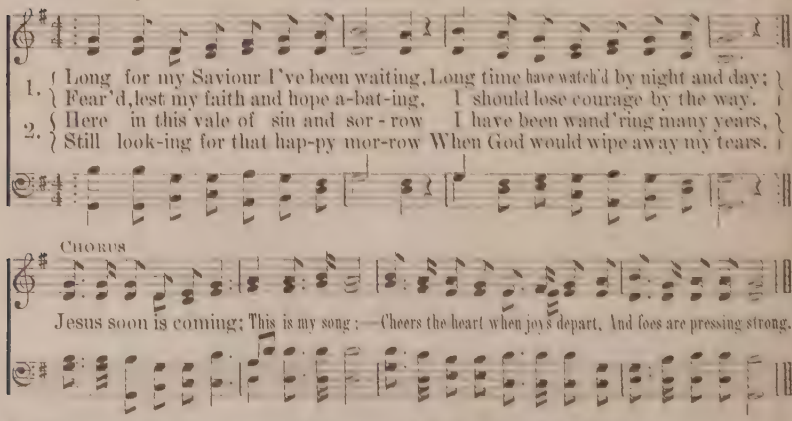
No. 168 There Is a Fountain

WILLIAM COWPER (FOUNTAIN. C. M.) UNKNOWN


1. There is a foun-tain till'd with blood, Drawn from Im-man-uel's veins;
2. The dy - ing thief re-joiced to see That foun-tain in his day;
3. Thou dy - ing Lamb! Thy pre-cious blood Shall nev - er lose its pow'r,
4. E'er since by faith I saw the stream Thy flow - ing wounds sup - ply.
And sin - ners plung'd be-neath that flood Lose all their guilt - y stains.
And there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way.
Till all the ransomed church of God Are saved to sin no more.
Re - deem - ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die.
Lose all their guilt - y stains, Lose all their guilt - y stains.
Wash all my sins a - way, Wash all my sins a - way.
Are saved to sin no more, Are saved to sin no more.
And shall be till I die, And shall be till I die.

No. 169 Long for My Saviour I've Been Waiting

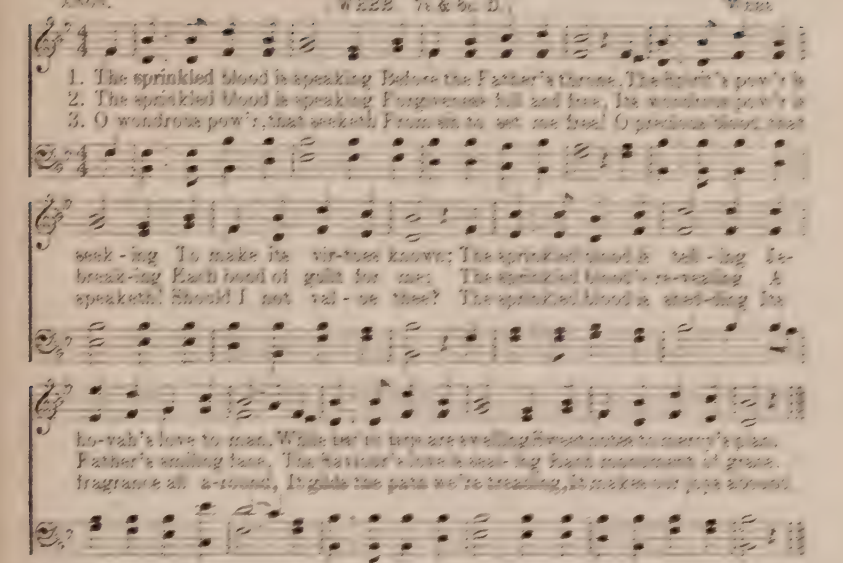
ANON. (EXPECTATION. P. M.) ARRANGED


1. Long for my Saviour I've been waiting, Long time have watch'd by night and day;
Fear'd, lest my faith and hope a-bat-ing, I should lose courage by the way.
2. Here in this vale of sin and sor - row I have been wand'ring many years,
Still look-ing for that hap-py mor-row When God would wipe away my tears.
CHORUS
Jesus soon is coming; This is my song: —Cheers the heart when joys depart, And foes are pressing strong.

3 Ofttimes the tempter comes in power,
Fain then would lead my steps astray;
But when the clouds begin to lower,
Hope turns the darkness into day.

4 O it will be but little longer
I must these many woes endure;
Then let my faith and hope grow stronger;
My Father's promise still is sure.

No. 170 The Sprinkled Blood


1. The sprinkled blood is speaking Before the Father's throne, The Spirit's pow'r is
2. The sprinkled blood is speaking Forgiveness full and free, Its wondrous pow'r is
3. O wondrous pow'r, that seeketh From sin to set me free! O precious blood, that
seek-ing To make its vir-tues known; The sprinkled blood is tell-ing Je-
break-ing Each bond of guilt for me; The sprinkled blood's re-vealing A
speaketh, Should I not val-ue thee? The sprinkled blood is plead-ing Je-
ho-vah's love to man. While ser-vants are dwelling Sweet notes to mercy's plan.
Father's smiling face, The Saviour's love a bless-ing Each movement of grace.
fragrance all a-round, It guide the path we're treading, It makes our joys abound.

No. 171 How Long, O Lord Our Saviour

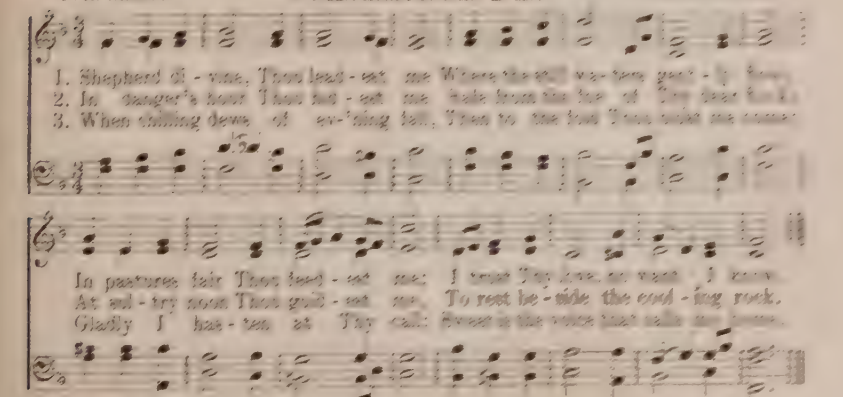
1 How long, O Lord our Saviour,
Wilt Thou remain away?
Our hearts are growing weary
Of Thy so long delay.
O when shall come the moment,
When, brighter far than morn,
The sunshine of Thy glory
Shall on Thy people dawn?

2 How long, O gracious Master,
Wilt Thou Thy household leave?
So long must Thou now tarried,
Few Thy return believe.
Immersed in earth and folly
Thy servants, Lord, we see;
And few of us stand ready
With joy to welcome Thee.

3 O, wake Thy slumbering people
once more the summons cry
Let all the saints repeat it—
"The Saviour draweth nigh."
May all our lamps be burning
Our vests well girded be,
Each longing heart preparing
With joy Thy face to see.

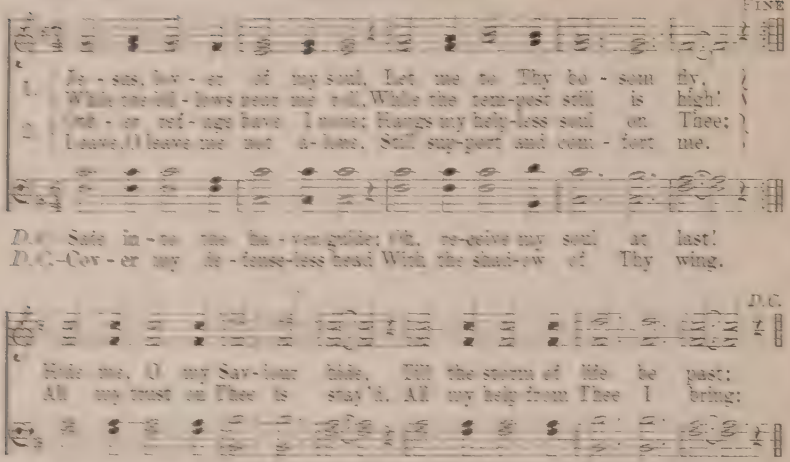
Anon.

No. 172 Shepherd Divine


F. E. BELDEN (WINTERBOURNE. L. M.) EDWIN HATCH
1. Shepherd di - vine, Thou lead - est me Where the soft wa - ters gent - ly flow,
2. In danger's hour Thou hid - est me Safe from the foe of Thy dear fold,
3. When chilling dews of ev'-ning fall, Then to the fore Thou bid'st me come
In pastures fair Thou feed - est me; I trust Thy love, no want I know.
At sul - try noon Thou guid - est me, To rest be - side the cool - ing rock.
Gladly I hast - ten at Thy call; Sweet is the voice that calls me home.

No. 173 Jesus, Lover of My Soul

C. WESLEY (MARTYN. 7s. D.) S. B. MARSH


FINE
1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly,
While the rag - ing bil - lows roll, While the tem-pest still is high!
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my help-less soul on Thee;
Leave, O leave me not a - lone, Still sup-port and com - fort me.
D.C. Safe in - to the ha - ven guide; O, re-ceive my soul at last!
D.C.—Cov - er my de - fense-less head With the shad-ow of Thy wing.
D.C.
Hide me, O my Sav - iour hide, Till the storm of life be past:
All my trust on Thee is stay'd, All my help from Thee I bring:

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want,
More than all in Thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick and lead the blind.
Just and holy is Thy name;
I am all unrighteousness;
Vile and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity!

No. 174 Jesus, Merciful and Mild

1 Jesus, merciful and mild,
Lead me as a helpless child:
On my other arm Lay Thine
While my weary soul reclines:
Thou art ready to forgive,
Thou must kill the sinner live,
Guide me wanderer, day by day,
In the strait and narrow way.

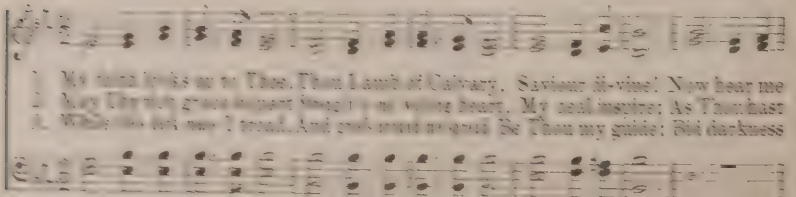
2 Thou must be my Life by Thy grace
For the heavenly dwelling place:
All Thy promises are sure,
Ever shall Thy love endure:
Then what more could I desire,
How to greater bliss aspire?
All I need, in Thee I see:
Thou art all in all to me.

3 Jesus, Saviour all divine,
Dost Thou make me truly Thine?
Dost Thou bought me by Thy blood?
Reconciled my heart to God?
Hearken to my tender prayer,
Let me Thine own image bear;
Let me love Thee more and more,
Till I reach heaven's blissful shore.

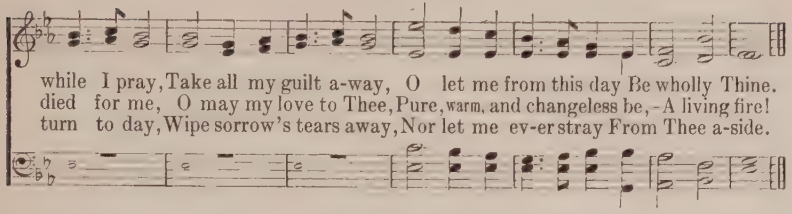
THOMAS HASTINGS

No. 175 My Faith Looks Up to Thee

RAY PALMER (OLIVET. 6s & 4s.) LOWELL MASON

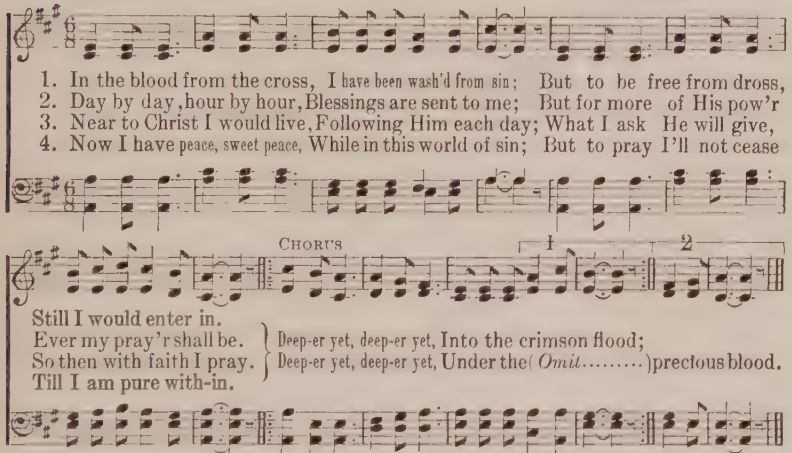

1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Calvary, Saviour di-vine! Now hear me
2. May Thy rich grace impart Strength to my fainting heart, My zeal inspire; As Thou hast
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs around me spread, Be Thou my guide; Bid darkness

My Faith Looks Up to Thee—Concluded


while I pray, Take all my guilt a-way, O let me from this day Be wholly Thine.
died for me, O may my love to Thee, Pure, warm, and changeless be, - A living fire!
turn to day, Wipe sorrow's tears away, Nor let me ev-er stray From Thee a-side.

No. 176 Deeper Yet

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK


1. In the blood from the cross, I have been wash'd from sin; But to be free from dross,
2. Day by day, hour by hour, Blessings are sent to me; But for more of His pow'r
3. Near to Christ I would live, Following Him each day; What I ask He will give,
4. Now I have peace, sweet peace, While in this world of sin; But to pray I'll not cease
CHORUS
1
2
Still I would enter in.
Ever my pray'r shall be.
So then with faith I pray.
Till I am pure with-in.
Deep-er yet, deep-er yet, Into the crimson flood;
Deep-er yet, deep-er yet, Under the (Omit.....) precious blood.

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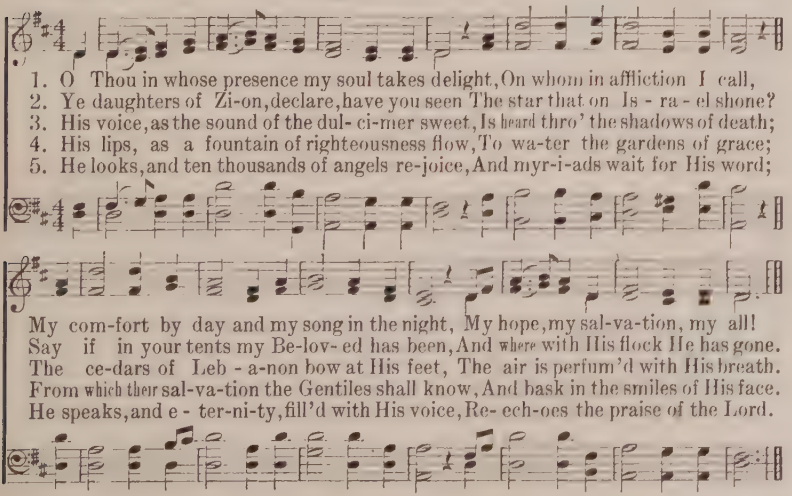
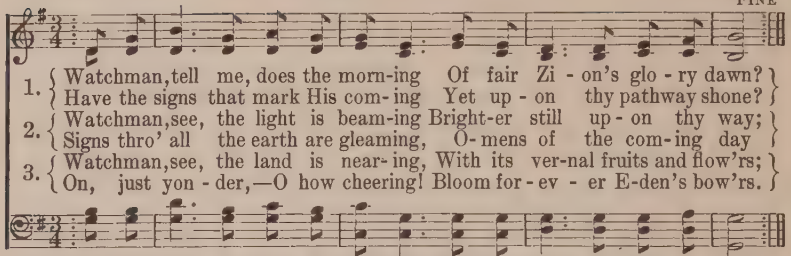
No. 177 My Salvation, My All

JOSEPH SWAIN (BELOVED. 11s & 8s.) F. LEWIS


1. O Thou in whose presence my soul takes delight, On whom in affliction I call,
2. Ye daughters of Zi-on, declare, have you seen The star that on Is - ra - el shone?
3. His voice, as the sound of the dul- ci-mer sweet, Is heard thro' the shadows of death;
4. His lips, as a fountain of righteousness flow, To wa-ter the gardens of grace;
5. He looks, and ten thousands of angels re-joice, And myr-i-ads wait for His word;
My com-fort by day and my song in the night, My hope, my sal-va-tion, my all!
Say if in your tents my Be-lov- ed has been, And where with His flock He has gone.
The ce-dars of Leb - a-non bow at His feet, The air is perfum'd with His breath.
From which their sal-va-tion the Gentiles shall know, And bask in the smiles of His face.
He speaks, and e - ter-ni-ty, fill'd with His voice, Re- ech-oes the praise of the Lord.

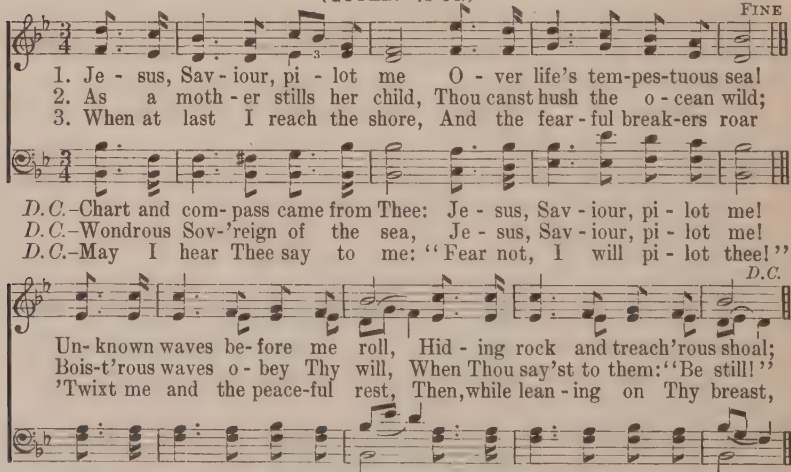
No. 178 Watchman, Tell Me

S. S. BREWER (DAWNING. 8s & 7s. D.) W. B. BRADBURY


FINE
1. Watchman, tell me, does the morn-ing Of fair Zi - on's glo - ry dawn?
Have the signs that mark His com-ing Yet up - on thy pathway shone?
2. Watchman, see, the light is beam-ing Bright-er still up - on thy way;
Signs thro' all the earth are gleaming, O-mens of the com-ing day
3. Watchman, see, the land is near-ing, With its ver-nal fruits and flow'rs;
On, just yon - der,—O how cheering! Bloom for-ev - er E-den's bow'rs.
D.C.—Gird Thy brid - al robes a-round thee, Morning dawns, a - rise! a - rise!
D.C.—All the saints of God, now sleep-ing, Clad in im - mor - tal - i - ty.
D.C.—See the mil-lions, hear them sing-ing, Soon the pil - grim will be there.
D.C.
Pil-grims, yes! a - rise, look round thee; Light is break-ing in the skies;
When the Ju - bal trump-et, sounding, Shall a-wake from land and sea
Hark! the cho - ral strains are ring-ing, Waft-ed on the balm-y air;

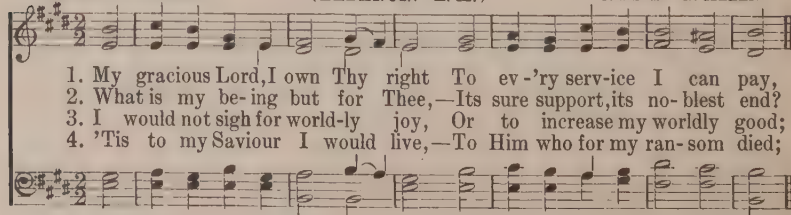
No. 179 Pilot Me

EDWARD HOPPER (GOULD. 7s 6l.) J. E. GOULD

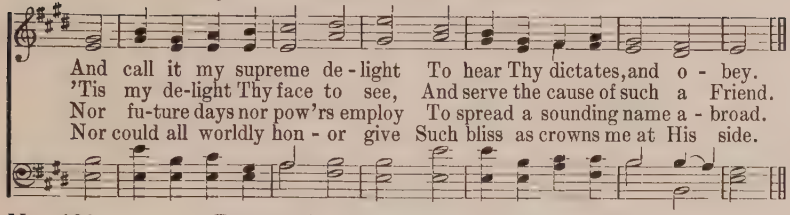

FINE
1. Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me O - ver life's tem-pes-tuous sea!
2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o - cean wild;
3. When at last I reach the shore, And the fear - ful break-ers roar
D.C.—Chart and com-pass came from Thee: Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me!
D.C.—Wondrous Sov-'reign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me!
D.C.—May I hear Thee say to me: "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee!"
D.C.
Un-known waves be-fore me roll, Hid - ing rock and treach'rous shoal;
Bois-t'rous waves o - bey Thy will, When Thou say'st to them: "Be still!"
'Twixt me and the peace-ful rest, Then, while lean - ing on Thy breast,

No. 180 My Gracious Lord

PHILIP DODDRIDGE (LEBANON. L. M.) CHESTER G. ALLEN

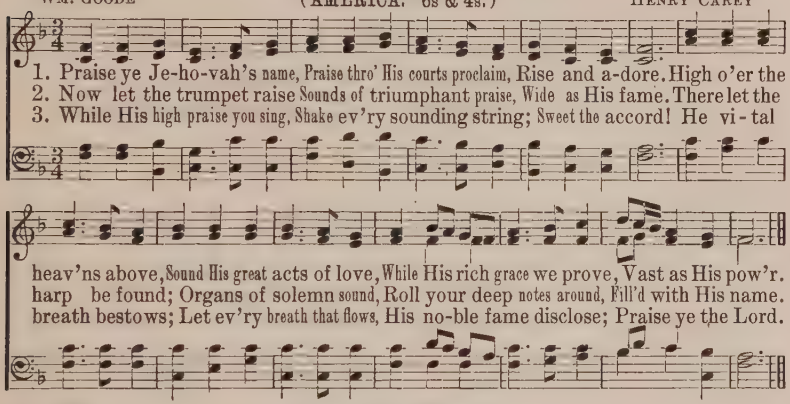

1. My gracious Lord, I own Thy right To ev-'ry serv-ice I can pay,
2. What is my be-ing but for Thee,—Its sure support, its no-blest end?
3. I would not sigh for world-ly joy, Or to increase my worldly good;
4. 'Tis to my Saviour I would live,—To Him who for my ran-som died;

My Gracious Lord — Concluded


And call it my supreme de - light To hear Thy dictates, and o - bey.
'Tis my de-light Thy face to see, And serve the cause of such a Friend.
Nor fu-ture days nor pow'rs employ To spread a sounding name a - broad.
Nor could all worldly hon - or give Such bliss as crowns me at His side.

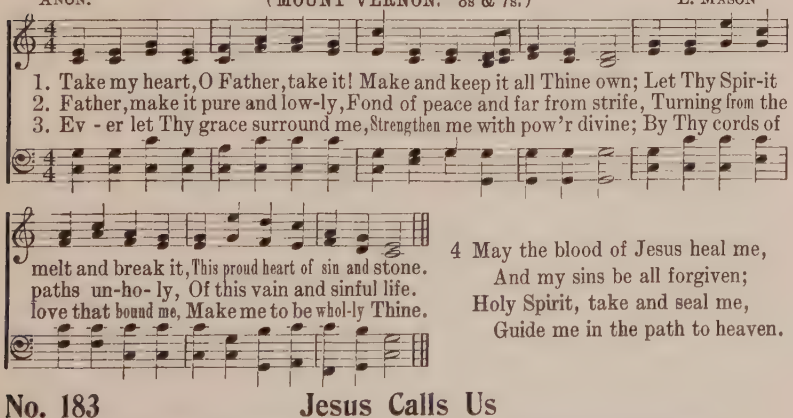
No. 181 Praise Ye Jehovah's Name

WM. GOODE (AMERICA. 6s & 4s.) HENRY CAREY


1. Praise ye Je-ho-vah's name, Praise thro' His courts proclaim, Rise and a-dore. High o'er the
2. Now let the trumpet raise Sounds of triumphant praise, Wide as His fame. There let the
3. While His high praise you sing, Shake ev'ry sounding string; Sweet the accord! He vi - tal
heav'ns above, Sound His great acts of love, While His rich grace we prove, Vast as His pow'r.
harp be found; Organs of solemn sound, Roll your deep notes around, Fill'd with His name.
breath bestows; Let ev'ry breath that flows, His no-ble fame disclose; Praise ye the Lord.

No. 182 Take My Heart

ANON. (MOUNT VERNON. 8s & 7s.) L. MASON


1. Take my heart, O Father, take it! Make and keep it all Thine own; Let Thy Spir-it
2. Father, make it pure and low-ly, Fond of peace and far from strife, Turning from the
3. Ev - er let Thy grace surround me, Strengthen me with pow'r divine; By Thy cords of
melt and break it, This proud heart of sin and stone.
paths un-ho- ly, Of this vain and sinful life.
love that bound me, Make me to be whol-ly Thine.

4 May the blood of Jesus heal me,
And my sins be all forgiven;
Holy Spirit, take and seal me,
Guide me in the path to heaven.

No. 183 Jesus Calls Us

1 Jesus calls us o'er the tumult
Of our life's wild, restless sea;
Day by day His sweet voice soundeth,
Saying, "Christian, follow Me!"

2 Jesus calls us from the worship
Of the vain world's golden store;
From each idol that would keep us,—
Saying, "Christian, love me more!"

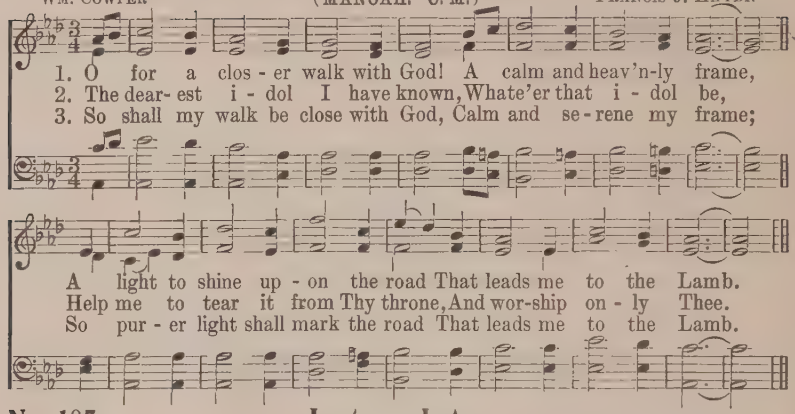
3 In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease,
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,—
"Christian, love Me more than these!"

4 Jesus calls us! by Thy mercies,
Saviour, may we hear Thy call,
Give our hearts to Thy obedience,
Serve and love Thee best of all!

MRS. C. F. ALEXANDER

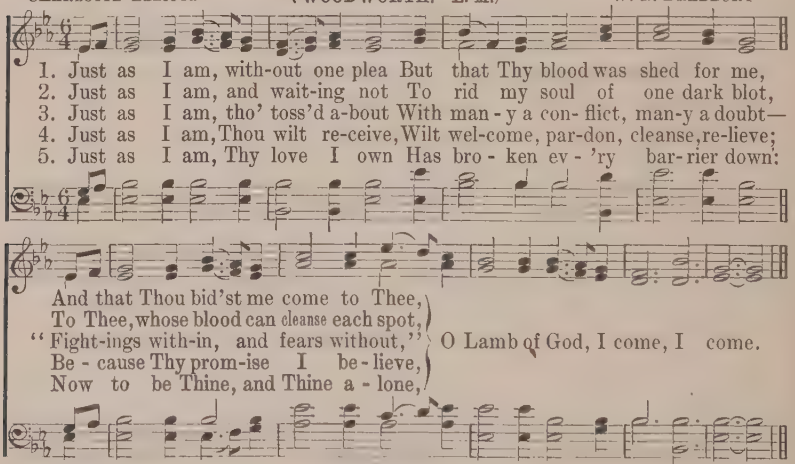
No. 184 A Closer Walk With God

WM. COWPER (MANOAH. C. M.) FRANCIS J. HAYDN


1. O for a clos - er walk with God! A calm and heav'n-ly frame,
2. The dear- est i - dol I have known, Whate'er that i - dol be,
3. So shall my walk be close with God, Calm and se - rene my frame;
A light to shine up - on the road That leads me to the Lamb.
Help me to tear it from Thy throne, And wor-ship on - ly Thee.
So pur - er light shall mark the road That leads me to the Lamb.

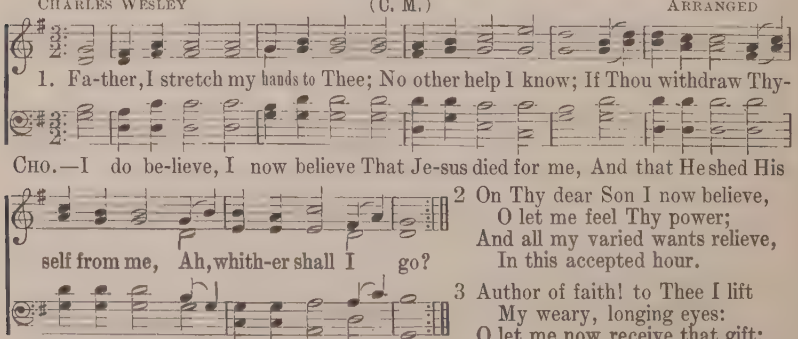
No. 185 Just as I Am

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT (WOODWORTH. L. M.) W. B. BRADBURY


1. Just as I am, with-out one plea But that Thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am, and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
3. Just as I am, tho' toss'd a-bout With man - y a con- flict, man-y a doubt—
4. Just as I am, Thou wilt re-ceive, Wilt wel-come, par-don, cleanse, re-lieve;
5. Just as I am, Thy love I own Has bro - ken ev - 'ry bar-rier down:
And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee,
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
"Fight-ings with-in, and fears without,"
Be - cause Thy prom-ise I be - lieve,
Now to be Thine, and Thine a - lone,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

No. 186 I Do Believe

CHARLES WESLEY (C. M.) ARRANGED

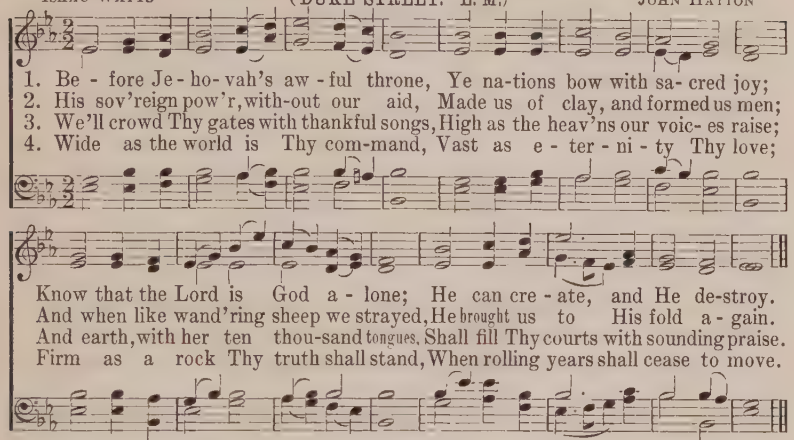

1. Fa-ther, I stretch my hands to Thee; No other help I know; If Thou withdraw Thy-
CHO.—I do be-lieve, I now believe That Je-sus died for me, And that He shed His
self from me, Ah, whith-er shall I go?
pre-cious blood From sin to set me free.

2 On Thy dear Son I now believe,
O let me feel Thy power;
And all my varied wants relieve,
In this accepted hour.

3 Author of faith! to Thee I lift
My weary, longing eyes:
O let me now receive that gift;
My soul without it dies.

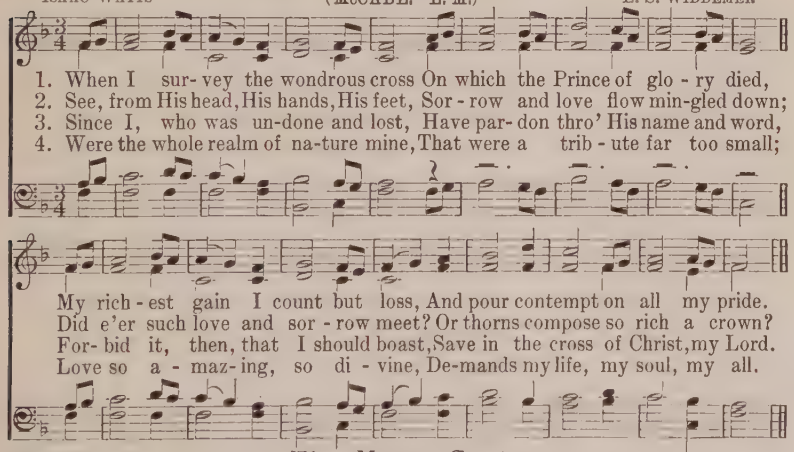
No. 187 Before Jehovah's Awful Throne

ISAAC WATTS (DUKE STREET. L. M.) JOHN HATTON


1. Be - fore Je - ho - vah's aw - ful throne, Ye na-tions bow with sa- cred joy;
2. His sov'reign pow'r, with-out our aid, Made us of clay, and formed us men;
3. We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs, High as the heav'ns our voic- es raise;
4. Wide as the world is Thy com-mand, Vast as e - ter - ni - ty Thy love;
Know that the Lord is God a - lone; He can cre - ate, and He de-stroy.
And when like wand'ring sheep we strayed, He brought us to His fold a - gain.
And earth, with her ten thou-sand tongues, Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.
Firm as a rock Thy truth shall stand, When rolling years shall cease to move.

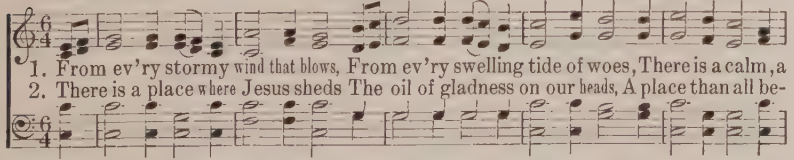
No. 188 The Wondrous Cross

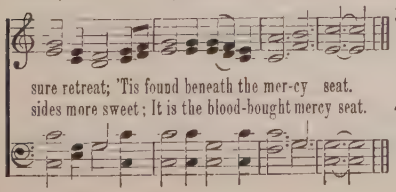
ISAAC WATTS (McCABE. L. M.) E. S. WIDDEMER


1. When I sur- vey the wondrous cross On which the Prince of glo - ry died,
2. See, from His head, His hands, His feet, Sor - row and love flow min-gled down;
3. Since I, who was un-done and lost, Have par- don thro' His name and word,
4. Were the whole realm of na-ture mine, That were a trib - ute far too small;
My rich - est gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride.
Did e'er such love and sor - row meet? Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
For- bid it, then, that I should boast, Save in the cross of Christ, my Lord.
Love so a - maz- ing, so di - vine, De-mands my life, my soul, my all.

No. 189 The Mercy Seat

HUGH STOWELL (RETREAT. L. M.) THOMAS HASTINGS


1. From ev'ry stormy wind that blows, From ev'ry swelling tide of woes, There is a calm, a
2. There is a place where Jesus sheds The oil of gladness on our heads, A place than all be-

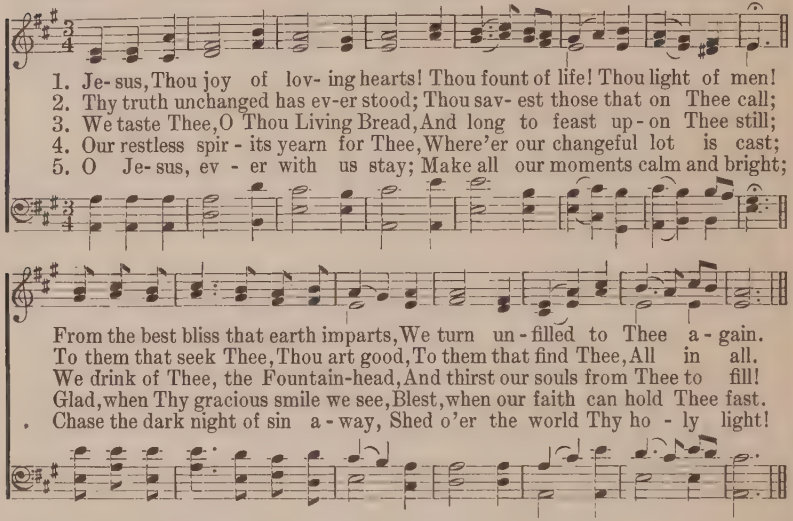


3 There, there, on angel's wings we soar,
And earthly cares molest no more,
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy seat.

4 Ah! whither should we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismayed?
Or how the hosts of sin defeat,
Had suffering saints no mercy seat?

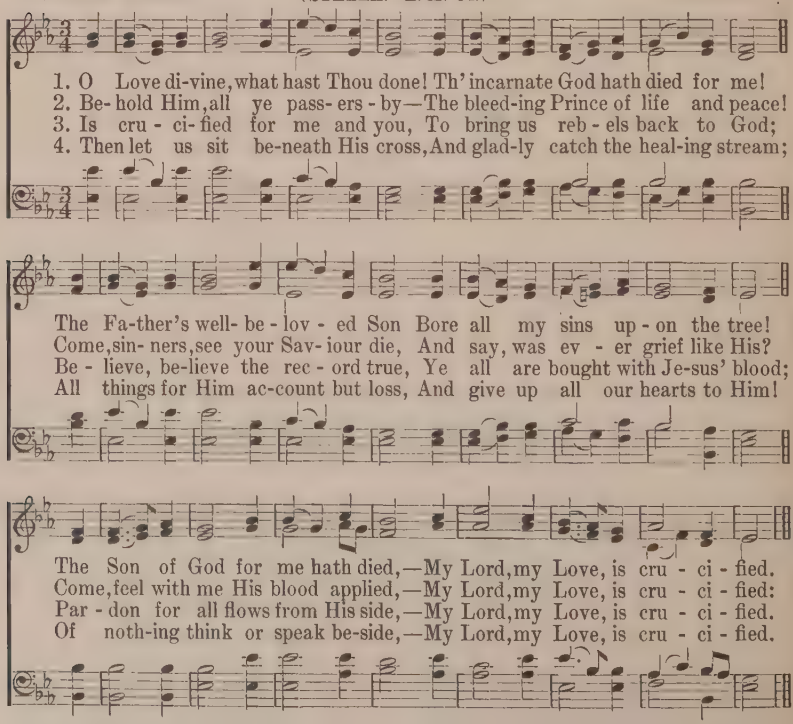
No. 190 Jesus, Thou Joy of Loving Hearts

BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX (MIGDOL. L. M.) LOWELL MASON


1. Je- sus, Thou joy of lov- ing hearts! Thou fount of life! Thou light of men!
2. Thy truth unchanged has ev-er stood; Thou sav- est those that on Thee call;
3. We taste Thee, O Thou Living Bread, And long to feast up- on Thee still;
4. Our restless spir - its yearn for Thee, Where'er our changeful lot is cast;
5. O Je- sus, ev - er with us stay; Make all our moments calm and bright;
From the best bliss that earth imparts, We turn un - filled to Thee a - gain.
To them that seek Thee, Thou art good, To them that find Thee, All in all.
We drink of Thee, the Fountain-head, And thirst our souls from Thee to fill!
Glad, when Thy gracious smile we see, Blest, when our faith can hold Thee fast.
Chase the dark night of sin a - way, Shed o'er the world Thy ho - ly light!

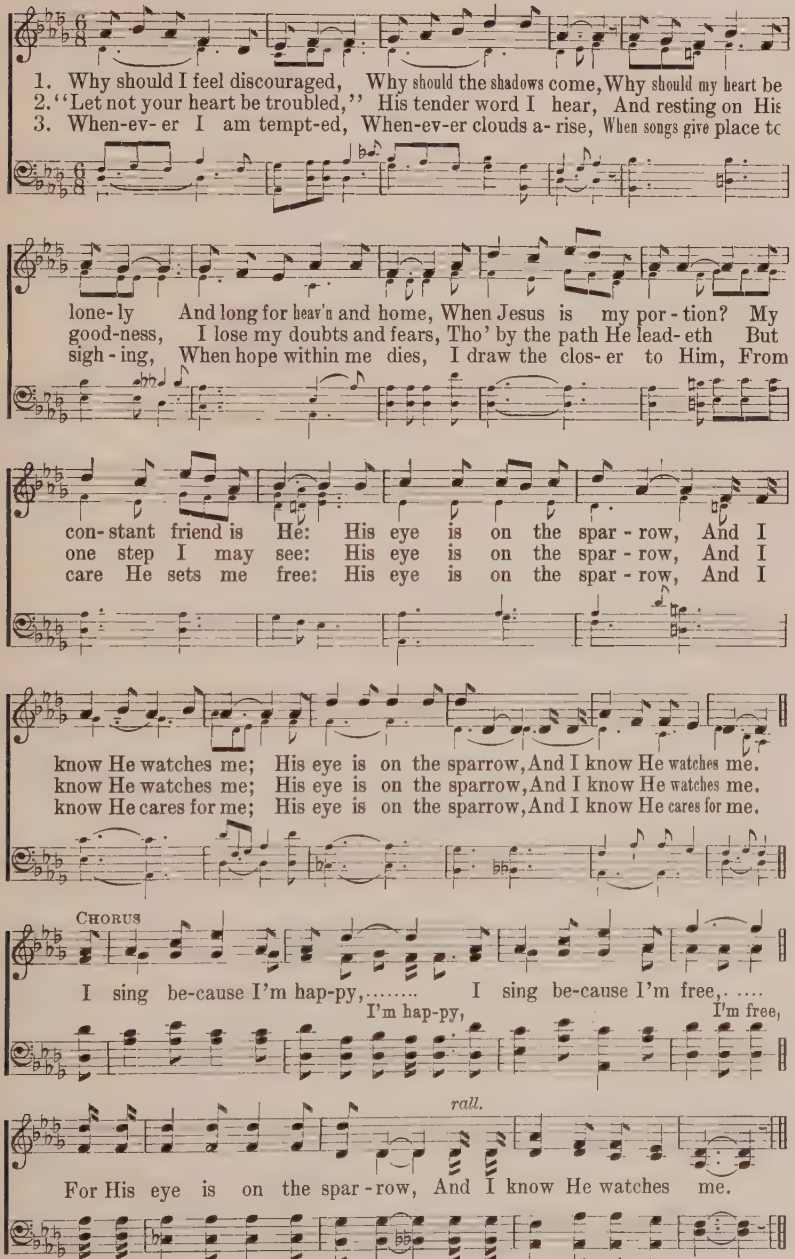
No. 191 The Son of God Hath Died for Me

CHARLES WESLEY (STELLA. L. M. 61.) UNKNOWN


1. O Love di-vine, what hast Thou done! Th' incarnate God hath died for me!
2. Be- hold Him, all ye pass- ers - by—The bleed-ing Prince of life and peace!
3. Is cru - ci- fied for me and you, To bring us reb - els back to God;
4. Then let us sit be-neath His cross, And glad-ly catch the heal-ing stream;
The Fa-ther's well- be - lov - ed Son Bore all my sins up - on the tree!
Come, sin- ners, see your Sav- iour die, And say, was ev - er grief like His?
Be - lieve, be-lieve the rec - ord true, Ye all are bought with Je-sus' blood;
All things for Him ac-count but loss, And give up all our hearts to Him!
The Son of God for me hath died,—My Lord, my Love, is cru - ci - fied.
Come, feel with me His blood applied,—My Lord, my Love, is cru - ci - fied:
Par - don for all flows from His side,—My Lord, my Love, is cru - ci - fied.
Of noth-ing think or speak be-side,—My Lord, my Love, is cru - ci - fied.

No. 192 His Eye Is on the Sparrow

MRS. C. D. MARTIN — CHAS. H. GABRIEL


1. Why should I feel discouraged, Why should the shadows come, Why should my heart be lone-ly And long for heav'n and home, When Jesus is my por-tion? My con-stant friend is He: His eye is on the spar-row, And I know He watches me; His eye is on the sparrow, And I know He watches me.
2. "Let not your heart be troubled," His tender word I hear, And resting on His good-ness, I lose my doubts and fears, Tho' by the path He lead-eth But one step I may see: His eye is on the spar-row, And I know He watches me; His eye is on the sparrow, And I know He watches me.
3. When-ev-er I am tempt-ed, When-ev-er clouds a-rise, When songs give place to sigh-ing, When hope within me dies, I draw the clos-er to Him, From care He sets me free: His eye is on the spar-row, And I know He cares for me; His eye is on the sparrow, And I know He cares for me.
CHORUS
I sing be-cause I'm hap-py, I'm hap-py, I sing be-cause I'm free, I'm free,
rall.
For His eye is on the spar-row, And I know He watches me.

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